

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

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The Sense of Taste.

THE tongue, which has so much to do with talking, has a good deal to do with tasting. It is indeed one of the chief instruments by which the sensation of taste is experienced. The palate is also another organ of importance in the perception of taste.

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The tongue is always moistened with saliva, which instantly dissolves the surface of anything that is put into the mouth. Some portion of the particles being taken upon the tongue, this latter is pressed against the roof of the mouth, thus bringing them in contact

with the nerves which coat the surface of the mouth and palate. It is by means of these nerves that the qualities of substances are perceived and the sensation which we call taste is excited.

It will be perceived that the saliva of the mouth is one great cause of all taste. When the tongue is rendered dry by disease, or any other circumstance, the sense of taste is either imperfect or lost. The pressure of the tongue against the surface of the mouth seems also to be important in producing the sense of taste; for if you put anything into your mouth, and hold it open, the sensation is hardly produced. It is from the effect of this pressure that the act of chewing and swallowing gives us so much pleasure.

There is a great difference in people, as to the degree of perfection in which they possess this sense; for in some, it is very blunt, while in others, it is very acute. There is a difference also as to the things that people like. Some are fond of cheese, and others cannot endure it. The Esquimaux are delighted with the flavor of blubber oil; the Indians of Guiana feast upon monkeys; the negroes of south-western Africa are fond of baked dogs; the Chinese eat rats, lizards and puppies; the French rank snails and frogs among their nicest tit-bits; yet all these things are revolting to us.

This diversity arises chiefly from custom and habit; for originally our perceptions are, no doubt, nearly the same. It is certainly so with animals; for every horse and every ox, in a natural state, eats or rejects the same species of food.

The word taste is frequently used in what is called a metaphorical sense, for the purpose of expressing the feelings of the mind. A person who loves poetry is said to have a taste for poetry; by which is meant that he has a mind which feels and appreciates the qualities of poetry, just as the tongue feels or appreciates the qualities of food.

It is in the same sense that we say, a person has a taste for painting, or music, or any other art. When we say a person has fine taste, we mean that his mental perceptions are very acute.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER IX.

AGREEABLY to their plan, the sable-hunters continued at the hut, following the game, day after day, with the greatest ardor. The forest proved to be very extensive, stretching out for miles upon both sides of a little river that flowed into the Lena. It was the depth of winter, and snow fell almost every day; yet they were seldom prevented from going forth by the weather. They were very successful in their hunting, and a day seldom passed in which they did not bring home some game. They killed several bears and wolves, and a great number of sables, ermines, martens, squirrels and lynxes.

In all their expeditions, Alexis was among the most active, persevering, and skilful of the party. It was a great object in obtaining the finer furs, to kill the animals without breaking the skin of the body. In this art, Alexis excelled; for he could shoot with such precision, as to bring down his game, by putting only a single shot through the head. But he was of an ardent temper, and sometimes his zeal led him into danger. One day, being at a distance from his party, he saw a silver fox, and he pursued him for several hours, entirely forgetting that he was separated from his friends, and wandering to a great distance, amid the mazes of the woods.

At last, in pursuing the fox, he entered a wild and rocky dell, where perpendic-

ular cliffs, fringed by cedars and hemlocks, frowned over the glen. Plunging into the place, which seemed like a vast cavern, he soon came near the object of his pursuit, and brought him to the ground. Before he had time to pick up his game, he saw a couple of sables peering through a crevice in a decayed oak that had rooted itself in the rocks above. Loading his gun, he fired, and the animals immediately disappeared within the cavity. Believing that they were killed, he clambered up the steep face of the precipice with great labor and no little danger. At length, he reached the foot of the tree which leaned from the cliff, over the dark valley beneath. Immediately he began to ascend it, hardly observing, in his eagerness, that it was rotten to the very root, and trembled throughout its whole extent, as he ascended.

Up he went, heedless of all but the game, until he reached the crevice, where two sables, of the largest kind, lay dead. He took them out, and, for the first time, looked beneath. He was touched with a momentary thrill of fear as he gazed down and perceived the gulf that yawned beneath him. At the same moment, he heard a crackling at the roots of the tree, and perceived a descending motion in the limbs to which he clung. He now knew that he was falling, and that, with the vast mass, he must descend into the valley beneath. The moment was almost too awful for thought: yet his mind turned to his father and sister, with a feeling of farewell, and a prayer to Heaven for his soul. How swift is the wing of thought in the moment of peril! He felt himself rushing downward through the air; he closed his eyes; there was a horrid crash in his ears, and he knew no more. The sound of the falling oak rung through the glen, and in the space of a few minutes the figure of a man, clothed in furs,

was seen emerging from one of the caverns, at a little distance. He approached the spot where Alexis had fallen; but at first nothing was to be seen save the trunk of the tree, now completely imbedded in the snow. The man was about to turn away, when he saw the fox lying at a little distance, and then remarked one of the sables, also buried in the snow. Perceiving that the animal was warm, as if just killed, he looked around for the hunter. Not seeing him, the truth seemed at once to flash upon his mind; and he began to dig in the snow beneath the trunk of the tree. Throwing off his bear-skin coat and a huge wolf-skin cap, and seizing upon a broken limb of the tree, he labored with prodigious strength and zeal. A large excavation was soon made, and pretty soon he found the cap of Alexis. This increased his zeal, and he continued to dig with unabated ardor for more than an hour. Buried at the depth of eight feet in the snow, he found the young man, and with great labor took him out from the place in which he was imbedded, and which, but for this timely aid, had been his grave. The surface of the snow was so hard as to bear the man's weight, provided as he was with the huntsman's broad-soled shoes of skins. Still it was with great difficulty that he could carry Alexis forward. He, however, succeeded in bearing him to his cave. Here he had the satisfaction of soon finding that the youth was still alive; that he was indeed only stunned, and otherwise entirely unhurt. He soon awoke from his insensibility, and looking around, inquired where he was. "You are safe," said the stranger, "and in my castle, where no one will come to molest you. You are safe; and now tell me your name."

For a moment, Alexis was bewildered, and could not recollect his name, but after a little time, he said falteringly, "Pultova,—my name is Alexis Pultova."

"Pultova!" said the stranger, with great interest; "are you of Warsaw—the son of Paul Pultova?"

"I am" was the reply.

"Yes," said the other, "you are, I see by your resemblance, you are the son of my noble friend, General Pultova. And what brought you here?"

"I am a hunter," said Alexis.

"Alas, alas," said the man, "and so it is with the brave, and the noble, and the chivalrous sons of poor stricken Poland: scattered over this desolate region of winter—this wild and lone Siberia—banished, forgotten, save only to be pursued, crushed by the vengeful heel of power. Oh God! O Heaven! how long will thy justice permit such cruelty toward those whose only crime is, that they loved their country too well?" Saying these words, the stranger's bosom heaved convulsively, the tears fell fast down his cheeks, and, as if ashamed of his emotion, he rushed out of the cavern.

Alexis was greatly moved, yet his curiosity was excited, and he began to look around to ascertain what all this might mean. He now, for the first time, recollected his fall from the tree. He perceived that he was in a lofty cavern, in which he saw a bed made of skins, a gun, and various other trappings belonging to a hunter. He justly concluded that he had been rescued by the stranger; and when he returned, as he did in a few minutes, he poured out his grateful thanks to him for saving his life.

The two now fell into conversation: and Alexis heard the details of his own rescue, as well as the story of the hunter. He was a Polish nobleman, who had taken part in the struggle for liberty, and who had also shared in the doom of those patriots who survived the issue. While they were conversing, they thought they heard sounds without, and going to the mouth of the cave, they perceived voices in the glen. Alexis soon recog-

nised the piercing tones of Linsk, and immediately answered him. The old hunter, with his two sons, soon came up, and there was a hearty shaking of hands all round. The whole story was soon told, and the hunters were invited by the stranger into the cave.

The evening was now approaching, and Linsk, with his party, being pressed to spend the night at the cave, cheerfully accepted the request. A fire was soon kindled, a haunch of fat bear's meat was roasted, and the company sat down to their meal. There was for a time a good deal of hilarity; for, even in comfortless situations, a sense of deliverance from peril breaks into the heart, scattering with its brief sunshine the gloom that is around. So it was with the hunters, in the bosom of that dark cavern, and in that scene and season of winter; the laugh, the joke, and the story passed from one to the other. Even the stern and stony brow of the stranger relaxed at some of the droll remarks and odd phrases of Linsk, and unconsciously he became interested in the passing scene.

When Linsk had done ample justice to the meal, he hitched back a little from the circle which sat around, and, wiping his greasy lips and hands, using the sleeve of his wolf-skin coat instead of a pocket-handkerchief, he said, "Well, master Alexis, this jump of yours, from the top of a mountain into the middle of a valley, beats all the capers of that kind which I ever heard of; but as to your going eight feet into the snow, that's nothing. I once knew a fellow who spent a winter at Kamschatka, and he says that the snow falls there to such a depth as sometimes to cover up houses. He told one thumping story of what happened to himself."

"What was it?—tell it," was uttered by several voices. Thus invited, Linsk proceeded to relate the following tale

"The man I spoke of was one of your short, tough little runts, and very like a weasel—hard to catch, hard to kill, and worth very little when you've got him. I forget now what it was led him off to such a wild place as Kamschatka; but I believe it was because he was of a restless make, and so, being always moving, he finally got to the end of the world. Nor was this restlessness his only peculiarity—he was one of those people to whom something odd is always happening; for you know that there are folks to whom ill-luck sticks just as natural as a burr to a bear's jacket.

"Well, Nurly Nutt—for that was the young fellow's name—found himself one winter at Kamschatka. It was far to the north, where the sun goes down for six months at a time, and brandy freezes as hard as a stone. However, the people find a way to melt the brandy; and, by the rays of the moon, or the northern lights, which make it almost as light as day, they have their frolics, as well as other people.

"It chanced to be a hard winter, and the snow was very deep. However, the people tackled up their dogs, hitched them to their sledges, and cantered away over the snow like so many witches. Nurly was a great hand at a frolic, especially if the girls were of the mess; and he went on at such a rate as to become quite a favorite with the softer sex. But it so happened, that, just as the girls became eager to catch Nurly, he would n't be caught, you know—a thing that's very disoblighing, though it's very much the way of the world.

"There was one black-eyed girl that particularly liked our little hero; and he liked her well enough, but still he would n't come to the point of making her an offer of his heart. Well, they went on flirting and frolicking for some time, and a great many moonlight rides they had over the snow-crust. Well,

one night they were out with a party skimming over the vast plain, when they came to a steep ridge, and the leader of the train of sledges must needs go over it. It was hard work for the dogs, but they scabbled up one after another.

"Now Nurly and his little lass were behind all the rest, and, for some reason of their own, they were a good deal behind. However, they ascended the hill; but, as luck would have it, just as they got to the top, the sledge slipped aside, and tipped the pair over. The sledge went on, and all the more swiftly that the dogs had a lighter load; but down the hillside went Nurly and the girl, her arms around him, as if she had been a bear and he a cub. At last they came to the bottom with a terrible thump, the crust broke through, and in a moment they were precipitated down some five and twenty feet! Both were stunned; but soon recovering, they looked around. What was their amazement to find themselves in a street, and before a little church! Just by their side was an image of the Virgin!

"'What can it mean?' said Nurly.

"'It is a warning!' said the lass.

"'And what must we do?' said the other.

"'Why, Nurly, don't you understand?' replied the girl.

"'I'll be hanged if I do,' said the youth.

"'Shall I tell you?' said the girl.

"'Certainly,' said he.

"'Well, Nurly,' replied the lass, 'we have been a good deal together, and we like each other very well, and yet we go on, and nothing comes of it. We dance and ride, and ride and dance, and still nothing comes of it. Well, one night we go forth in the sledge; the train passes on; it courses over a hill. They all go safely. You and I alone meet with a miracle. We are hurled to the valley—we descend into a new world; a church is before us—we are alone—

saving the presence of the blessed Virgin, and she smiles upon us.' The girl hesitated.

" 'Go on,' said Nurly.

" 'Well—the Virgin smiles—and here is a church—'

" 'Well, and what of it—pray what does it all mean?' said the fellow.

" 'You are as stupid as a block!' said the lass, weeping.

" 'I can't help it,' said Nurly Nutt.

" 'You can help it—you must help it!' replied the girl, smartly. 'We must make a vow. Take my hand and say after me.' He now obeyed.

" 'We do here take a most holy vow, before the blessed Virgin, and at the door of the church, that we will love each other till death, and, as soon as we can find a priest, that we will mutually pledge our vows as man and wife, forever: and so may Heaven help us.'

" 'Whew!' said Nurly; but at the same time he kissed his betrothed.

" 'They then began to look around. They saw a passage leading to some houses. They passed along, and there found a village all buried beneath the snow. There were paths dug out along the streets and from house to house. Here the people dwelt, as if nothing had happened. They had herds of deer, and plenty of bear's meat; and thus they lived till spring came to melt away the snow, and deliver them from their prison. Nurly and his little wife stayed in the village till spring, and then went to their friends. They had been given up as lost;—so there was great rejoicing when they got back. Nurly was laughed at a little for the advantage taken of his ignorance and surprise by the lass of the black eyes; but he was still content, for she made him a good little wife. He brought her all the way to Okotsk, and settled there. It was at that place I saw him, and heard the story. It sounds queer—but I believe it true."

When Linsk had done, the stranger made some remarks, alluding to his own history. Linsk, in a very respectful manner, begged him to state the adventures of which he spoke, and the man went on as follows:—

"I am a native of Poland. You see me here, clothed in skins, and a mere hunter like yourselves. I am but a man, and a very poor one, though the noblest blood of my country flows in my veins. I had a vast estate, situated almost thirty miles from Warsaw. I there became acquainted with a Russian princess, and loved her. My love was returned, and we vowed fidelity to each other for life. The revolution broke out, and I took an active part in it. My suit had been favored by the emperor before, but now I was informed that he frowned upon my hopes and wishes, and that he looked upon me with a special desire of vengeance. Twice was I assailed by ruffians in the streets of Warsaw, hired to take my life. In battle, I was repeatedly set upon by men, who had been offered large rewards if they would kill or capture me; but I escaped all these dangers.

"The princess whom I loved was in the Russian camp. I was one of a party who broke in, by a desperate assault, and surrounded the house where she dwelt. We took her captive, and carried her to Warsaw. She was offended, and would not see me. She contrived her escape; but I was near her all the time, even during her flight. As we were about to part, I made myself known to her, and asked her forgiveness. She wept, and leaned on my breast.

"Warsaw had that day fallen; the hopes of liberty had perished; Poland was conquered; the emperor was master over the lives and fortunes of the people, and too well did we know his cruel nature to have any other hope than that of the gallows, the dungeon, or Siberia.

"I told these things to the princess. She heard me, and said she would share my fate. While we were speaking, a close carriage and six horses came near. It was night, but the moon was shining brightly. I perceived it to be the carriage of Nicholas, the emperor; but at the moment I recognised it, it was set upon by four men on horseback, who rushed out of an adjacent thicket. They were heavily armed, and, discharging their pistols, killed the postillion and one of the guard. There were but three of the emperor's men left, and these would have been quickly despatched, had I not dashed in, with my two attendants, to the rescue. One of the robbers was killed, and the others fled.

"Though Nicholas is harsh, he is no coward. He had just leaped from the carriage, when the ruffians had escaped. He was perfectly cool, and, turning to me, surveyed me for an instant. He had often seen me at court, and I think he recognised me. 'To whom do I owe my safety?' said he. 'To a rebel!' said I; and we parted.

"The carriage passed on. The princess had witnessed the whole scene, though she had not been observed by the emperor's party. I returned to her. She seemed to have changed her mind, and begged me to see her conducted to the emperor's camp. 'You are now safe,' said she. 'You have saved the Czar's life, and that insures you his forgiveness—his gratitude. I know him well. In matters of government he is severe; but in all personal things he is noble and generous. I will plead your cause, and I know I shall prevail. Your life, your fortune, your honor, are secure.'

"I adopted her views, though with much anxiety. I conducted her near to the Russian camp, and she was then taken in safety to the Czar's tent. Soon after, she went to St. Petersburg, since

which I have heard nothing of her. The judgment of the enraged emperor fell like a thunderbolt upon the insurgents of Poland. The blood of thousands was shed upon the scaffold. Thousands were shut up in dungeons, never more to see the light or breathe the air of heaven. Thousands more were banished to Siberia, and myself among the number. The emperor's hard heart knew no mercy. Here I am, and here, alone, am I resolved to die."

This story was told with such energy, and with an air so lofty and stern, as to make all the party afraid to speak. Soon after, the stranger left the cave for a short time, as if the thoughts excited by his narrative could not brook the confinement of the cavern. He soon returned, and all retired to rest. In the morning the hunters took leave, Alexis bearing with him a rich present of furs from the hermit, several of them the finest of sables. One of these was carefully rolled up, and Alexis was instructed in a whisper to see that, if possible, it should be sent to the princess Lodoiska! At the same time, he was told never to reveal the name and character of the stranger whom he had met, and was also requested to enjoin secrecy upon his companions.

Linsk and his party went back to their hut; and in a few weeks, having obtained a large amount of rich furs, they took advantage of the sledges of some Tungusians, going to Yakoutska, and returned to that place, making a brisk and rapid journey of several hundred miles in a few days. Alexis little expected the news which awaited his arrival.

THE following complimentary toast to the ladies was given at a railroad celebration in Pennsylvania: "Woman—the morning star of our youth; the day star of our manhood; the evening star of our old age. God bless our stars!"

HAY-MAKING.



Hay-Making.

No part of the business of farming is more pleasant than hay-making. It is true, that to mow the grass, and make the hay in the broiling sun of July, is rather hard work; yet, after all, hay-makers are usually a cheerful, merry, frolicsome set of people.

There are few sounds more pleasant than those produced by the whetting of the mower's scythe. This proceeds from the ideas that are associated with it. It is then that the summer flowers are in full bloom; it is then that their sweet perfume is borne upon every breeze; it is then that the song of the boblink, the meadow-lark, the oriole, and the robin, is heard from every bush, and field, and tree.

When, therefore, we hear the ringing of the mower's scythe, ideas of the flowers, of their fair forms, and lovely hues, and delicious fragrance; of the birds, and their joyous minstrelsy, come thronging

into the mind, thus producing very agreeable emotions.

Nor is this all—the hay-making season is a time when children can go forth to roam in freedom where they will; to chase the butterfly, or pluck the flowers or dabble in the brook, or stoop down and drink from the rivulet, or sit at leisure beneath the cooling shade of the trees. It is a time when the poor are relieved from the pinches of Jack Frost; when the young are gay, and the old are cheerful. It is the time when people saunter forth at evening, and feel that they might live in the open air,—when the merry laugh is heard in the village, at sunset; when the notes of the flute steal through the valley, and many a musical sound comes down from the hill.

Hay-making, then, is a season of many pleasures, and the word brings to our minds, perhaps, more agreeable associations, than almost any other.

Limby Lumpy;

OR, THE BOY WHO WAS SPOILED BY HIS MAMMA.

LIMBY LUMPY was the only son of his mamma. His father was called the "pavier's assistant;" for he was so large and heavy, that, when he used to walk through the streets, the men who were ramming the stones down, with a large wooden rammer, would say, "Please to walk over these stones, sir." And then the men would get a rest.

Limby was born on the 1st of April; I do not know how long ago; but, before he came into the world, such preparations were made! There was a beautiful cradle; and a bunch of coral, with bells on it; and lots of little caps; and a fine satin hat; and nice porringers for pap; and two nurses to take care of him. He was, too, to have a little chaise, when he grew big enough; after that, he was to have a donkey, and then a pony. In short, he was to have the moon for a plaything, if it could be got; and as to the stars, he would have had them, if they had not been too high to reach.

Limby made a rare to do when he was a little baby. But he never was a *little* baby—he was always a big baby; nay, he was a big baby till the day of his death.

"Baby Big," his mamma used to call him; he was "a noble baby," said his aunt; he was "a sweet baby," said old Mrs. Tomkins, the nurse; he was "a dear baby," said his papa,—and so he was, for he *cost* a good deal. He was "a darling baby," said his aunt, by the mother's side; "there never was such a fine child," said everybody, before the parents; when they were at another place, they called him "a great, ugly, fat child."

We call it polite in this world to say

a thing to please people, although we think exactly the contrary. This is one of the things the philosopher Democrites, that you may have heard of, would have laughed at.

Limby was almost as broad as he was long. He had what some people call an open countenance; that is, one as broad as a full moon. He had what his mamma called beautiful auburn locks, but what other people said were carrotty;—not before the mother, of course.

Limby had a flattish nose and a wide mouth, and his eyes were a little out of the right line. Poor little dear, he could not help that, and, therefore, it was not right to laugh at him.

Everybody, however, laughed to see him eat his pap; for he would not be fed with the patent silver pap-spoon which his father bought him; but used to lay himself flat on his back, and seize the pap-boat with both hands, and never let go of it till its contents were fairly in his dear little stomach.

So Limby grew bigger and bigger every day, till at last he could scarcely draw his breath, and was very ill; so his mother sent for three apothecaries and two physicians, who looked at him,—told his mamma there were no hopes; the poor child was dying of over-feeding. The physicians, however, prescribed for him—a dose of castor oil!

His mamma attempted to give him the castor oil; but Limby, although he liked sugar plums, and cordial, and pap, and sweetbread, and oysters, and other things nicely dished up, had no fancy for castor oil, and struggled, and kicked, and fought, every time his nurse or mamma attempted to give it to him.

"Limby, my darling boy," said his mamma, "my sweet cherub, my only dearest, do take the oily poily—there's a ducky, deary—and it shall ride in a coachy poachy."

"Oh! the dear baby," said the nurse,

"take it for nursey. It will take it for nursey—that it will."

The nurse had got the oil in a silver medicine-spoon, so contrived, that if you could get it into the child's mouth the medicine must go down. Limby, however, took care that no spoon should go into his mouth; and, when the nurse tried the experiment for the nineteenth time, he gave a plunge and a kick, and sent the spoon up to the ceiling, knocked off nurse's spectacles, upset the table on which all the bottles and glasses were, and came down whack on the floor.

His mother picked him up, clasped him to her breast, and almost smothered him with kisses. "Oh! my dear boy," said she, "it shan't take the nasty oil—it won't take it, the darling;—naughty nurse to hurt baby: it shall not take nasty physic;" and then she kissed him again.

Poor Limby, although only two years old, knew what he was at—he was trying to get the mastery of his mamma; he felt that he had gained his point, and gave another kick and a squall, at the same time planting a blow on his mother's eye.

"Dear little creature," said she, "he is in a state of high convulsions and fever—he will never recover!"

But Limby did recover, and in a few days was running about the house, and the master of it; there was nobody to be considered, nobody to be consulted, nobody to be attended to, but Limby Lumpy.

Limby grew up big and strong; he had everything his own way. One day, when he was at dinner with his father and mother, perched upon an arm chair, with his silver knife and fork, and silver mug to drink from, he amused himself by playing drums on his plate with the mug.

"Don't make that noise, Limby, my dear," said his father. "Dear little

lamb," said his mother, "let him amuse himself. Limby have some pudding?"

"No; Limby no pudding—drum! drum! drum!"

"A piece of pudding was, however, put on Limby's plate, but he kept on drumming as before. At last he drummed the bottom of the mug into the soft pudding, to which it stuck, and by which means it was scattered all over the carpet.

"Limby, my darling!" said his mother; and the servant was called to wipe Limby's mug, and pick the pudding up from the floor. Limby would not have his mug wiped, and floundered about, and upset the castors and the mustard on the table-cloth.

"Oh! Limby Lumpy;—naughty boy," said his father.

"Don't speak so cross to the child;—he is but a child," said his mother: "I do not like to hear you speak so cross to the child."

"I tell you what it is," said his father, "I think the boy does as he likes; but I do not want to interfere."

Limby now sat still, resolving what to do next. He was not hungry, having been stuffed with a large piece of pound cake about an hour before dinner; but he wanted something to do, and could not sit still.

Presently a saddle of mutton was brought on the table. When Limby saw this he set up a crow of delight. "Limby ride," said he, "Limby ride;" and rose up in his chair, as if to reach the dish.

"Yes, my ducky, it shall have some mutton," said his mamma; and immediately gave him a slice, cut up into small morsels. That was not it. Limby pushed that unto the floor, and cried out, "Limby on meat! Limby on meat!"

His mamma could not think what he meant. At last, however, his father recollected that he had been in the habit

or giving him a ride occasionally, first on his foot, sometimes on the scroll end of the sofa, at other times on the top of the easy chair. Once he put him on a dog, and more than once on the saddle; in short, he had been in the habit of perching him on various things; and now Limby, hearing this was a *saddle* of mutton, wanted to take a ride on it.

"Limby on—Limby ride on bone," said the child, in a whimper.

"Did you *ever* hear?" said the father.

"What an extraordinary child!" said the mother; "how clever to know it was like a saddle—the little dear. No, no, Limby—grease frock, Limby!"

But Limby cared nothing about a greasy frock, not he—he was used enough to that; and therefore roared out more lustily for a ride on the mutton.

"Did you ever know such a child? What a dear, determined spirit!"

"He is a child of an uncommon mind," said his mother. "Limby, dear—Limby, dear—silence! silence!"

The truth was, Limby made such a roaring, that neither father or mother could get their dinners, and scarcely knew whether they were eating beef or mutton.

"It is impossible to let him ride on the mutton," said his father: "quite impossible!"

"Well, but you might just put him astride the dish, just to satisfy him; you can take care his legs or clothes do not go into the gravy."

"Anything for a quiet life," said the father. "What does Limby want?—Limby ride?"

"Limby on bone!—Limby on meat!"

"Shall I put him across?" said Mr. Lumpy.

"Just for one moment," said his mamma: "it won't hurt the mutton."

The father rose, and took Limby from his chair, and, with the greatest caution, held his son's legs astride, so that they

might hang on each side of the dish without touching it; "just to satisfy him," as he said, "that they might dine in quiet," and was about to withdraw him from it immediately. But Limby was not to be cheated in that way—he wished to feel the saddle under him, and accordingly forced himself down upon it; but feeling it rather warmer than was agreeable, started, lost his balance, and fell down among the dishes, soused in melted butter, cauliflower, and gravy—floundering, and kicking, and screaming, to the detriment of glasses, jugs, dishes, and everything else on the table.

"My child! my child!" said his mamma; "oh! save my child!"

She snatched him up, and pressed his begreased garments close to the bosom of her best silk gown.

Neither father nor mother wanted any more dinner after this. As to Limby he was as frisky afterwards as if nothing had happened; and, about half an hour from the time of this disaster, *cried for his dinner.*—*Martin's Holiday Book.*

Lime.

LIME, in combination with the acids is applied to a great number of useful purposes. It is employed in making mortar for building; by the farmer as a manure; also by bleachers, tanners, sugar-bakers, and others; it is used also in medicine.

In agriculture, it is used for its properties of hastening the dissolution and putrefaction of all animal and vegetable matters, and of imparting to the soil the powers of imbibing and retaining moisture necessary for the nourishment and vigorous growth of plants.

In tanning leather, it is used to dissolve the gelatinous part of the skin, and to facilitate the removal of the hair, for which purpose the hides are immersed in a solution of lime.

In refining sugar, it is used to destroy a certain acid, which would else prevent the crystallization of the sugar.

In the manufacture of soap, it is mixed with the alkali, in order to deprive it of its carbonic acid, to render it caustic, and by this means fit it to combine with the oil or tallow, which is thereby converted into soap.

In the manufacture of glue, lime is used to prevent its becoming flexible by the absorption of moisture, and to add to its strength.

The Voyages, Travels, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XXII.

Journey to Florence.—Fate of the country.—Narni.—A thunder-storm among the Appenines.—Strange method of stilling a tempest.—Crossing the mountains.—Spoleto.—The Clitumnus.—Foligno.—A town shaken by an earthquake.—Perugia.—The battle of Trasymenus.—Tuscany.—The Italian Yankees.—Florence.—Beauty of the city.—Manners of the people.

ON the morning of the 18th of May, I left Rome for Florence. The coachman pays all expenses of meals and lodging on the road, which secures the passengers from the impositions of the innkeepers, who will generally make the most exorbitant charges when they get a traveller in their power. My companions were a couple of jolly Italian priests; a young Frenchman, full of *harum scarum* liveliness; a grave old Polander, and a Roman country girl. The sun rose gloriously over the Appenines as we left the city behind us, and the soft, balmy breeze of the morning seemed to give life and freshness to everything. The lofty peaks of the Appenines, however, were covered with snow. After leaving the desert level of the Campagna, we came

to a delightful country of green meadows, interspersed with fields of wheat, and long ridges of blue mountains at a distance. People were mowing in the field, and the patches of wheat were curiously spotted over with red poppies. Beyond this the country became still more beautifully picturesque. Several old towers, with crumbling ruins and grass-grown walls, added to the variety and interest of the landscape. As we approached the Appenines, the country grew wilder, but everywhere exhibited a succession of enchanting views. There appeared little cultivation: the trees were chiefly olive and ilex. The mountains were covered with trees of a stunted growth.

On the afternoon of the second day we stopped at Narni, a village standing on a high rocky cliff, overlooking the vale of Terni. From the window of our inn, as I looked up the valley, I discerned a black thunder-cloud gathering on the mountains, and advised our driver not to go forward for the present. Presently the cloud began to roll down the valley toward us, spreading out its dark folds so as to fill the whole extent of the vale. I contemplated the approach of this mountain giant with feelings of sublimity and awe. The air, which at first had been in a dead calm and burning heat, now began to move, with cool breezes, which rapidly increased to a furious gale. In the midst of the tempest I was struck with a noise of what I supposed to be a clap of thunder, but which exactly resembled the report of a musket. Presently another, and another, and another, like a running fire of musketry, caused me to doubt whether it was really thunder. Casting my eyes up the steep sides of the crag on which the town is built, I saw muskets popping out and firing from the windows of every house. "What is the meaning of this?" asked I of a little boy who stood by. "To break the gale," he replied. "See how

it blows:—in a minute or two the wind will all go down." Sure enough, in a few minutes the wind ceased, and a tremendous shower of rain, with thunder and lightning, followed; after which the clouds swept off, and all was clear and serene.

The villagers informed me that this was always done at the approach of a thunder-cloud; and that their guns never failed to break the storm and bring down rain. Strange as this may appear, it is easily explained. The explosion of fire-arms has the effect of thunder in giving a shock or electrical impulse to the air, and condensing the vapor into rain. There is no doubt that many of our dry storms might be converted into copious showers by the firing of cannon.

Our road now led us among the most savage and rugged portion of the Appenines. The ascent in many places was so steep that we took oxen at the country houses to assist our horses in dragging the carriage up the hills. Our conductor told us of a robbery that, a week before, had been committed here upon a company of English travellers. We also took notice of the crosses and piles of stones set up here and there, where murders had been committed. These would not be thought very comfortable things to amuse a traveller among the wild and lonely mountains. Towards night we met a company of malefactors, in chains, guarded by a file of soldiers. All these things gave a touch of romance to our travelling. But we passed the time very agreeably. The priests were saying their prayers and cracking jokes alternately, so that it was hard to tell whether they were most devout or waggish. That night we slept at a lonely house up in the mountains. We were not disturbed by robbers, and I was lulled to sleep by the song of the nightingales, who made the woods echo with their sweet melody all night long.

We set out early in the morning, and, descending the mountains, passed through Spoleto, a city whose romantic situation, with the blue mountain peaks towering above it, struck me with delight and admiration. During a short stay here for breakfast, my ghostly companions carried me off to the house of the bishop, who was greatly delighted to see a man from the new world. Americans hardly ever take this city in their route. Beyond Spoleto, we crossed the little stream of the Clitumnus, famous of old for the clearness of its waters. We stopped to dine at Foligno, a town which had been shaken by an earthquake a few months previous. The walls of the houses were twisted all out of shape, and in many of the streets great beams of wood extended across from wall to wall, to keep the houses from tumbling down.

A comical blind fellow, as he called himself, came begging after me in the streets. I was about to give him some money, but observed he had a marvellous instinct in stepping over all the puddles that lay in his way. I asked him how it happened that blind men never wet their feet. He answered that they could always smell the water. "Yes," replied I, "and I can sometimes smell an impostor." We went on as far as Perugia, an ancient Etruscan city, standing, as almost all these cities do, on the top of a hill, and having clean and neatly paved streets. The walls of this city are three thousand years old. In the morning our road descended the hills into a beautiful plain. The women were in the fields, spinning and tending sheep. We came in sight of the lake of Perugia, the ancient Thrasymenus, and found a thin white fog lying on the surface of the lake, just as it was on the morning of the terrible battle, when Hannibal overthrew the Romans with such slaughter that the rivulet, which flowed through the battle-field, ran with blood. It thence

received the name of *Sanguinetto*, which it bears at this day.

This was the only fog I saw in Italy. Early in the forenoon, it vanished before the rays of the sun; and as we passed along the shores of the lake we contemplated with deep interest this fine sheet of water, diversified by a few little islands and skirted with green hills. All the scenery was rural, peaceful and soothing; and it was strange to think that on the verdant banks of this silvery lake, two mighty armies had once contended for the empire of the world! Beyond the lake, our path wound up a steep hill, where we stopped at the custom-house, for here we were to take leave of the Pope's territory. While the officers were examining our passports, I read over Livy's admirable description of the battle, the field of which lay directly at my feet. I could almost imagine I saw the furious hosts in actual conflict. The concluding passage is remarkable.

"Such was the terrible shock of the conflicting hosts, and so absorbed was every mind in the tumult of the battle, that the great earthquake of that day, which prostrated many cities in Italy, stopped the course of rivers, raised the ocean from its depths, and overthrew mountains,—passed unheeded by a single one of the combatants!"

A few miles brought us into Tuscany; and here we were struck with a remarkable improvement in the appearance of the people and the face of the country. The inhabitants are tidily dressed, clean and industrious. The roads are in excellent repair. The towns and villages are neat and thriving. The Tuscans, in fact, are the Yankees of Italy, and their country stands in much the same relation to the rest of the peninsula, that New England does to the other portion of the United States. It has a hard, rugged soil, and a comparatively cool climate. But the inhabitants are indus-

trious, shrewd, inventive and persevering. They are also remarkable for their civil and obliging manners. It was a real enjoyment to see their cheerful faces after being accustomed to the sombre looks and reserved manners of the Romans.

All along the road were rows of mulberry trees, with vines gracefully trained in festoons from tree to tree. The hill sides were covered with olive groves. The oxen in the fields were all white, and curiously ornamented with head-dresses of red tassels. From Castiglione, a little town on the top of a mountain, I had a most enchanting view of the Val di Chiana at my feet. It is skirted by lofty mountains and covered with rich green fields, dotted with innumerable white houses, that made me think of New England. From this place to Florence, the road goes constantly up and down hill, with perpetual variations of fine scenery, rich cornfields, vineyards, and hills crowned with groves of olive. We were now in the Val d'Arno, and saw additional marks of the industry of the Tuscan peasantry. All the productive land was under excellent cultivation, and the country-houses were neat, tidy and comfortable. I was struck with the peculiar shape of the chimneys, which are not, as with us, mere square blocks of masonry, but carved into graceful and picturesque shapes, like the turrets of a castle, so as to be highly ornamental. Two or three other large towns lay in our way, but my limits will not allow me here to describe them. The road led along the Arno, which is here a narrow stream, with high rocky banks. It is shallow, and little used for navigation above Florence.

This beautiful city is surrounded by lofty hills, covered with vineyards, olive groves, gardens, country seats and palaces. Everything around it is beautiful: the landscape is fresh, verdant and smil-

ing; the buildings are neat and picturesque, and all looks thriving and comfortable. "Florence the fair" deserves her title. From the summit of one of the surrounding hills, you look down upon the white walls of the city, crowned with domes and towers, and trace the windings of the Arno into the rich green valley below. The interior does not disappoint these favorable impressions. The houses are all well built, and the streets neatly paved with flat stones, as smooth as a floor. This feature is characteristic of all the old Etruscan cities. Fellows with little donkey carts, brooms and shovels, are constantly going up and down the streets, picking up every particle of dust, so that the streets are kept perfectly clean. The smooth pavements make it impossible for horses to run fast over them, but so much the better for foot-passengers.

Florence is full of old palaces, with immense thick walls, and heavy, massive architecture. They are, in fact, so many castles, and were built in turbulent times, when the city was disturbed by civil wars and factions, and the nobles entrenched themselves in their castles. The eaves of the houses project six or eight feet; and during showers you have little need of an umbrella, as the water shoots from the roofs into the middle of the street. All the buildings are of stone: a brick is never seen, except occasionally for a hearth, or in the tiling of a floor. The fine buildings are for the most part of *macigno*, a stone much like Quincy granite in color, but not so hard. The common houses are of rough stone, stuccoed and painted. The Duomo or cathedral, is cased with panels of black and white marble. It is a stupendous and imposing edifice, but, though begun five or six hundred years ago, it is not yet finished. The front, which was designed to be the most splendid part of the edifice, is a mere plastered wall, because

the builders could not decide upon anything rich enough at first, and so left it to their posterity to finish.

The Florentines seem never to sleep except from dinner-time to sunset. All night long they are in the streets, singing and pursuing their amusements. Midnight is the noisiest portion of the twenty-four hours. People in the streets, however, are never rude or offensively boisterous; they are only merry and jovial. Nothing can be more civil and decorous than their behavior, both out of doors and in. A female, young or old, may walk the whole length of the city at any hour of the night without fear of being insulted. There was a great gala during my stay here, on occasion of the grand duke's wedding. All the population was collected at the Cascine, or public gardens, just without the city gates. The festivities were kept up all night: the trees were hung with thousands of colored lamps; tables were spread everywhere, and universal merrymaking and jollity prevailed till the morning light. During all these diversions I did not witness a single act of rudeness or impropriety of behavior on the part of any person. No noisy brawling, drunken revelry, indecent language or impertinent puppyism of demeanor, such as are too apt to disgrace popular assemblages of miscellaneous persons in other countries.

Our Leghorn straws come chiefly from Florence. A great part of the employment of the poorer classes of the city and neighborhood is braiding straw. There are also many manufacturers of silk here. In the market you may see, every day, bushels of cocoons brought in by the country people for sale. There appears, however, to be little wholesale business done here; most of the traders being small shopkeepers. Living is cheaper than even at Rome, with the single exception of house-rent, but that

is not extravagant. There is quite an appearance of wealth here: the number of carriages kept by private persons is surprising. Almost all have livery servants and footmen, and you see these great strapping fellows, in regimentals and cocked hats, with swords at their sides, engaged in the exalted employment of standing behind a carriage, opening doors and holding ladies' parasols. The cost of keeping a coach, two horses and a coachman is about a dollar a day! The common soldier's pay is about a cent per day.

I cannot stop to describe the pictures and statuary of this city, though these are the very things which bring most travellers to Florence. Even without these attractions the place would be the most agreeable residence in all Italy. The government is liberal to foreigners, well knowing that they spend much money here. The inhabitants are exceedingly civil and obliging, both from native amiability of disposition, and the wish to keep good customers among them. In consequence of this, Florence has always a great many foreigners permanently residing in the city and neighborhood. The banks of the Arno, above the city, and the hill on the slope of Fiesoli are covered with elegant villas, many of which are inhabited by English residents.

It is a common proverb, in allusion to the superior fertility of the Roman soil over the Tuscan—that the Pope has the flesh of Italy, and the Grand Duke the bones. The Tuscans are industrious; and the Romans are lazy. I prefer the bones to the flesh!

QUERE.—A writer on school discipline says that it is impossible to make boys *smart* without the use of the rod. What do you think of *that*, my young friends?

Similes.

“PRAY, mother, what are *similes*?

They are resemblances, my child; the word *simile* means a thing that is like another. We often use them to give clearness and energy to our ideas. I will tell you some similes in common use, and put into rhyme so that you may remember them.

As proud as a peacock—as round as a pea;
As blithe as a lark—as brisk as a bee.
As light as a feather—as sure as a gun;
As green as the grass—as brown as a bun.
As rich as a Jew—as warm as toast;
As cross as two sticks—as deaf as a post.
As sharp as a needle—as strong as an ox;
As grave as a judge—as sly as a fox.
As old as the hills—as straight as a dart;
As still as the grave—as swift as a hart.
As solid as marble—as firm as a rock;
As soft as a plum—as dull as a block.
As pale as a lily—as blind as a bat;
As white as a sheet—as black as my hat.
As yellow as gold—as red as a cherry,
As wet as water—as brown as a berry.
As plain as a pikestaff—as big as a house;
As flat as the table—as sleek as a mouse.
As tall as the steeple—as round as a cheese;
As broad as 't is long—as long as you please.

Proverbs and Sayings of the Chinese.

WHAT is told in the ear is often heard a hundred miles.

Riches come better after poverty, than poverty after riches.

Who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity; who aims at mediocrity will fall short of it.

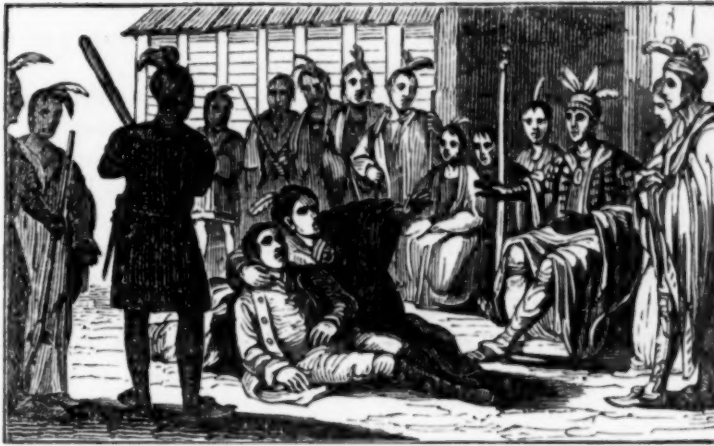
Old age and faded flowers, no remedies can revive.

One lash to a good horse; one word to a wise man.

A truly great man never puts away the simplicity of a child.

He who toils with pain, will eat with pleasure.

A wise man forgets old grudges



Pocahontas rescuing Captain Smith.

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Indians in the United States—of Virginia.—Powhattan.—Arrival of Captain Smith—taken by the Indians—saved by Pocahontas.—Some account of her.—War of the colonists.—Indians.—Fate of the latter.

A LITTLE more than 200 years ago, all the country which now belongs to the United States of America, extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the great lakes and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, was inhabited by a race of savage Indians, who roamed, free and independent, through the vast forests which then covered the land, and gained a scanty subsistence, mostly by the arts of hunting and fishing. They were warlike and cruel, always delighting in blood, and never forgiving an injury; cunning in their plans against their enemies, and very crafty in concealing them. But towards their friends they were fair and honest, always keeping their word when once pledged.

They were not, like the Mexicans, united in one nation, living under the same sovereign; but they were broken up into a multitude of small independent

tribes, under their own chiefs, and almost always at war with each other. But in their appearance, their manners and customs, they were all very much alike. We will, therefore, give a short history of some of their principal tribes, and then an account of the manners and customs of the whole.

If we begin at the southern part of North America and go north, we shall find that the farther we proceed, the Indians will be fewer in number, and more barbarous and ignorant; at the same time that they are broken up into many more and smaller tribes. In Mexico, for instance, we find a great, and, as we may say, civilized nation, living in large cities, and cultivating the earth for a subsistence. Farther north, we come to the great southern tribes of the United States. These are the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, the Creeks, and the Choctaws.

When the country was first settled by the English, these tribes were all large and powerful; but now they are greatly reduced by their wars with their white neighbors, the English and French,

and by the vices introduced, by these: still they comprise several hundred warriors, and large tracts of land in some of the southern states. These states naturally dislike to have such large, independent tribes within their borders, and are also desirous of obtaining the fine land of the Indians, which is known to contain several valuable gold mines. The government, therefore, is endeavoring to induce them to remove beyond the Mississippi, by offering them large sums of money, and a fine tract of land for their new country.

Many have accordingly removed; but there are some yet unwilling to leave their farms, their firesides, and the graves of their fathers, to seek new homes and new fields in a strange and distant land. It will, perhaps, be better that they should go; for, as long as they remain where they now are, they must expect to be oppressed and insulted by their more powerful and more civilized neighbors.

North of these tribes, were the Indians of Virginia. They were called the *Powhattans*, and were governed by a king of the same name. In his country, the first English colony in America was settled, in the year 1607, under the direction of Captain John Smith, a bold and sagacious man. The manner in which the first interview between Smith and Powhattan took place, was romantic and singular.

Smith had gone out in a boat, with a small number of men, to procure provisions for the colonists, who were almost starving. After sailing up the river as far as he was able, he left the boat in the care of the crew, and went out himself to shoot some game for their supper. But the men whom he had left with the boat were very careless; they all left it, and wandered along the shore. On a sudden, the Indians set upon them, wounded several, and took one man pris-

oner. This man, after they had compelled him to inform them which way Smith had gone, they put to death with cruel tortures.

They then followed after Smith. When he first saw them coming, he attempted to escape to the boat. The Indians pressed on him; but he used his firearms so well that he soon laid three dead on the ground, and compelled the rest to keep so far off that their arrows had little effect. But unluckily, as he was retreating hastily towards the river, he suddenly sunk up to his middle in a marsh, whence he found it impossible to get out. After struggling in the cold mire until he was almost frozen, he threw away his arms and surrendered.

The savages instantly seized upon him and dragged him out in triumph. They began at once to make ready to put him to death by torture; but here his sagacity was a means of saving his life. He took out a round ivory compass, and showed it to them, explaining by signs, as well as he could, its properties and use, while the Indians listened and stared in wondering silence. They looked with curiosity at the needle which always pointed to the north; but when they attempted to touch it, and found their fingers stopped by the glass, which they could feel, but not see, they shouted with amazement. They concluded that the instrument must be the white man's god, and that he was a great medicine, or conjurer; they therefore resolved to carry him to their king, and know his will in disposing of their wonderful captive.

Accordingly, after leading him in triumph through all the principal towns, they brought him to a place called *Wecowocomoco*, where Powhattan resided. Here Smith was introduced to the royal presence. Powhattan, a majestic and finely formed savage, sat at the farther end of the hall, on a seat something like a

bedstead, clothed in an ample robe of raccoon skins, with all the tails hanging over him. Along each wall of the house sat a row of women, and a row of men in front of them. When Smith was led in, a female of rank brought him water to wash his hands, and another a bunch of feathers for a towel. The chiefs then held a long consultation as to his fate.

The result was against him ;—he was condemned to die. Two great stones were laid before Powhattan, and Smith was compelled to lie down, and place his head upon them ; a huge savage stood ready with a club uplifted, to dash out his brains,—when Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, and with tears besought her father to spare the life of the white man. The royal savage refused ;—the fatal club was about to descend ; and the Indian girl, as a last resource, knelt by the side of Smith, threw her arms around him, laid her head on his, and declared that she would perish with him.

The heart of the stern chief relented, and he consented to spare the victim. Smith was released, and soon after sent home to Jamestown.

From this time, as long as Smith remained in the colony, peace was kept up between the English and the savages. This was owing, mostly, to the vast ideas which the natives had been led, by certain fortunate accidents, to form concerning the power of the colonists, and especially of Smith. The following is one of them :

A pistol having been stolen, Smith seized upon one of the natives, and threatened to hang him, if it were not returned. The poor fellow was shut up in a dungeon, with some victuals and a fire, while his brother went out to seek for the pistol. In a short time, he returned with it ; but when they went to liberate the poor prisoner, they found that the smoke of his charcoal fire had

spread into the room and nearly smothered him. As it was, he lay, to all appearance, dead, while his brother was almost distracted with his loss. Smith, in order to quiet his grief, promised that if he would behave well and never steal any more, he would bring his brother to life again. The delighted savage made all sorts of vows and protestations ; and the captain, although he had hardly any hope of being able to recover the smothered man, ordered him to be carried to his house ; where, by a good use of various remedies, and a sound sleep by the fire, he was completely restored to his senses. The next morning, the two Indians departed, rendered happy by the gift of a small piece of copper, and spread among their tribe the belief that Captain Smith could make a dead man live.

A few such lucky events inspired the simple Indians with so great a fear of the captain, that as long as he remained in the colony, they continued to be friendly ; but soon after he departed for England, the savages began to harass the settlement ; at first they refused to trade, until the colonists, not receiving their usual supply of corn, began to suffer from famine ; the Indians next attacked and cut off many stragglers from the colony, and shut up the rest in the town. They were now threatened with absolute starvation ; many died of hunger ; and of six hundred emigrants, only sixty at last remained alive.

At this critical period, two ships arrived from England, bringing supplies ; they were received by the colonists, as may well be imagined, with transports of joy. The next thing, of importance, was to make peace with Powhattan. A good opportunity, as they thought, soon presented itself. They heard that Pocahontas, was now on a visit to the wife of a chief, on the banks of the Potomac. They thought that if they should be able

to get possession of the favorite daughter of the king, he would be willing to redeem her at the greatest ransom.

A small vessel was soon prepared; and Captain Argall ascended the river to the place where Pocahontas was residing. He easily found means of enticing her on board, and then suddenly set sail for Jamestown. The captive princess was, at first, much alarmed and offended. But the kind words and good treatment of her captors soon soothed her agitation, and she waited with patience the effect of an embassy which was sent to Powhattan, with the tidings.

But the haughty savage, much as he loved his child, disdained to yield to the emotions of his heart; he would not allow his enemies to obtain any advantage from their treacherous seizure, and for many months no message was received from him at Jamestown. During this time, a young gentleman, of good birth and fine person, named John Rolfe, conceived a warm affection for the engaging Indian girl, who returned it with equal ardor. When Powhattan heard of this, he was highly pleased; he sent his permission to their union, and from this time, till his death, continued ever the firm friend of the English.

You will, doubtless, wish to hear something more of his interesting daughter. After her marriage, she lived one or two years in Jamestown, during which time she became a convert to the Christian religion, and was baptized by the name of Rebecca. She afterwards, with her husband, made a voyage to England, where she was received by the queen, and other noble ladies, with all the attention due to her high rank and her charming character. But she soon became sick of the crowd, the noise, and the smoke of a large city, and longed for the fresh air and green forests of her own country, which, alas! she was never more to see. As she was about to em-

bark, with her husband, for America, she was taken ill, and died, in the twenty-second year of her age. Her death caused the greatest sorrow among her friends on both sides of the Atlantic, who knew her rare virtues, and who hoped that through her means a lasting peace might be secured between her father's subjects and her husband's countrymen.

Powhattan was succeeded by his brother, Opitchipan, a weak and infirm old man. But the whole power was in the hands of a chief, named Opechancanough, who is said to have emigrated to Virginia from a country far to the south-east, perhaps Mexico. In his intercourse with the English he showed much art, lulling all suspicion by his open and friendly conduct, while all the time he was preparing for a sudden and deadly blow.

On the 22d of March, 1622, the savages were observed to enter the English plantations in rather unusual numbers. But as they came apparently unarmed, and merely for the purpose of trading, no suspicion was excited. They were allowed even to enter the houses, and lodge in the bedchambers. On a sudden, the signal was given, and the work of destruction began; hundreds of armed Indians, from the woods, rushed on to aid those who were already on the spot. Great numbers of the English were slain; neither age nor sex—man, woman, nor child, was spared; and, but for the information of a Christian Indian, who betrayed the plot to the English, every man in the colony would have perished. As it was, more than three hundred of the whites were slaughtered, and, of eighty plantations, six only were saved.

From the time of this massacre, a deadly war raged between the natives and the English, in which no mercy was shown on either side. It ended, as might be expected, in the destruction of the former. Opechancanough was taken prisoner, his subjects defeated, their

villages plundered, and their cornfields burnt. The feeble remnants of this once powerful tribe lingered for awhile around the scenes of their former greatness, and were finally destroyed by pestilence and the sword, or went to join their more fortunate brethren of the north and west.

CHAPTER XX.

Account of the Delawares.—The Mingoes.—Unite and become the "Five Nations."—Their bravery and cruelty.—The Five Nations, or Iroquois make war on the Delawares.—Craft of the Iroquois.—Subjection of the Delawares.—Arrival of William Penn.—His interview with the Indians.—Their love and respect for him.—Wars with the English colonists.—Destruction of the Indian nation in Pennsylvania.

WHEN William Penn, the good Quaker, landed in the country called from him Pennsylvania, he found it inhabited by a great tribe of Indians, whom he called the *Delawares*. The name which they gave themselves was the *Lenni Lenape*, which means—"original people;" and they declared that their tribe was the main stock, or, as they called it, *grandfather* of all the other tribes in the United States, except the Mingoes or Six Nations, of New York. The account which they give of themselves, before the arrival of the English, as we find it in the history of the good missionary, Heckewelder, who lived among them more than forty years, seems very probable.

They say that many hundred years ago, their ancestors resided in a very distant country in the western part of the American continent. For some reason or other, they determined on migrating to the eastward, and accordingly set out together in a body. After a very long journey of several years, they at length arrived at the Mississippi, or "*river of fish*," where they fell in with the Mingoes who had likewise emigrated from

a distant country, and had struck upon this river somewhere higher up. They were also proceeding to the eastward, in search of a better country.

They found the region on the other side of the Mississippi occupied by a powerful nation, the *Alligewi*, who dwelt in large towns, and had many extensive fortifications; some of these are yet to be seen in Ohio, and several of the other Western States. This people, seeing such a numerous body of strangers about to enter their country, resolved to oppose them. Accordingly, as the *Lenni Lenape* were crossing the river, they received from the *Alligewi* such a furious attack, they were in great doubt whether to force a passage by arms, or to return to their former country.

While they were thus hesitating, at a loss what to do, they received from the Mingoes a promise of assistance, provided they would share with them the land which they should attain. This was at once agreed to: and the two nations together, succeeded after many bloody contests, in utterly defeating their enemies, and driving them down the Mississippi. The conquerors then divided the land between them; the Mingoes* taking the country about and north of the great lakes, and the *Lenape*,

* The fear created by the Mingoes, of which the Mohawks were a part, appears to have continued to a late date. Colden, in his "History of the Five Nations," says, "I have been told by old men in New England, who remembered the time when the Mohawks made war on their Indians, that as soon as a single Mohawk was discovered in the country, their Indians raised a cry, from hill to hill—a Mohawk! a Mohawk!—upon which, they all fled like sheep before wolves, without attempting the least resistance."

"The poor New England Indians immediately fled to the Christian houses, and the Mohawks often pursued them so closely, that they entered along with them, and knocked their brains out in the presence of the people of the house. But if the family had time to shut the door, they never attempted to force it, and on no occasion did any injury to the Christians."

that to the southward, lying on the Delaware and Susquehannah rivers.

The Lenni Lenape, or Delawares, as we shall hereafter call them, remained for a long time in peace and prosperity, increasing in number, and enlarging in territory. Their grand *council-fire* always remained on the banks of the Delaware; but they sent out colonies as far as Maine on the north, and the Potomac on the south. The tribes of New England, the Narragansetts, the Mohicans, and the Pequots, acknowledged their descent from them; the Shawanese and the Miamis of Ohio, and even the Sacs and Foxes of the far north-west, called them *grandfather*.

The Mingo, on the other hand, remained still but an insignificant tribe on the banks of the St. Lawrence. They were more cruel and savage in their customs than the Delawares, but at the same time less warlike and civilized. In a war which they carried on against the powerful tribe of Adirondacks, they were completely worsted, and compelled to retreat over the St. Lawrence, to the land where is now the State of New York.

Till this time, the Mingo nation had consisted of five independent tribes, unconnected with each other, except by the bond of mutual danger. While suffering under defeat, it came to the minds of some of the chiefs, that if they should all be united, and always act in concert, they would be much more powerful, and less easily conquered, than while each tribe acted, as seemed best to itself, without reference to the others. Accordingly, they proposed to the tribes, a strict union, both in war and in peace. After a long debate, this proposal was assented to; and thus arose that celebrated Indian confederacy, the *Five Nations*, who so long carried on a triumphant and desolating contest, with the other tribes of the continent, and even the whites

themselves, and spread the terror of their arms from Labrador to Florida.*

They first tried their united strength against the petty neighboring tribes. Some they exterminated, others they expelled from the country, and a few were taken into the union. They next turned their arms against their old enemy, the Adirondacks. Here, also, they were successful; this haughty and once powerful nation was defeated with great loss, and compelled to beg the aid of the French, who had just begun to settle in Canada. But the numbers and courage of the conquering Iroquois, as the Six Nations were called by the French, prevailed even over civilized arms and discipline. The Adirondacks were exterminated, and Montreal, the chief colony in Canada, was taken and sacked by them.

The victorious Iroquois now turned their arms against their southern neighbors. But their conquests in this direction were speedily checked by a nation of warriors as haughty and brave as themselves. Their ancient allies, the Delawares, with their numerous dependent tribes, opposed their farther progress; and a war ensued between the two nations, in which the Mingo, or Iroquois, were worsted.

They now, according to the Delaware traditions, determined to resort to stratagem. They represented to the Delawares, that the Indians of the continent were gradually destroying themselves by their continual wars, and that if a speedy end were not put to the desolating contests, they would soon be too much weakened to resist the encroachments of the whites; it became them, therefore, as members of the same great

* The *Five Nations* consisted of the *Senecas*, *Cayugas*, *Onondagas*, *Oneydas*, and *Mohawks*. The *Tuscaroras*, a southern tribe, afterwards joined them, and they were then called the *Six Nations*.

family, henceforth to bury the hatchet, and live as brothers in peace and contentment. But, in order to bring about this desirable end, it was necessary that some great nation, feared for its power, and respected for its wisdom and antiquity, should take upon itself the office of mediator, between the rest. Such a nation was the Delawares, whose warriors were like the leaves of the forest, and whose origin was lost in the darkness of ages.

By such flattering speeches, the Delawares were at length prevailed upon, in an evil hour, to lay aside the hatchet and act as mediators in the native wars; in the Indian phrase, they consented to become *old women*;—for among these nations wars are never brought to an end, except by the interference of females. For they think it unbecoming a warrior, however tired of the contest, while he holds the hatchet in one hand, to sue for peace with the other.

By consenting to become *women*, the Delawares gave up all right of fighting, even in their own defence. Henceforth, they were to devote themselves to the arts of peace, while the Six Nations were to protect them from their enemies. But the deluded Delawares soon found that the protection which they afforded, was worse than their open enmity. The treacherous Mingoes first secretly excited other nations to war against their defenceless *grandfather*, and then, instead of standing forth to protect him, they left him to the mercy of his enemies.

At the same time, say the Delawares, the English, landing in New England and Virginia, and forming alliances with the deceitful Mingoes, began to add their persecutions to those of their savage foes, and this once powerful and warlike nation, attacked from every quarter, knew not where to turn for relief. In this distressed situation they were, when the good Penn first landed in their country.

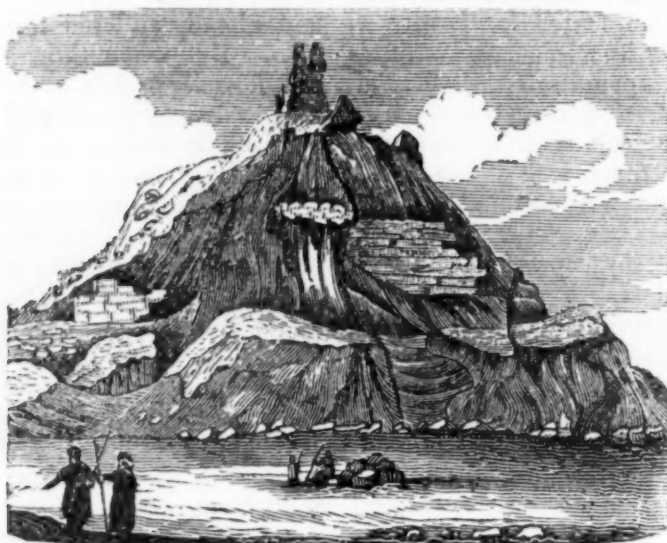
When they first saw him coming with his crowd of followers, they naturally expected only a renewal of the ill-treatment and oppressions which they had already suffered from his countrymen. But when they heard his mild and friendly words, and understood his kind offers of peace and brotherly alliance, their delight at this unexpected and happy fortune was unspeakable. It was under the wide-spreading branches of a lofty elm, near the place where now rises the great city of Philadelphia, that the good and the joyful Delawares made their famous treaty of peace and friendship, which was to last as long as the sun and moon should endure. On the part of the Indians, at least, it has never been broken; and to this day, when they see the broad-brimmed hat, and square coat of a Quaker, they say, with a mournful pleasure, "He is a son of our good father Miquon,* the friend of the Indians."

But the friendship of their father Miquon, could not save them from the fate which sooner or later overwhelms the native tribes of this country. The power of their enemies finally prevailed; their lands were seized, their council-fire extinguished, and they, themselves, were driven to seek a refuge in the cold climes of Canada, or in the regions beyond the Mississippi.

A like fate soon overtook their chief enemies, the Six Nations. During the revolutionary war, this people remained always faithful to the English cause, and suffered severely from the arms of the Americans. Since that time, they have rapidly declined, both in numbers and power; some have emigrated to Canada—but the greater part of the remnant of

* When the Delawares learned the meaning of the word *Pen* in English, they always called their white friend, Miquon, which means quill in their language.

this warlike nation still remains, sunk in crime and wretchedness, on a few tracts of land which have been reserved for them in the State of New York.



Ruins of Babylon.

BABYLON, one of the most famous cities of ancient times, is now a heap of ruins, consisting, chiefly, of immense mounds of bricks. These are situated on the banks of the river Euphrates, and near the modern city of Bagdat.

In one place there is a heap of brickwork 126 feet high, and 300 feet in circumference; to this is given the name of Nimrod's palace. Another mound is 140 feet high, and 2200 feet in circumference. Among these ruins are found pieces of pottery and fragments of alabaster, carved in various forms.

Another mound, called Birs Nimrod, or tower of Babel, consists of a heap of rubbish 200 feet high, on the top of which is a tower 60 feet high.

How vast must have been the edifices, which have left such mighty heaps of ruins! And yet how complete is the destruction and desolation of this famous city—which once was forty-eight miles in circuit; defended by walls fifty feet in

height; filled with thousands of people, the seat of luxury, pride, and pleasure; the abode of princes; embellished with palaces, and hanging gardens, and temples, and all that could delight the eyes of a luxurious nation.

Alas! "Babylon is fallen!" "The glory of kingdoms" is departed. The fearful prophecy of Isaiah, uttered thousands of years ago, when Babylon was still a great and proud city, has been literally fulfilled. "The wild beasts of the desert shall lie there," says he, "and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there."

Modern travellers, who have visited the spot, tell us that the scene is just what is here depicted. Even the very animals, spoken of by the prophet, are to be met with amid the caves, and ruins, and desolation of the place. What a striking instance is this, of the fulfilment of prophecy!



Adam and Eve.

THE story of Adam and Eve—their residence in the Garden of Eden; their temptation; their fall; their expulsion from the place which was so beautiful, and where they had been so happy; their incurring the displeasure of their Divine Benefactor; their going forth—with prospects so changed—where toil and care should attend them; where thorns and briars must be in their path, and where they must thereafter get their bread by the sweat of the brow,—all this is a picture at once exceedingly touching, and at the same time full of instruction.

Most people are very apt to think that if they had been situated like this first human pair, they should have behaved more wisely. But do we not all of us have nearly the same experience as our first parents? We are all capable of living innocently—and of enjoying the bliss, the Eden, the paradise—which innocence bestows. But we voluntarily cast away our innocence; we eat the forbidden fruit; we commit sin; we

become degraded; we lose the favor of God; we stand before him as sinners!

Like Adam and Eve, then, we are cast out; like them we find thorns and briars in our way; like them we encounter cares, and doubts, and fears, and sorrows, in our journey through life. We eat our bread by the sweat of the brow.

Who is there, that does not feel that his errors are his own—that he, and he only, is responsible for them? Instead, therefore, of saying that if we had been placed in another's situation, we had done better than he has done, let us rather look to ourselves—and instead of palliating or hiding our faults, let us confess them before God, with an humble, and contrite, and obedient heart—and ask forgiveness for them in the name of the Redeemer.

THE MOLE.—It is said that the mole, in its movements under ground, always turns its back to the sun, burrowing from east to west in the morning, and from west to east in the evening.

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XX.

A MONTH passed away after my uncle's death, during which I was in a sort of maze; I did not know what to do, and now, after many years are gone, I can hardly recollect anything that occurred during that period. I only know that I wandered over the house, from one room to another; I then went into the fields; rambled about the farm, and seeming by a sort of instinct to avoid everybody. I did not wish to speak to any one. I seemed lost, and it was not till the day came when the tavern was to be sold, with all its furniture, that I was fully recalled to consciousness.

I remember that day well. The sale was by auction, and the place which had been a home to me for years, was knocked off to the highest bidder. The purchaser was a stranger to me, and took immediate possession. I still remained in the house; and it was not till three or four days after he and his household had come, that the idea entered my head that I was to leave it. The man said to me one day—"Well, Mr. Merry—when do you intend to go?" I did not understand him at first, but in a moment it rushed into my mind, that this was a hint for me to depart.

I felt a sense of mingled insult and shame; for it seemed that it was almost turning me out of doors, and that by my stupidity, I had subjected myself to such an indignity. I made no reply—but took my hat and left the house. I wandered forth, hardly knowing which way I went. In a short time I found myself ascending the mountain, toward old Sarah's cave. It now came suddenly to my recollection that the hermitess had invited me to come and see her, if at any time I was in trouble.

Although she was not, perhaps, the

wisest of counsellors, yet, in my present disturbed state of mind, it suited me well enough to go to her. Indeed, I felt so miserable, so lonely from the loss of my uncle, so helpless from the loss of my property, that I thought of taking up my abode with the gray old dame of the rock, and living there the rest of my life. With these strange notions running in my head, I approached her den.

It was a chill December evening, and I found her in her cave. She bade me welcome, and I sat down. "I knew it would come to this," said she: "I knew it long ago. Your uncle was kind-hearted, as the world say; but is it kind to spend what is not one's own? Is it kind to waste the property of the orphan, and leave one's sister's child to beggary? Is it kind to eat, drink, and be merry, when another's tears must pay the reckoning?"

"Nay, nay;" said I, "You must not speak in this way. My uncle is dead, and I will not hear his name mentioned, but in words of kindness and charity. Oh, do not blame him; it was his misfortune, not his fault, to lose my property, as well as his own. At all events, he loved me; he ever spake kindly to me; he was to me as a father; he could not have done more for a son than he did for me."

I could say no more, for tears and sobs choked my utterance, and old Sarah then went on. "Well, well; let it be so, let it be so. But I must tell you, Master Merry, that I knew your mother well. We were both of the same country, both natives of England, and we came to America in the same ship. She was a good woman, and in the dark days of my life, she was kind to me. I will repay it to her child." Saying this, she went to the end of the cave, and took a small wooden box from a crevice in the rock. This she opened, and handed a parcel to me, adding; "this will repair your loss." I looked at her in some doubt. "Exam

ne what I give you," said she, "and you will understand me."

I opened the parcel, which consisted of a roll, with a covering of silk. I found in it several thin pieces of paper, resembling bank notes, and reading them as well as I could by the dim light which came in at the entrance of the cave, I perceived that they were government bills, of a thousand dollars each. "I am glad for your sake," said I, handing back the parcel to Sarah—"that you have so much money, but I cannot consent to take it from you."

"And what do I want of it?" said she, quickly. "It has been in my possession for forty years, yet I have never seen the need of it. This rock has been my shelter—this rock is my bed. The forest yields me food, and charity gives me raiment. Oh no; that money can never be used by me. It would feed my pride and tempt me back into the paths of folly. I have sworn never more to use it, and if you do not take it, it will perish with me."

I endeavored to persuade the hermitess to change her views and her mode of life. I urged her, as she had so much money, to leave her cave, and procure the comforts and luxuries which her age and infirmities required. But she was fixed in her purpose, and my reasoning was without effect. We talked till the night was nearly gone. At last I consented to take a part of the cash, but she insisted that I should take the whole; and believing that she would never use it, I received it, intending to reserve, at least, a portion of it for her use, in case of need. The kind-hearted old creature seemed much delighted, and my own heart was lightened of a heavy burthen. I felt, not only that I had again the means of independence, but that I had also a sure and steadfast friend.

It did not diminish my pleasure that this friend was a gray old dame, clothed

in rags and regarded with contempt by the world; poor as she seemed, she had done for me what no rich person would ever have done. The rich will seldom give away their money, or if they do, it is sparingly and with reluctance. The song says—

"'Tis the poor man alone,
When he hears the poor's moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give."

My own experience has verified the truth of these touching words. The rich consist usually of those who have a supreme love of wealth, and who sacrifice everything else to obtain it, or keep it. A person who eagerly pursues riches all his life time; who gives nothing away; who turns a deaf ear to the calls of charity; who never opens his purse to a friend; who never feels the appeals of society to his liberality—or if he does these things, does them narrowly and selfishly—and in his charities regards himself alone; such a one is almost sure to be rich in purse, though he is more certain to be poor in soul. Such a person may live and die rich in this world, but he goes a pauper into the other—

"Not one heaven current penny in his purse."

But poor Sarah parted with the good things of this life, and no doubt, she laid up riches in that world where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

I left her the next morning, with many thanks, and a heart overflowing with gratitude. I descended the mountain, and entered the high-road. It was about three miles to the village, and feeling fatigued from my imperfect repose upon Sarah's bed of rock, I asked a fat gentleman, who was riding along luxuriously in a coach, drawn by two sleek horses, to let me ride. He did not deign to open his lips, but shook his head, and the coach rolled on. I had not gone far before a poor man, with an old wagon and

a thin, raw-boned horse overtook me. The whole establishment bespoke poverty; yet, when I asked the man to grant me a ride, he cheerfully complied with my request, as if it gave him real satisfaction to do an act of kindness. "Here it is again," thought I; "if you want a favor, ask it of the poor. The rich man, in his easy coach, and with his fat horses that have hardly enough to do to keep them from apoplexy, possesses a heart as hard as flint; while the humble wagoner, with a beast that drags one leg painfully after another, is ready to slave himself and his horse, out of mere good nature. Thus it is that riches turn the soul to stone; thus it is that poverty keeps the heart soft, and, like a generous, well cultivated soil, ever prepared to yield good fruits."

I soon reached the village, and immediately went to see Raymond, to tell him of my interview with the hermitess. Having related what had happened, I took out the money, and placed it in his hands. Guess my surprise and disappointment, when he told me that the ten bills of a thousand dollars each, were "*Continental notes*," and not worth a farthing! They had been issued by the government during the war of the revolution, but had depreciated, so that a thousand dollars of this paper, were sold for a single dollar in silver! The government had, indeed, made some provision for the payment of such notes as were brought forward before a certain time, but these had been withheld beyond the period, and were now utterly without value.

I had, of course, no suspicion that Sarah was aware of this fact. The money was once good; and having lived apart from the world, she had not known the change that had come over the currency. Having no want of money, it was all the same to her, whatever might be its worth; and it was only till she desired to do

an act of kindness to the child of an early friend, that what was once a fortune to her, came into her mind.

I therefore felt no diminution of my gratitude to the poor old woman, when I learnt that her gift was all in vain, and that it still left me a beggar. Concealing the fact from her, I took counsel of Raymond as to what I must do. I was perfectly helpless; it was my misfortune that I had been brought up to think myself rich, beyond the need of effort, and in fact, above work. This silly idea had been rather encouraged by my uncle, who, being an Englishman, had a little aristocratic pride in me as a member of the family, and one born to be a gentleman, or, in other words, to lead an idle and useless life. His feelings, and purposes were kind, but short-sighted. He had not foreseen the destruction of my property; and, besides, he had not learned that, whether rich or poor, every person, for his own comfort and respectability, should be educated in habits of industry and in some useful trade or profession.

After a good deal of reflection, Raymond advised me to go to New York, and get a situation as a clerk in a store. This suited my taste better than any other scheme that could be suggested, and I made immediate preparations to depart. I went to take leave of Bill Keeler, who was now a thriving shoemaker, with a charming wife, and two bright-eyed laughing children. I bade them good-bye, with many tears, and carrying with me their kindest wishes. How little did I then think of the blight that would come over that cheerful group and that happy home! It is true I had some fears for Bill, for I knew that he loved the bar-room; but it did not enter my imagination that there was a thing abroad in society so nearly akin to the Evil Spirit, as to be able to convert his good nature into brutality, and

change an earthly paradise into a scene of indescribable misery.

Having taken leave of all my friends—and now it seemed that I had many—I set out on my journey to New York on

foot, provided with two or three letters of introduction, furnished by Raymond and his brother, the minister, and with about five dollars in my pocket; the whole amount of my earthly portion!



Gaza.

THIS city is often mentioned in the Bible, and is particularly noted for the feats which Samson performed there, in carrying off its gates, and in pulling down the temple of Dagon, upon which occasion he lost his life. (See Judges chap. xvi.) It is situated about forty-five miles southwest of Jerusalem, and not far from the Mediterranean Sea. The high road from Syria, and other eastern countries, to Egypt, passes through it: it has therefore been often taken in the wars that have been waged in these regions.

When Alexander, the Macedonian conqueror, made his famous expedition against Cyrus, he besieged Gaza, which was in his route. It made an obstinate resistance of five months; but it was at last taken by storm, its brave defenders were slaughtered at their posts; their

wives and children were sold as slaves; and the city was repopled with inhabitants, drawn from the surrounding country.

The crusaders found it in ruins, but they erected a castle here, and entrusted it to the Knights Templars. From that time, it began to revive: it soon passed into the hands of the Saracens, and then to the Turks, who still hold it. Dr. Robinson, a very learned American minister, has lately visited the place. He says there are now fifteen or sixteen thousand people there, which makes it a larger city than Jerusalem. He says the city is built upon a small hill, and bears few marks of its former greatness. Its walls have entirely disappeared, and most of the houses are miserable mud huts.

Knights Templars, and other Orders of Knighthood.

IN a former number of the Museum (p. 145) we have given an account of the order of Knights Templars, with an engraving representing their appearance. In this number we give another picture, delineating more accurately their dress and armor.

We have stated that the order of Knights Templars originated about the period of the crusaders: but other orders of knights existed long before. So early as the year 506, history tells us that knights were made in England, with great ceremony. A stage was erected in some cathedral, or spacious place near it, to which the gentleman was conducted to receive the honor of knighthood. Being seated on a chair decorated with green silk, it was demanded of him, if he were of good constitution, and able to undergo the fatigue required of a soldier; also, whether he was a man of good morals, and what credible witnesses he could produce to affirm the same.

Then the bishop, or chief prelate of the church, administered the following oath: "Sir, you that desire to receive the honor of knighthood, swear, before God and this holy book, that you will not fight against his majesty, that now bestoweth the honor of knighthood upon you; you shall also swear to maintain and defend all ladies, gentlemen, widows, and orphans; and you shall shun no adventure of your person in any way where you shall happen to be."

The oath being taken, two lords led him to the king, who drew his sword, and laid it upon his head, saying, "God and Saint George (or whatever other saint the king pleased to name) make thee a good knight." After this, seven ladies, dressed in white, came and girt a sword to his side, and four knights

put on his spurs. These ceremonies being over, the queen took him by the right hand, and a duchess by the left, and led him to a rich seat, placed on an ascent, where they seated him, the king sitting on his right hand, and the queen on his left. Then the lords and ladies sat down upon other seats, three descents under the king; and, being all thus seated, were entertained with a delicate collation; and so the ceremony ended.

The famous order of the Garter, which is still conferred as a badge of honor, by the kings of England, upon such as they desire to favor, was instituted in 1344. The Knights of the Bath, another famous order, also still continues: this originated in France, and took its name from the ceremony of bathing, which was practised by the knights previous to their inauguration.

The Knights of the Thistle is a Scottish order; that of the Knights of St. Patrick was instituted by George III., in 1783. There are a great multitude of other orders, and among these, that of the Bear, the Elephant, and the Death's Head. In former times, as I have told you, knights went about in quest of adventures, or they were devoted to warlike enterprises. But in modern times, being a knight is nothing more than to have a sash, or ribbon, or star, with a few diamonds or precious stones attached to it, conferred by a king or queen, with some ceremonies of no great meaning.

A Page for Little Readers.

HOW WELL BEN REMEMBERED WHAT HIS MOTHER TOLD TIM.

THERE are some little boys, and little girls too—some with black eyes and some with blue—who remember a great deal better what their parents tell their broth-

ers and sisters, than what is told to themselves. Once upon a time there were two boys, one named Benjamin, and the other Timothy—but called Ben and Tim—whose story will afford a good instance of what I refer to.

These were nice little boys, and about as good as children in general; and they loved their mother very much; but still, they did a good many little mischievous things, that gave her trouble. She had a neat little garden, and in it were some pretty flowers—especially some red roses, which were very beautiful.

Now these two boys picked some of these roses, and, as their mother wished to keep them, she told them both not to pick any more. Well, for a day or two they obeyed; but at last little Ben, who was the eldest, saw a beautiful little rose, and it looked so pretty, he yielded to temptation, and plucked it. Tim saw him, and he plucked one too.

They said nothing about it, for a time; but the next day little Ben, who was very fond of telling tales, came out with the story, so far as Tim was concerned. "Mother," said he, "did n't you tell Tim not to pick any more roses?"

"Yes, I did," said the mother.

"Well, he did pick one yesterday."

"I did n't!" said Tim.

"I say you did!" said little Ben.

"I say I did n't!" said Tim.

"Oh, mother, he did, for I seed him pick it: it was a beautiful red rose; and when he'd picked it, he smelt of it; and then he pulled it all to pieces!"

Here Tim began to cry. "Well," said he, "you picked one too!"

"Oh-o-o-o-o!" said Ben.

"I say you did pick a rose, you picked one first, and if you had n't picked one I should n't have picked one, and so there!"

Here Ben began to snivel. "I see how it is," said the mother. "It is too

often so, my dear Ben: it is too often so. You remember very well what I tell Tim, but you forget what I tell you. Now I forbade you both to pick the roses; and it seems you were the first to disobey; and in this you were more to blame than Tim, for you led the way to disobedience, and thus, by a bad example, made Tim disobey also.

"But, what is worse than all, your love of telling tales induced you to tell of Tim, when you were more to blame yourself. Fie, for shame, Ben! This is all wrong, very wrong. You ought to remember better what I tell you, than what I tell Tim, for you are the oldest; you ought to be more ready to receive blame, than to bring it upon your little brother."

Poor Ben was in tears, and his little heart was very sad, and he could not be comforted till his mother forgave him, and took him to her bosom, and said she hoped he would never do so again. This he promised, and then he brightened up, and the two children went to their play.

Now I suppose that Ben was really sorry for his fault, and no doubt his promise not to do so again was very sincere; but when once a child has got a bad habit, it is very hard to get rid of it. It was, therefore, a long time before he could remember what was said to him, better than what was said to Tim. He however mastered this difficulty, and at last, when his mother laid her commands upon him, he was sure to take them to heart, and obey them.

Now I recommend it to all blue-eyed, and black-eyed, and gray-eyed children, to think of this little story, and see that they are sure to remember better what their parents tell them, than what they tell any one else. Let them learn the story of Ben and Tim by heart, and heed the lesson it conveys.

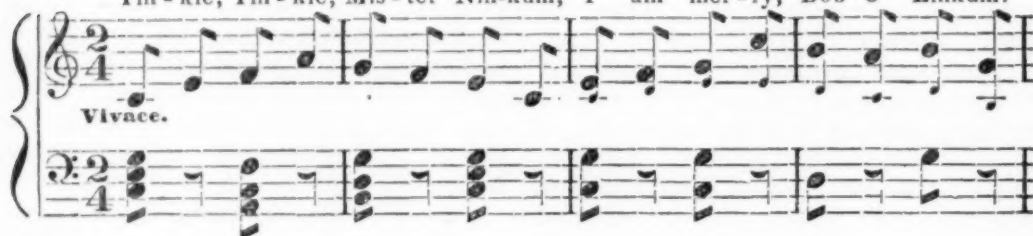
A Word to Correspondents.

WE are obliged to defer replying to our numerous Correspondents till the next number, where the reader will find answers to the puzzles, and something more to task his Yankee faculty of *guessing*.

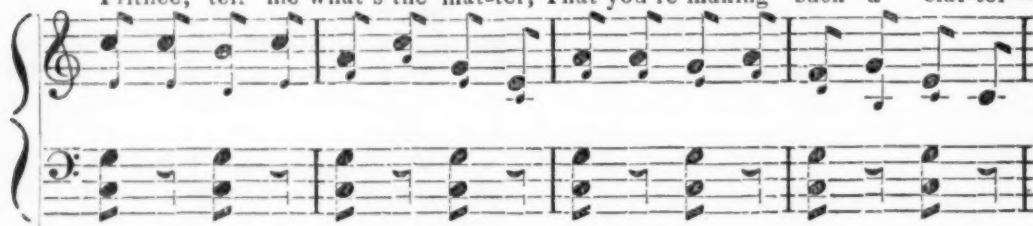
BOB O'LINKUM'S SONG TO THE MOWER.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Tin - kle, Tin - kle, Mis - ter Nin - kum, I am mer - ry, Bob O' Linkum!



Prithee, tell me what's the mat - ter, That you're making such a clat - ter—



Can't you leave us, hon - est folks, To sing our songs and crack our jokes?



It is cruel, Mr. Ninkum,
Thus to bother Bob O'Linkum—
I had thought the meadow mine,
With its blossoms all so fine,
And I made my little nest
'Neath the clover, all so blest.

But you come, oh naughty Ninkum,
All unheeding Bob O'Linkum—
And you swing your saucy blade

Where my little nest is made—
And you cut the blooming clover,
Which did wrap my young ones over.

Get you gone, oh ugly Ninkum—
Leave the field to Bob O'Linkum;
Let him on his light wing hover
O'er the summer scented clover—
Let him sing his merry song,
And he'll thank you all day long.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME IV.—No. 2.



The Sense of Touch.

THE sensations of smelling, tasting, hearing, and seeing, are conveyed by distinct organs, severally devoted to these objects, and all confined to the head. But the sense of *touch*, or *feeling*, extends over almost every part of the body. Though we may call every sensation *feeling*, yet what is properly denominated

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the sensation of *touch*, consists of the feeling or sensation excited by bodies brought in contact with the skin, and especially the tips of the fingers.

It is by the sense of touch, that men and other animals are able to perceive certain external qualities of objects. It is by this sense that we acquire ideas of

hardness, softness, roughness, smoothness, heat and cold, weight and pressure, form and distance.

The accuracy of this sense is much improved by habit. In some cases, when persons have become deaf or blind, the sense of touch has grown so acute as partially to supply the loss of the sense of seeing or hearing. Blind persons have sometimes been able to determine the qualities of objects, with wonderful accuracy, by touch, and even to distinguish the colors of cloths, by being able to discriminate between the substances used in giving these their hues.

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XXI.

WITH a heavy and doubting heart, I proceeded on my way to New York. My situation was, in every respect, gloomy and depressing. I was alone in the world, and utterly unpractised in taking care of myself. I was cast forth to work my way in the rough voyage of life. I was like a person, who, while sailing confidently upon a raft, sees it suddenly sink in the waves, leaving him no other resource than to swim for his life, and that too, without preparation or practice.

It is, however, true, that necessity is, not only the mother of invention, but of exertion also, and by degrees I began to brace myself up to the emergency in which I was placed. It is a great thing—it is, indeed, the first requisite in order to obtain success—to have the *mind* and feelings prepared. I saw and felt that I had no other dependence now, than myself; that even my food, my clothing, my shelter, must henceforth, be the fruit of my own toil. It was a strange and startling position; and it was necessary for me to go over the events which had recently transpired, again and again, be-

fore I could realize a state of things so utterly at variance with the whole tenor of my life, my education, and my habits of thought.

It was long before, I could bring my pride down to my humble condition; it was long before I could resolve to grapple earnestly and heartily with the burthen which a life of toil presented to my imagination. I had heard of a punishment of criminals in Holland, in which they were obliged to work at a pump incessantly, to save themselves from being drowned; if they relaxed for a moment, the fatal element would rise over their heads and they would be lost forever. In my hour of distress, I looked upon my condition as little better than this. But necessity, necessity, that stern teacher, admonished me hour by hour, and at last its lesson was indelibly written on my heart. From that moment, fully estimating my dependence, I felt assured, and with a firmer step pushed on toward the place of my destination.

The day after my departure from Salem, as I was passing through the town of Bedford, I came to a handsome white house, the grounds of which seemed to bespeak wealth and taste on the part of its owner. It was at this moment beginning to snow, the flakes falling so thickly as to obscure the air. It was evidently setting in for a severe storm, and I was casting about for some place of shelter, when a tall, thin gentleman, of a very dignified appearance, approached me. There was that air of kindness about him, which emboldened me to inquire if he could tell me where I could get shelter till the storm was over.

"Come in with me, my friend," said he kindly; at the same time opening the gate, and walking up the yard toward the house I have mentioned. I did not hesitate, but followed on, and soon found myself in a large room, richly carpeted, bearing every aspect of ease and luxury.

Being desired to take a seat, placed myself by the cheerful fire, and waited to be addressed by the hospitable host.

"It is a stormy day," said the old gentleman; "have you far to travel?"

"I am on my way to New York, sir," said I.

"Indeed! and on foot?" was his reply; "then you had better stay here till the storm is past." He then proceeded to make some inquiries, and soon learnt my story. He had known my uncle well, and seemed on his account to take some interest in my behalf. The day passed pleasantly, and when evening came, there was quite a circle, consisting of the members of a large family, gathered around the fireside. The conversation was lively and entertaining. The host appeared to be about sixty years of age, but he had a look of calm dignity, an aspect of mingled simplicity and refinement, which made a strong impression on my mind. I had never seen any one who so much excited the feeling of reverence. I did not know his name, but I had a feeling that I was in the presence of a great man. The deference paid him by all around, tended to heighten this impression.

About ten o'clock in the evening, the servants of the family were called in, and all kneeling, the aged man offered up a simple, but fervent prayer to heaven. It seemed like the earnest request of a child to a father; a child that felt as if he had offended a parent whom he loved, and in whom he confided. The scene to me was very striking. To see a man so revered by his fellow-men—a man of such wisdom and knowledge—kneeling in humiliation, like a very child, and pouring out his soul in tears of supplication before the Father of the Universe, affected me deeply. It was one of those things which was calculated to have a decisive and abiding effect. I had then heard little of religion, except

as a matter of ridicule. I have since met with the scoffer and the unbeliever; but the scene I have just described, taught me that the truly great man may be a sincere, meek, pious Christian; it taught me that the loftiest intellect, the most just powers of reasoning, may lead to that simple faith which brings the learned and the great to the same level as the unlettered and the humble—submission to God. If, in after days, I have ever doubted the truth of the Bible; if I have ever felt contempt for the Christian, that good man's prayer, that great man's example, have speedily rebuked my folly. These things have led me to frequent and serious reflection, and, during the subsequent stages of my life, have induced me to remark, that the unbeliever, the scoffer, is usually a person of weak mind, or ill-balanced judgment. I have met many great men, who were Christians. I never have met a great man who was a doubter.

In the morning the storm had abated, and after breakfast, I took my leave, having offered sincere thanks for the hospitality I had shared. As I was departing, the gentleman put into my hands a letter, addressed to a friend of his in New York; and which he requested me to deliver in person, on my arrival. This I promised to do; but candor compels me to say that I did not keep my promise; and bitterly have I had occasion to repent it. It is true, I sent the letter to the gentleman, but I *did not deliver it myself*. I had not yet learned the importance of a precise and accurate fulfilment of duty, and performance of promises. Had I done as I was directed, it would, no doubt, have altered the whole tenor of my life. I afterwards learned, but all too late to be of avail, that the letter was to an eminent merchant of New York; commending me warmly to him, and requesting him to take me into his counting-room; and this letter was from a

man of such distinction,* that his request would not have been slighted. Yet, through my carelessness, I missed this excellent chance for getting forward in life.

I proceeded on my journey, but although I travelled very industriously, the snow was so deep, that at night I had made little progress. The fourth day after my departure, however, just at evening, I entered the city of New York, and took up my lodgings at a small tavern in Pearl street. Having taken supper, I went to the bar-room, where were about a dozen men, drinking and smoking. One of them, rather genteely dressed, came and sat by me, and we fell into conversation. After a little while, he ordered some flip, and we drank it. I felt my heart warmed, and my tongue loosed, and I told the stranger my story. He appeared to take great interest in me and pretty soon proposed to go into another room. Here were two other persons; and we sat down—my new friend ordering more liquor, and introducing me to the strangers. The liquor

* I suppose that Robert Merry here refers to John Jay, one of the greatest and best men who ever lived; for about this period he dwelt in the town of Bedford, and was such a person as is described. He had filled many important offices; had been a member of congress, governor of New York, ambassador to Spain and England, and chief justice of the United States. At the period of Merry's journey from Salem to New York, he had retired to private life, devoting himself to religious and philosophical inquiries. In 1798, he negotiated a famous treaty with England, which was the subject of much discussion. There is a simple anecdote which shows the excitement on this subject, and exhibits Governor Jay in a pleasing light. One day being at market, the butcher said to him, "There is a great pothor about this treaty of yours, governor; pray what sort of a treaty is it?" "Well, my friend," said Mr. Jay, "there is some good and some bad in it; but, on the whole, I think it a pretty good treaty: it is much like your beef—there's a streak of fat and a streak of lean—but it's very good beef after all."

was brought, and also a pack of cards. In an easy way my companion began to shuffle the pack, and handed them to me to cut; seeming to take it as a matter of course that I would play. I had not the courage to refuse, and drew up to the table. The game went on, and in a very short time, I had lost every dollar in my pocket!

"Wit that is bought, is worth twice as much as wit that is taught," says the proverb. We have good counsels bestowed upon us, but words make a faint impression. It is only when these counsels have been despised, and we are made actually to suffer, that we obtain lessons which stick by us, and influence us. A father once warned his son against certain evil ways. "Why do you counsel me, thus?" said the boy. "Because I have tried these things and seen the folly of them," said the parent. "Well father," replied the inexperienced youth, "I want to see the folly of them too!" Thus it is that we will not take the experience of others; we will not heed the warnings of wisdom; we must needs taste of evil, and then, but not till then, do we bear in mind the bitterness that is in the cup of indulgence.

So it was with me; I had heard the dangers of gambling, but I had not seen and felt the folly of it. But now the lesson of experience had come, and it was deep and bitter. I went to bed with a heavy heart. Sleep came not to my eyelids that long, long night. My fancy was filled with real and imaginary evils. The death of my uncle; the loss of my fortune; the desolation of my condition; my visit to old Sarah's cave; the bitter disappointment connected with the continental notes; my farewell to friends; my launching forth upon the sea of adventure;—all, came again and again to mind, each thought with oppressive force and distinctness. Ideas seemed like living images marching and

countermarching in fearful procession, through the grisly shadows of the night. Nor was this all. To these realities, were added the fantasies suggested by apprehension, the painful emotions of an offended conscience, and the bitter self-distrust, which a conviction of my weakness and folly, at the very threshold of active and responsible life, forced upon me. All these came in to increase my misery. In vain did I try to close my eyes in repose; in vain did I seek to shut out the truth from my mind. The more I courted sleep the more wakeful I became; the more I tried not to think, the more bright and vivid were my conceptions. My soul was like an illuminated house, filled with bustle and noise, when the proprietor would fain have sought the silence and repose of the pillow.

Morning at last came, and with it something like comfort. "I have learnt a lesson," said I, "and will never gamble again." Such was the fruit of my experience, and it was worth all it cost me; for from that time I have kept my resolution. I went to deliver the letters which had been given me by Raymond and his brother. The persons to whom they were addressed, received me kindly, and one of them, a bookseller, took me into his shop as a clerk, on trial.

It is scarcely possible for any one to conceive of a youth so poorly qualified to be useful, as I was at this time. My education was very imperfect; I had no habits of industry; I was not accustomed to obey others; I had no experience in doing the thousand little things which are to be done, and which practice alone can render easy. On the contrary, I had grown up in idleness, or at least to work, or play, or do nothing, just as my humor might dictate.

Now those children who have had the guidance of parents, and who have been taught habits of industry and obedience,

ought to be very thankful—for they will find it easy to get along in life; but, alas, I had grown up almost to manhood, and had been educated to none of these things; and now I was to reap the bitter fruits of my own neglect and the misfortune of having no parent and no friend, save a too indulgent uncle. How much I suffered, from these sources, I cannot express; but my experience may warn all children and youth against the foolish desire of being indulged in their wishes and humors. 'T is far better that they should learn to perform their duties, to help themselves, to be industrious, and to obey those in whose charge they are placed.

The bookseller with whom I was now placed, was named Cooke—a large man, with red hair standing out like bristles, and staring, fiery eyes. When he first spoke to me, he was soft as cream in his tones, but I soon learnt that when roused, he was hot as a volcano. For two or three days he was, indeed, very gentle, and I fancied that I should get along very well. But soon the fair sky was overcast with clouds, and a terrible tempest followed.

IRISH WIT.—A soldier in an Irish corps observed to his comrade that a corporal was to be drummed out of the regiment. "By my faith," said he, "I hope it's the corporal that is so troublesome to our company." "Pray, what's his name?" enquired the soldier. "Why, Corporal *Punishment*, to be sure, Pat!"

MODE OF INVITATION IN CHINA.—An invitation to a party or feast in China is sent several days before, on a crimson colored ticket to the person expected, on which is written the time appointed, and the guest is entreated to bestow the "illumination of his presence."



Uncas and Miantonimo.

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER XXI.

Dutch settlement in New York.—Indian account of the matter.—Uncas, chief of the Mohicans.—His war with the Narragansets.—Philip.—His wars and death.—Present state of the Indians in New England.

THE country around the mouth of the Hudson, and the island on which the great city of New York is situated, were first settled by the Dutch. They found the land occupied by a powerful tribe of Indians, descended from the Delawares, called the Mohicans, by whom they were received with the greatest kindness and respect. The natives give an amusing account of the first arrival of these strangers.

"A great many years ago," say they, "when men with a white skin had never been seen in this land, some Indians, who were out a fishing at a place where the sea widens, espied at a distance something remarkably large floating on the water, and such as they had never seen before. These Indians, immediately returning to the shore, apprized their countrymen of what they had observed, and pressed them to discover what it might be. They hurried out

together, and saw with astonishment the phenomenon which now appeared to their sight, but could not agree upon what it was: some believed it to be an uncommonly large fish or animal, while others were of opinion that it must be a very big house, floating on the water.

"Runners were sent off in every direction with the wonderful intelligence, and the people crowded to the shore to view the strange appearance. They concluded that the Manito, or Great Spirit, himself was coming to visit them, in this huge vessel. All the idols and temples were put in order, and a grand dance and feast was prepared to entertain him. While in this situation, fresh runners arrived, declaring it to be positively a large house, crowded with beings of quite a different color from that of the Indians, and clothed differently from them; that, in particular, one of them was dressed entirely in red, who must be the Manito himself.

"The house, or as some say, large canoe, at last stops, and a canoe of smaller size comes on shore, with the man in red, and some others in it; some stay with the canoe to guard it. The chiefs and wise men form a circle, towards

which the man in red clothes advances with two others. He salutes them with a friendly countenance, and they return the salute after their manner; they are lost in admiration at the dress, the manners, and the whole appearance of the unknown strangers; but they are particularly struck with him who wore the red coat, all glittering with gold lace, which they could in no manner account for. He surely must be the great Manito, but why should he have a white skin?

"Meanwhile a large bottle is brought by one of his servants, from which he pours out an unknown liquid into a small cup or glass, and drinks:—he then fills it again, and hands it to the chief nearest him, who only smells of it, and passes it to the next, who does the same; and the glass is about to be returned to the red-clothed Manito, untasted, when one of the Indians, a brave man and a great warrior, suddenly jumps up and harangues the assembly on the impropriety of refusing the request of Manito, and not drinking the liquor, when he had set them the example. For himself, he declared, that rather than provoke the wrath of the Great Spirit by this conduct, he would, if necessary, devote himself to death for the good of the nation.

"He then took the glass, and bidding the whole assembly a solemn farewell, drank up its whole contents: he soon began to stagger, and at last fell prostrate to the ground. His companions now bemoan his fate, thinking that he has expired; suddenly he wakes, jumps up, and declares that he has enjoyed the most delicious sensations from drinking the liquor, and asks for more. The whole assembly imitate him, and all become intoxicated.

"After they had recovered from the effects of this scene, the strangers distributed among them presents of beads, axes, hoes, &c., and then departed. In

about a year they returned, and concluded to settle there: for this purpose, they only asked for as much land as the hide of a bullock, which was then spread before them, would take in. The Indians readily granted this slight request; but the whites then took a knife, and cut the hide into a long strip of rope, not thicker than a child's finger, with which they were able to encompass a large piece of ground. The Indians were surprised at the superior wit of the whites, but did not care to dispute about a little land, as they had still enough for themselves; and they lived for some time contentedly with their new neighbors." The Dutch, however, did not long keep possession of the country, which they had thus unfairly gained; about fifty years afterwards, it was taken from them by the English, who called it New York.

The first grand chief, or *sachem*, of the Mohicans known to the English, was called Uncas: he was a crafty and ambitious chieftain, brave and cunning in war, and cruel to his conquered enemies. He was always a firm friend to the English, probably because he saw that it was for his interest to be so; for he was generally at war with the Six Nations on the north, and the Narragansets, a numerous warlike people on the east, who inhabited the country now called the state of Rhode Island.

In one of these wars, Miantonimo, the Narraganset chief, suddenly invaded the country of the Mohicans, with eight hundred of his bravest warriors, giving Uncas only time to collect about half that number to meet him. He saw that if he should attempt to oppose him by main force, he should certainly be beaten; he therefore resolved to attempt a stratagem.

When the two armies had approached near each other, ordering his warriors to conceal themselves in the long grass, he advanced before them, and challenged

his adversary to single combat, saying that it was a great pity that so many brave men should be killed, merely to decide a private quarrel. But Miantonimo knew well that he had the advantage in numbers, and he was resolved not to lose it. "My warriors," said the fierce chieftain, "have come a long way to fight, and they *shall* fight."

Uncas had expected this answer, and instantly fell flat to the ground. His men, rising, poured on their enemies a volley of arrows, rushed on them with a hideous yell, and soon put them to flight. Miantonimo was taken prisoner; he scorned to beg his life of his victorious enemy, and was put to death, but without cruelty, on account of the request of the English.

After the death of Uncas, which happened about the year 1680, his tribe gradually dwindled away, under their continual wars with the whites, and the other Indians, and their own evil passions, until the feeble remnant of a once powerful people was compelled to abandon their ancient hunting-grounds, and flee for protection to their *grandfather*, the Delawares, now almost as wretched and powerless as themselves; some even joined their old enemies, the Six Nations, by whom they were generously adopted into that warlike confederacy.

But the greatest and the most renowned of all the New England sachems, was undoubtedly the great chief of the Pokanokets, called by the English, KING PHILIP. He was the son of Massassoit, who ruled the Indians around Plymouth, where the Pilgrim Fathers first landed. He received them kindly, sold them a large tract of land for their settlement, and made a treaty of friendship with them, which lasted unbroken for about fifty years.

The good feeling, however, of the old sachem did not descend to his son Philip, who succeeded him. He saw

that the English were gradually encroaching upon the grounds of his race, and that, unless their progress should soon be arrested, the red man would not have where to lay his head in the country of his forefathers. He resolved, therefore, to unite, if possible, all the Indians of New England, from the Penobscot to the Hudson, in one last great attempt to recover from their white invaders their ancient dominions. In a short time, by this artful manœuvre, he had gained over to his cause the warlike nation of the Narragansets, and all the tribes of Maine, for two hundred miles along the coast. But the Indians of New Hampshire, for the most part, kept aloof from the contest, and the Mohicans, under their sachem Uncas, remained ever faithful to the English.

The war between the colonies and the English, commonly called Philip's War, broke out in the summer of 1675. The savage chief is said to have wept when he heard of the first outrage of the war. He called to mind the long, unbroken friendship, that for half a century had subsisted between the red man and the whites; and his stern heart relented when he saw that it must now be broken and forever. But it was too late to retreat. From that hour he never smiled; but his whole soul was bent upon the business before him.

At first, his success was tremendous; in a short time the country was in flames, from one end of the colonies to the other. Thirteen towns were entirely destroyed; seven hundred dwelling-houses burnt; and as many Englishmen killed. There was not a family throughout New England, which did not mourn the loss of a relation. But his good fortune did not continue long; the colonies gathered all their strength to meet him; the Mohicans assailed him from the south; and the Mohawks on the north were his implacable enemies. He was

defeated in several battles; his allies deserted him; his friends and relations were killed or made prisoners by the English; and he himself was hunted, like a spent deer by blood-hounds, from place to place. Still, even in his worst days, he would not think of peace; one of his attendants, who dared to propose it to him, he killed with his own hand. It was by the brother of the same man, that he was himself slain.

A few minutes before his death, he is said to have been telling his few remaining friends of his gloomy dreams, and urging them to leave him, and provide for their own safety. On a sudden, the swamp in which he lay concealed, was surrounded by the English, and in attempting to escape, he was shot.

With this great man and noble warrior, perished the last hopes of the na-

tives of New England. From that moment they rapidly melted away before the advance of the whites, and finally became extinct, or mingled with other nations of the west; who, in their turn, sunk under the power of their civilized invaders. A few Indians still remain, scattered about in various parts of Massachusetts, Rhode-Island, and Connecticut. At Marshpee, on Cape Cod, and on Martha's Vineyard, there are still a few hundreds; but they have forgotten their ancient habits and language. They are mostly in a wretched state, idle and dissolute. A number of the young men, however, are employed in the whale fishery, and are skilful and industrious. The powerful tribe of the Narragansets are reduced to about four hundred persons, who live at Charlestown, in the southern part of Rhode Island.



Death of Tecumseh.

CHAPTER XXII.

What has been told.—The Western sachems.—Pontiac and Tecumseh.—Account of their tribes.—Alliance with the French.—Pontiac attacks the white men.—Tecumseh and Elksatawa.—Their efforts against the Americans.—Death of Tecumseh.

WE have seen how, as the tide of European emigration poured on, the tribes of

the Atlantic coast gradually disappeared before it, either retreating into the depths of the western forests, or dying in bold but fruitless attempts to recover from the hand of the grasping European the land of their forefathers. The flood of civilization still rolled on; and again the savage girded himself to meet it. The desperate struggle for life and freedom,

for wealth and power, which had crimsoned the waters of the Connecticut, the Delaware, and the Potomac, with blood, was to be repeated on the banks of the Ohio, the Wabash, and the Mississippi.

We have seen how Powhattan in the south, and Philip in the north, strove with all the powers of their great minds, to unite the numerous tribes of their race in a great effort, to stay the encroachments of the whites; but in vain. In like manner, among the numerous tribes of the West, there arose, from time to time, men of wisdom and bravery, to guide their councils and turn their arms towards the same great purpose. Such men were Pontiac and Tecumseh.

Before we proceed to give an account of the lives of these great men, we must first say something about the tribes of Indians to which they belonged, or with which they were connected.

The native tribes which lived beyond the Allegany range, and north of the Ohio, were all nearly related to each other, being descended from the same grandfather, the Delawares. The Wyandots or Hurons, however, claimed to be the most ancient of all the great Indian family, and were always addressed by the Delawares as their *Uncle*.

The Shawanese were a warlike and powerful people, dwelling on the Ohio, in the southern part of the State of the same name. They formerly inhabited the southern country near Savannah, in Georgia. From their restless and ferocious disposition, they were constantly engaged in wars with their neighbors, who, at length, tired of being continually harassed, formed a league to expel them from the country. The Shawanese, seeing their danger, fled for protection to their grandfather, the Delawares, who received them kindly, and assigned them lands upon the river Ohio. Here their bold and turbulent spirit soon involved them again in a constant warfare

with their neighbors, both Indians and whites. This was the tribe of Tecumseh, the Indian Bonaparte.

The Miami and Wabash tribes lived on the rivers of the same names in Ohio and Indiana; they were formidable in bravery, and could bring into the field many hundred warriors. The Wyandots or Hurons inhabited the country around Detroit, partly in Michigan and partly in Canada. They were not many in number, but possessed great influence, from being acknowledged as the head of the great Indian family.

The Ottawas, Chippewas, and Potawatemies were three tribes, scattered along the shores of the great lakes, in Michigan and the Northwest Territories. They were strong in numbers and bravery, and were always united in the bonds of friendly alliance. Of the first of these, Pontiac was chief, and his influence extended over the other two.

During the French war, which ended in the conquest of Canada by the English, 1762, the natives, with the exception of the Six Nations, were almost all on the side of the French. Hence, when the war was finished in a manner so disastrous to their white friends, it was no wonder that the Indians should be extremely dissatisfied, and ill-disposed towards the conquerors.

Pontiac, an artful and ambitious chief, and a great warrior, saw this feeling, and resolved to take advantage of it to unite the various tribes in an attempt to recover from the English their newly-acquired possessions. He used every art and inducement that he knew would have power over the minds of his savage brethren; he reminded them of the long series of wrongs which they had received from the hands of the English; he showed them that while two hostile European nations were settled in the country, each would court the friendship of the Indians, by kindness and favors;

but when all was in the hands of one, they would have nothing to do but to wrench from the feeble grasp of the red man, their few remaining possessions. Above all, he pretended that the Great Spirit had made a revelation to a man of the Delaware tribe—commanding the Indians to unite and drive their white invaders from the land.

By such means, he succeeded in forming the greatest league ever known among the native tribes of America. Besides the numerous tribes of the west as far as the Mississippi, he had obtained the assistance of many of the Delawares and Six Nations in Pennsylvania and New York, and the Messisagias, far in the north of Canada.

His plans were as grand as his means. On the same day, throughout an extent of more than a thousand miles of frontier, from Lake Superior to the Potomac, every British fort was to be taken; every Englishman killed. His plan, however, through the treachery of his allies, was only partially successful: as it was, nine of the English forts were taken, and nearly all the garrisons put to death; the whole line of frontier settlements was wrapt in blood and flames.

In all their undertakings, the savages like better to succeed by cunning, than by open force. Henry, the traveller, gives a lively account of the manner in which the fort at Michilimackinac was taken, and the garrison destroyed.

This being an important post, its capture was committed to the united forces of the Sacs and Chippeways. They made use of the following stratagem. "On a certain day, the warriors collected in great numbers around the fort, as they had been accustomed to do, in a friendly manner. They then began a game of *baggatiway*, or ball, a favorite amusement with the Indians; and the soldiers of the garrison poured out to see the sport. Suddenly the ball was

knocked, as if by chance, over the wall of the fort, and the crowd of players and spectators rushed in, pell-mell, to obtain it—no one caring to prevent them.

The savages were now secure of their prey; on a sudden, the war-cry was given and the work of destruction commenced. At this time Henry was engaged in writing: suddenly he heard a confused noise, followed by a loud Indian war-cry. Rushing to his window, he saw a crowd of Indians within the fort, furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found; and he could plainly witness the last struggles of some of his intimate friends.

His heart died within him at the horrid sight. He knew that it would be vain for him alone to resist, and resolved to make an attempt to escape. He saw many of the French villagers looking out of the windows at the scene, without being in any manner molested by the savages. The thought struck him, that he might find a refuge in one of their houses; accordingly, he managed to reach unseen the nearest of them, and concealed himself behind some birch-bark vessels in the garret.

When the massacre in the fort was over, the Indians scattered themselves about the village in search of new victims. Henry heard them enter the house in which he was, and inquire if there were any Englishmen within. The Frenchman answered that he did not know of any; they might look for themselves. He heard them approach the garret; they entered, and began to search around the room. The trembling Englishman thought that his last hour was come. But the darkness of the place saved his life; and his bloody pursuers departed without finding him."

Such was the fate of Michilimackinac; but at Detroit, the assailants were not so successful, though led by Pontiac himself. A few days before the time ap-

pointed for the attack, an Indian woman, grateful for some kindnesses which she had received from the commandant, revealed to him the whole plot. She told him that Pontiac would soon present himself before the fort, with a long train of followers, having each his rifle concealed under his cloak, and request to be admitted to an interview with the commandant; that at the end of his speech, the chieftain would present to him a belt, *the wrong side outwards*. This would be the signal for a general massacre of all the English.

The officer rewarded the woman for her information, and took his measures accordingly. Exactly as she had said, Pontiac soon appeared before the gates with a large retinue, and was admitted, at once, to an interview. His speech was bold and threatening, and his manner vehement and angry; but just as he arrived at the critical moment when the belt was to be presented, the drums at the door of the council-house suddenly rolled the charge, the guards levelled their pieces, and the British officers drew their swords. The heart of the bold chief failed him, at this evident proof that his treachery was discovered. He trembled, gave the belt in the usual manner, and retired without striking a blow.

Thus foiled in his stratagem, Pontiac resolved to try the effect of a siege; and he actually maintained it for several months. But this is a method of warfare which an Indian can by no means endure, and he soon found himself deserted by his allies; while the garrison still continued to hold out. At the same time he heard that an army of English was advancing to the relief of the fort. He was compelled to raise the siege, and retreat with all possible despatch. Soon after, he concluded a peace with the British; and thus his mighty efforts, his grand designs, his long series of cunning stratagems, bold surprisals, and ruthless massacres, were worse than vain.

For a long time after the death of Pontiac, no wars of any consequence took place between the whites and the Indians. But about the year 1804, there arose among the natives two men, chiefs of the warlike and restless tribe of the Shawanees, who conceived, as Philip and Pontiac had done before them, the design of uniting their scattered countrymen for a common purpose. But it was not to expel the white men from the country; they knew that such an attempt must be worse than useless. But they wished to prevent them from encroaching more on the lands of the natives. "We have retreated far enough," said they; "we will go no farther."

Their names were *Tecumseh* and *Elkswatawa*; they were brothers, but different in mind and heart. The one was brave, frank, and high-minded; the other cautious, subtle, and cruel. Each took the part that suited his character. Elkswatawa was the *prophet*. He informed his countrymen that the Great Spirit was about to take from the white men and restore to the Indians the power and wisdom which rightfully belonged to them. To bring about this desirable change, the red men must return to the good old customs of their ancestors. They must dress in skins; they must not quarrel, lie or steal; and there must be no more fighting between the tribes.

Tecumseh was the war-chief, and the orator. He visited the councils of every tribe from the Gulf of Mexico to Lake Superior, haranguing them on the wrongs which they had received from the white men, the loss of their power and land, and the blessing which awaited them if they would but attend to the words of the prophet.

The eloquence of the young warrior produced a great effect. Many of the tribes declared themselves ready to adopt his scheme, and others would soon have followed. But while on a visit to

the Cherokees, he received the mortifying intelligence that his brother, the prophet, had given battle to the troops of the United States, under General Harrison, and had been defeated. This was most unfortunate for the cause of Tecumseh. His brother's influence was nearly lost, many of his allies wavered, and others deserted them altogether.

But the die was cast. He saw that war must follow; and he resolved to meet it like a man; he redoubled his exertions to gain adherents. About this time, (1812,) the war between England and the United States commenced, and he immediately joined himself, with all his forces, to the British cause. Throughout the war, his labors, his dangers, and his exertions were unceasing. By his influence the British obtained their immense force of Indian auxiliaries; his voice was heard at every council-fire; he was foremost in every battle, the last in every flight.

But he fought in vain; the American arms prevailed; his European allies deserted him; and his faithful savage friends had fallen under the rifles of the enemy. Still he disdained to yield. In the battle of the Moravian towns, while his men were falling or fleeing around him, he pressed forward into the hottest of the fight, sounding the war-cry, and plying the tomahawk with desperate energy.

Suddenly there was a wavering in the ranks of the savages; a voice of command was no longer heard among them. Tecumseh had fallen, and with him fell the hopes of his followers. They fled, leaving the Americans masters of the field.

He was buried near the place on which he fell; and it is said that his grave is kept clear from shrubbery, by the frequent visits of his countrymen, who thus shew the care with which they cherish the memory of their last great chief.

That thing I cannot do.

THERE is a beautiful story in the 5th chapter of the 2d Book of Kings, about a famous person, by the name of Naaman. He was captain of the army of the king of Syria, and was a great and mighty man.

But he was afflicted with a loathsome disease, called *leprosy*, which is common in the eastern countries. Now the Syrians had gone to war, and had brought away from the land of Israel a young maiden as a captive, and she waited on Naaman's wife. The story in the Bible goes on as follows:

"And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria, for he would cure him of his leprosy. And one went in and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel. And the king of Syria said, Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, Now, when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy. And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

"And it was so, when Elisha, the man of God, had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel. So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood

at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again unto thee, and thou shalt be clean. But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, he will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned, and went away in a rage."

Now this beautiful story, though told about a great man in ancient days, may afford instruction even to young people of our time; for, like the Syrian captain, we all of us like to do things in our own way; and furthermore, we like to perform certain duties rather than others.

The truth is this—that in almost all our conduct, we permit our pride, our likes and dislikes, our tastes and aversions to govern us, rather than our sense of duty. We very seldom ask ourselves "what ought I to do, and how ought I to do it?" implicitly and cheerfully acting according to the reply which conscience gives. Even those who mean to be governed by duty, are very apt to look over their list of duties, pick out those which are most agreeable, and perform them, neglecting or delaying all others—and even in performing duties, we are likely to do them in the way most agreeable to ourselves, and often not in the best way.

Now all this is weakness and folly: it is real and practical disobedience; it shows that the heart is not right—that we are selfish—self-willed, self-seeking, rather than honest, sincere, faithful followers of duty.

Let us suppose a case. Anna is sick, and her mother wishes her to take some medicine, and proposes that she shall take castor oil.

"Oh, mother," says Anna, "I hate castor oil."

"So does everybody," says the mother. "But is it not better, my dear child, to take a little disagreeable physic than to continue sick, and run the risk of having a fever?"

"But, mother, won't something else do as well?" is the reply.

"No, not as well," says the mother, "the best thing for you is castor oil; and sick or well, it is always right to do the best thing we can."

"Oh, mother," says the thoughtless child, "I can't take castor oil; anything but castor oil—but really I cannot take that!"

Now this little girl is very much like Naaman. She wants to get well, but she wishes to do this in her own way. She dislikes castor oil particularly, and really feels willing to take the risk of being very sick, rather than to swallow a little medicine which disgusts her. So it was with Naaman. He wished to get well, and he was willing to take a bath, but he was a proud man, and he did not like the idea of giving a preference to a river of Judea over the beautiful rivers of Damascus; and so he refused, and went away in a rage.

Thus it is that the little, as well as the great, are very apt to find some difficulty in the performance of duty, even where it would benefit themselves. Almost every person finds something, every day of his life, which he cannot, or rather which he will not do, but which at the same time he ought to do.

Now this is a very important matter; and the reason is this—that if we cannot do the right thing at the right time, and in the right way, though we may be very active, industrious, and energetic, still we shall find ourselves really weak, inefficient and unsuccessful in life.

But how shall we cure such a fault as this, if we happen to have it? I will tell

you. Watch yourselves carefully, and when you find yourselves saying internally, "that thing I cannot do," consider whether it be a duty; and if it be, do it immediately, and do it as it ought to be done! Remember, that even Naaman repented of his folly, bathed in the river of Jordan, and was healed.



Skeleton of a Bird.

THE frame-work of a bird is one of the most curious and interesting things in nature; and if we examine it carefully, we cannot but admire the ingenuity and skill of its great Creator. What mechanic, save the Author of nature, could have executed a piece of mechanism so complicated, so delicate, and that yet works so admirably? Think of the rapid motion of a bird in its flight; the quick vibrations of the wings; the sudden bendings of the neck and tail; and consider that all these are effected by muscles, which operate like the ropes of a ship. How slow and difficult are the evolutions of a ship, which is one of the

wonders of human art; how swift are the evolutions of a bird, which, however, is only one among the thousand wonders of nature!

Another curious thing about the skeleton of a bird, is this—all the bones are hollow and very thin, yet they are very strong. Now, why are they so thin and light? Because the bird is to fly in the air, and therefore it is necessary that his body should be as light as possible. How wonderfully the Creator seems to have foreseen all things, and to have contrived them in the best possible way to answer the purposes that he had in view!

A Tragedy in the Woods.

AN Englishman, who had been riding in Bengal, in India, tells the following interesting, though painful story.

The whole face of the country in the East seems alive. A thousand species of birds unknown in Europe—a thousand different kinds of animals, omitted by some of our best zoologists—a thousand venomous, but beautiful reptiles, vivify the scene. With a gun over the shoulder, a host of objects offer themselves, to tempt a shot, (not that I ever had the craving desire which some men feel, merely to kill and destroy, for the sake of wanton cruelty,) from their gay plumage and curious forms.

I was strolling through a wood "high up the country," with my gun on my shoulder, my thoughts all centred in Europe, when I heard a curious noise in a tree almost immediately above me. I looked up, and found that the sounds proceeded from a white monkey, who skipped from branch to branch, chattering away with delight at beholding "a fellow-creature;" for so he decidedly seemed to consider me. For a few moments I took no notice of his antics, and walked quietly along, till suddenly a large branch fell at my feet, narrowly escaping my head. I again paused, and found that the missile had been dropped by my talkative friend. Without consideration, I instantly turned round, and fired at him.

The report had scarcely sounded, when I heard the most piercing, the most distressing cry that ever reached my ears. An agonized shriek, like that of a young infant, burst from the little creature whom I had wounded. It was within thirty paces of me. I could see the wretched animal, already stained with blood, point to its wound, and again hear its dreadful moan.

The last agony of a hare is harrowing,

and I have seen a young sportsman turn pale on hearing it. The present cry was, however, more distressing. I turned round, and endeavored to hurry away. This, however, I found no easy task; for, as I moved forward, the unhappy creature followed me, springing as well as it could from bough to bough, uttering a low wailing moan, and pointing at the same time to the spot whence the blood trickled. Then regarding me steadily, but mournfully, in the face, it seemed to reproach me with my wanton cruelty. Again I hastened on, but still it pursued me. When I stopped, it stopped; when I attempted to go forward, it accompanied me. Never in the whole course of my life did I feel so much for a dumb animal; never did I so keenly repent an act of uncalled-for barbarity.

Determined not to allow the poor monkey thus to linger in torture, and at once to end the annoying scene, I suddenly came to a halt, and lowering my gun, which was only single-barrelled, I was about to re-load it for the purpose of despatching the maimed creature, when, springing from the tree, it ran up to within about half a dozen paces of me, and began to cry so piteously, and roll itself in agony, occasionally picking up earth, with which it attempted to stanch the blood by stuffing it into the wound, that, in spite of my resolution, when I fired, I was so nervous, I almost missed my aim, inflicting another wound, which broke the animal's leg, but nothing more. Again its piercing shriek rang in my ears. Horrified beyond endurance, I threw down my gun, and actually fled.

In about half an hour I returned, for the purpose of fetching my gun, fully expecting that the poor animal had left the spot. What, then, was my surprise to find a crowd of monkeys surrounding the wretched sufferer. As I advanced under the shade of some trees, I stole

almost close to them before they perceived me. I took advantage of this circumstance to pause for a moment, and watch their movements. The stricken monkey was crying out in the most piteous manner; the others were busily employed in tearing open the wound, trying to destroy the already dreadfully maimed creature. A shout drove them all away, save the dying animal. I advanced; the little monkey was rolling in agony. I

took up my gun, which lay beside him. I fancied he cast one look of supplication on me, one prayer to be relieved from his misery. I did not hesitate; with one blow of the butt-end I dashed out his brains. Then turning round, I slowly returned to my quarters, more profoundly dispirited than I had felt for many months. Take my advice, sensible reader—if you must live in India, never shoot a monkey.



Frogs.

FROGS, with their cousins, the toads, are what are called *amphibious*. We have heard a queer explanation of this word: a show-man, speaking of an alligator that he had on exhibition, said "that it was amphibious;" that is, said he, "it dies on the land, and can't live in the water." He only got it reversed: he should have said, that he lived equally well in the water and on the land.

Frogs are the best of all four-footed swimmers; they never deign to walk or run; but they are great jumpers. The frog is rather more slender, and more lively than the toad. The latter is, indeed, a dull, stupid fellow, and often looks like a mere lump of dirt. Many people dislike toads, and some fancy

that they are poisonous. But nothing is more innocent, or harmless.

Frogs are hatched from eggs, in about forty days after they are laid. In about two days after being hatched they assume the tadpole or pollywog form, and feed on pond-weed. When they are three months old, two small feet sprout out near the tail; in a few days more the arms are formed; and now the frog is every way perfectly formed, except that it has a tail! During this state the creature eats very little, and is seen to rise frequently to the top of the water to take breath. He has always before lived like a fish, beneath the wave, but as he is now changing his state, he must get acquainted with the world above the water.

In a few hours the tail drops off, and the frog, the real genuine frog, is complete ! And one most wonderful thing, is this : the animal not only changes his form and habits, but his food also. While a tadpole, he fed on grass ; while a frog, he lives entirely on animal food, as insects and worms. As he cannot find enough of them in the water, he goes forth to hunt them, and takes insects by surprise.

Some people, seeing great quantities of toads and frogs in time of a shower, fancy that they are rained down from the clouds. It may be that these little creatures are sometimes scooped up by a whirlwind, or water-spout, and carried to some distant place, when they fall with the rain ; but, in general, the abundance of these creatures after a shower, is to be accounted for by the fact that at such a time they all come forth from their lurking-places.

Frogs live chiefly on the land, but when cold weather comes, they dive down in the mud, and lie there, in a torpid state, till spring comes back, when they salute its return with a great variety of notes. Some of these are rather plaintive and pleasing ; but others are almost as loud and coarse as the voices of bulls. These bellowing frogs are sometimes called Dutch nightingales. In early times, these creatures were so numerous in France, that they waked up the people early in the morning. The rich men used, therefore, to require their servants to go out and beat the frogs and keep them quiet, till they could get through with their morning nap.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER X.

ALTHOUGH Alexis did not expect to find letters from home, as he had returned from his hunting expedition earlier

than he anticipated, still, on his arrival at Yakutsk, he went to the office where they were to be deposited, if any had come. To his great joy he there found two letters, and on looking at them, recognised the hand-writing of his father upon one, and that of Kathinka on the other. His heart beat quick, as he hurried home to read them alone, in his room. With mingled feelings of hope and fear—of pleasure that he could thus hold communion with his dearest friends—of pain that he was separated from them by thousands of miles—he broke the seal of that which was superscribed with his father's hand, and read as follows :

“Tobolsk, — 18—.

“My dear Alexis,—I embrace a good opportunity to send you letters, and thus to advise you of the state of things here. You will first desire to know how it is with Kathinka and me. We get on more comfortably than I could have hoped. Your sister excites my admiration every day of her life. She is, in the first place, cheerful under circumstances which might naturally beget gloom in the heart of a young lady, brought up in the centre of fashion, surrounded with every luxury, and accustomed to all the soft speeches that beauty could excite, or flattery devise. She is industrious, though bred up in the habit of doing nothing for herself, and of having her slightest wish attended to by the servants. She is humble, though she has been taught from infancy to remember that aristocratic blood flows in her veins. She is patient, though of a quick and sanguine temper.

“Now, my dear son, it is worthy of serious inquiry, what it is that can produce such a beautiful miracle—that can so transform a frail mortal, and raise a woman almost to the level of angels ? You will say it is filial love—filial piety—a daughter's affection for an unhappy

father. But you would thus give only half the answer. The affection of a daughter is, indeed, a lovely thing; it is, among other human feelings, like the rose among flowers—the very queen of the race: but it is still more charming when it is exalted by religion. Kathinka derives from this source an inspiration which exalts her beyond the powers of accident. She has never but one question to ask—‘What is my duty?’—and when the answer is given, her decision is made. And she follows her duty with such a bright gleam about her, as to make all happy who are near. That sour, solemn, martyr-like air, with which some good people do their duty, and which makes them, all the time, very disagreeable, is never to be seen in your sister.

“And, what is strange to tell, her health seems rather to be improved by her activity and her toil; and, what is still more strange, her beauty is actually heightened since she has tasted sorrow and been made acquainted with grief. The calico frock is really more becoming to her than the velvet and gold gown, which she wore at the famous ‘Liberty ball,’ at Warsaw, and which you admired so much.

“All these things are very gratifying; yet they have their drawbacks. In spite of our poverty and retirement, we find it impossible to screen ourselves wholly from society. I am too feeble—too insignificant—to be cared for; but Kathinka is much sought after, and even courted. Krusenstern, the commander of the castle, is exceedingly kind to both her and me; and his lady has been her most munificent patron. She has bought the little tasteful products of Kathinka’s nimble needle, and paid her most amply for them. In this way we are provided with the means of support.

“It galls me to think that I am thus reduced to dependence upon enemies—

upon Russians—upon those who are the authors of all my own and my country’s sorrows; but it is best, perhaps, that it should be so—for often the only way in which God can truly soften the hard heart, is to afflict it in that way which is most bitter. Pride must fall, for it is inconsistent with true penitence; it is an idol set up in the heart in opposition to the true God. We must cease to worship the first—we must pull it down from its pedestal, before we can kneel truly and devoutly to the last.

“Kathinka will tell you all the little details of news. I am bad at that, for my memory fails fast: and, my dear boy—I may as well say it frankly, that I think my days are fast drawing to a close. I have no special disease—but it seems to me that my heart beats feebly, and that the last sands of life are near running out. It may be otherwise—yet so I feel. It is for this reason that I have had some reluctance in giving my consent to a plan for your returning home in a Russian vessel, which is offered to you.

“A young Russian officer, a relative of the princess Lodoiska, by the name of Suvarrow, is going to Okotsk, at the western extremity of Siberia, where he will enter a Russian ship of war, that is to be there; he will take command of a corp of marines on board, and will return home in her. Krusenstern has offered you a passage home in her; and as Suvarrow is a fine fellow, and, I suspect, is disposed to become your brother-in-law, if Kathinka will consent—nothing could be more pleasant or beneficial to you. You will see a good deal of the world, learn the manners and customs of various people, at whose harbors you will touch, and make agreeable, and, perhaps, useful acquaintances on board the ship. These are advantages not to be lightly rejected; and, therefore, if you so decide and accept the offer, I shall not oppose your choice. Indeed, the only thing that

makes me waver in my advice, is my fear that I shall not live, and that Kathinka will be left here without a protector. And even if this happens, she is well qualified to take care of herself, for she has a vigor and energy only surpassed by her discretion. After all, the voyage from Okotsk to St. Petersburg, in Russia, is but a year's sail, though it requires a passage almost quite around the globe. At all events, even if you do not go with Suvarrow, you can hardly get home in less than a year—so that the time of your absence will not constitute a material objection. Therefore, go, if you prefer it.

"I have now said all that is necessary, and I must stop here—for my hand is feeble. Take with you, my dear boy, a father's blessing—and wherever you are, whether upon the mountain wave, or amid the snows of a Siberian winter, place your trust in Heaven. Farewell.

PULTOVA."

This affecting letter touched Alexis to the quick; the tears ran down his cheeks, and such was his anxiety and gloom, on account of his father's feelings, that he waited several minutes, before he could secure courage to open the epistle from Kathinka. At last he broke the seal, and, to his great joy, found in it a much more cheerful vein of thought and sentiment. She said her father was feeble, and subject to fits of great depression—but she thought him, on the whole, pretty well, and if not content, at least submissive and tranquil.

She spoke of Suvarrow, and the scheme suggested by her father, and urged it strongly upon Alexis to accept the offer. She presented the subject, indeed, in such a light, that Alexis arose from reading the letter with his mind made up to join Suvarrow, and return in the Russian vessel. He immediately stated the plan to Linsk and his two sons, and, to his great surprise, found them totally oppos-

ed to it. They were very fond of Alexis, and it seemed to them like unkind desertion, for him to leave them as proposed. Such was the strength of their feelings, that Alexis abandoned the idea of leaving them, and gave up the project he had adopted. This was, however, but transient. Linsk, who was a reasonable man, though a rough one, after a little reflection, seeing the great advantages that might accrue to his young friend, withdrew his objection, and urged Alexis to follow the advice of his sister.

As no farther difficulties lay in his way, our youthful adventurer made his preparations to join Suvarrow as soon as he should arrive; an event that was expected in a month. This time soon slipped away, in which Alexis had sold a portion of his furs to great advantage. The greater part of the money he sent to his father, as also a share of his furs. A large number of sable skins, of the very finest quality, he directed to Kathinka taking care to place with them the one which the hermit hunter of the dell had requested might be sent to the princess Lodoiska, at St. Petersburg. He also wrote a long letter to his sister, detailing his adventures, and dwelling particularly upon that portion which related to the hermit. He specially urged Kathinka to endeavor to have the skin sent as desired; for, though he had not ventured to unroll it, he could not get rid of the impression that it contained something of deep interest to the princess.

At the appointed time, Suvarrow arrived, and as his mission brooked no delay, Alexis set off with him at once. He parted with his humble friends and companions with regret, and even with tears. Expressing the hope, however, of meeting them again, at Tobolsk, after the lapse of two years, he took his leave.

We must allow Linsk and his sons to pursue their plans without further notice at present, only remarking that they made

one hunting excursion more into the forest, and then returned to Tobolsk, laden with a rich harvest of valuable furs. Our duty is to follow the fortunes of Alexis, the young sable-hunter.

He found Suvarrow to be a tall young man, of three and twenty, slender in his form, but of great strength and activity. His air was marked with something of pride, and his eye was black and eagle-like; but all this seemed to become a soldier; and Alexis thought him the handsomest fellow he had ever seen. The two were good friends in a short time, and their journey to Okotsk was a pleasant one.

This town is situated upon the border of the sea of Okotsk, and at the northern part. To the west lies Kamschatka—to the south, the islands of Japan. Although there are only fifteen hundred people in the place, yet it carries on an extensive trade in furs. These are brought from Kamschatka, the western part of Siberia, and the north-west coast of America, where the Russians have some settlements.

Alexis found Okotsk a much pleasanter place than he expected. The country around is quite fertile; the town is pleasantly situated on a ridge between the river and the sea, and the houses are very neatly built. Most of the people are either soldiers, or those who are connected with the military establishments; yet there are some merchants, and a good many queer-looking fellows from all the neighboring parts, who come here to sell their furs. Among those of this kind, Alexis saw some short, flat-faced Kamschadales, clothed in bears' skins, and looking almost like bears walking on their hind legs; Kuriles, people of a yellow skin, from the Kurile Islands, which stretch from Japan to the southern point of Kamschatka; Tartars, with black eyes and yellow skins; and many other people, of strange

features, and still stranger attire. He remained at this place for a month, and the time passed away pleasantly enough.

Alexis was a young man who knew very well how to take advantage of circumstances, so as to acquire useful information. Instead of going about with his eyes shut, and his mind in a maze of stupid wonder, he took careful observation of all he saw; and, having pleasant manners, he mixed with the people and talked with them, and thus picked up a great fund of pleasant knowledge. In this way he found out what kind of a country Kamschatka is; how the people look, and live, and behave. He also became acquainted with the geographical situation of all the countries and islands around the great sea of Okotsk; about the people who inhabited them; about the governments of these countries; their climates, what articles they produced, their trade; the religion, manners and customs of the people.

Now, as I am writing a story, I do not wish to cheat my readers into reading a book of history and geography—but, it is well enough to mix in a little of the useful with the amusing. I will, therefore, say a few words, showing what kind of information Alexis acquired about these far-off regions of which we are speaking.

Kamschatka, you must know, is a long strip of land, very far north, and projecting into the sea, almost a thousand miles from north to south. The southern point is about as far north as Canada, but it is much colder. Near this is a Russian post, called St. Peter's and St. Paul's. The Kamschadales are chiefly heathen, who worship strange idols in a foolish way—though a few follow the Greek religion, which has been taught them by the Russians.

The cold and bleak winds that sweep over Siberia, carry their chill to Kamschatka, and, though the sea lies on two

sides of it, they make it one of the coldest places in the world. The winter lasts nine months of the year, and no kind of grain can be made to grow upon its soil. But this sterility in the vegetable kingdom is compensated by the abundance of animal life. In no place in the world is there such a quantity of game. The coasts swarm with seals and other marine animals; the rocks are coated with shell-fish; the bays are almost choked with herrings, and the rivers with salmon. Flocks of grouse, woodcocks, wild geese and ducks darken the air. In the woods are bears, beavers, deer, ermines, sables, and other quadrupeds, producing abundance of rich furs. These form the basis of a good deal of trade.

Thus, though the Kamschadales have no bread, or very little, they have abundance of fish, flesh, and fowl. In no part of the world are the people more gluttonously fed. They are, in fact, a very luxurious race, spending a great part of their time in coarse feasting and frolicking. They sell their furs to the Russians, by which they get rum and brandy, and thus obtain the means of intoxication. Many of them are, therefore, sunk to a state of the most brutal degradation.

The Kurile Islands, as I have stated, extend from the southern point of Kamschatka to Jesso, one of the principal of the Japan Isles. They are twenty-four in number, and contain about a thousand inhabitants. The length of the chain is nearly nine hundred miles. Some of them are destitute of people, but most of them abound in seals, sea otters, and other game. The people are heathen, and a wild, savage set.

The Japan Isles lie in a long, curving line, in a southerly direction from Okotsk. They are very numerous, but the largest are Jesso and Nippon. These are the seat of the powerful and

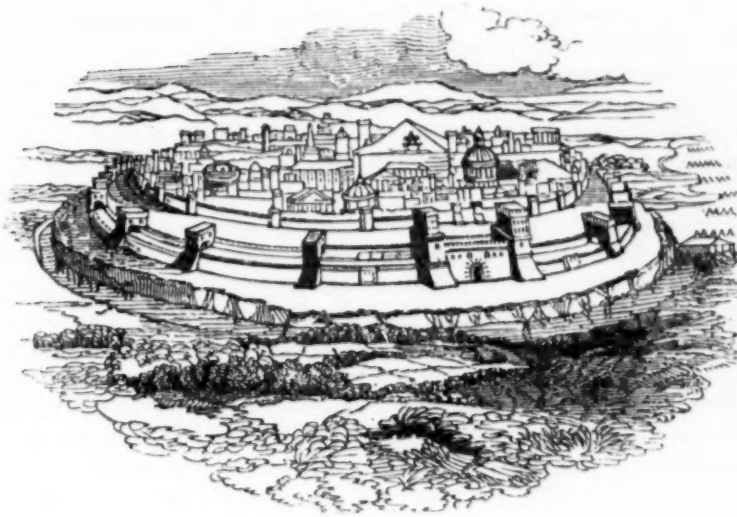
famous empire of Japan, which has existed for ages, and has excited nearly as much curiosity and interest as China.

One thing that increases this interest is, that foreigners are carefully excluded from the country, as they are from China. The only place which Europeans are allowed to visit, is Nangasaki, on the island of Ximo. This is a large town, but the place assigned to foreigners is very small, and no persons are permitted to reside here, except some Dutch merchants, through whom all the trade and intercourse with foreigners must be carried on.

The interior of Japan is very populous, there being twenty-six millions of people in the empire. The capital is Jeddo, on the island of Nippon; this is four times as large as New York, there being one million three hundred thousand people there. The lands in the country are said to be finely cultivated, and many of the gardens are very beautiful. The people are very polite, and nearly all can read and write. They have many ingenious arts, and even excel European workmen in certain curious manufactures.

To the east of Japan is the great empire of China, which contains three hundred and forty millions of people—just twenty times as many as all the inhabitants of the United States! I shall have some curious tales to tell of these various countries, in the course of the sable-hunter's story.

A TRAVELLER, who stopped one night at a hotel in Pennsylvania, rose from his bed to examine the sky, and thrust his head by mistake through the glass window of a closet. "Landlord," cried the astonished man, "this is very singular weather—the night is as dark as Egypt, and smells very strong of old cheese!"



Walled Cities.

IN ancient times, it was the custom to surround cities with very high walls of stone. This was rendered necessary, by the habit that then prevailed among nations, of making war upon each other. We, who live so peaceably, can hardly conceive of the state of things that existed in former ages. It is only by reading history, that we become informed of what appears to have been the fact, that in all countries, until within a late period, war has been the great game of nations.

As the people of ancient cities were constantly exposed to the attack of enemies, the only way to obtain security was to encircle themselves with high and strong walls. Sometimes these were of vast height and thickness. We are told that Thebes, a city of Egypt—the mighty ruins of which still astonish the traveller who passes that way—had a hundred gates. It is said that the walls of Babylon were near fifty feet high.

Most of the cities of Asia are still encircled with walls, and many of the cities of Europe also. London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, have none: Paris

had only a small wall till lately—but the king is now engaged in building one around the city, of great strength. Rome, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Amsterdam are walled cities.

Bells.

BELLS are made of a mixture of about three parts of copper to one of tin, and sometimes a portion of silver, according to the shape and size the bell is to be. They are cast in moulds of sand—the melted metal being poured into them.

The parts of a bell are—its body, or barrel; the clapper, within side; and the links, which suspend it from the top of the bell.

The thickness of the edge of the bell is usually one fifteenth of its diameter, and its height twelve times its thickness.

The sound of a bell arises from a vibratory motion of its parts, like that of a musical string. The stroke of the clapper drives the parts struck away from the centre, and the metal of the bell being elastic, they not only recover

themselves, but even spring back a little nearer to the centre than they were before struck by the clapper. Thus the circumference of the bell undergoes alternate changes of figure, and gives that tremulous motion to the air, in which sound consists.

The sound which the metal thus gives, arises not so much from the metal itself, as from the form in which it is made. A lump of bell-metal gives little or no sound; but, cast into a bell, it is strikingly musical. A piece of lead, which is not at all a sonorous body, if moulded into proper shape, will give sound, which, therefore, arises from the form of the object.

The origin of bells is not known; those of a small size are very ancient. Among the Jews it was ordered by Moses, that the lower part of the blue robe, which was worn by the high priest, should be adorned with pomegranates and gold bells, intermixed at equal distances.

Among Christians, bells were first employed to call together religious congregations, for which purpose runners had been employed before. Afterwards the people were assembled together by little pieces of board struck together, hence called sacred boards; and, lastly, by bells.

Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in Campania, is said to have first introduced church bells, in the fourth century. In the sixth century they were used in convents, and were suspended on the roof of the church, in a frame. In the eighth century an absurd custom of baptizing and naming bells began; after this they were supposed to clear the air from the influence of evil spirits.

Church bells were, probably, introduced into England soon after their invention. They are mentioned by Bede, about the close of the seventh century.

In the East they came into use in the ninth century.

In former times it was the custom for people to build immense minsters, and to apply their wealth in ornamenting their places of worship. The same spirit made them vie with each other in the size of their bells. The great bell of Moscow, cast in 1653, in the reign of the Empress Anne, is computed to weigh 443,772 lbs.

Bells are of great service at sea during a very dark night, or thick fog; they are kept, in such cases, constantly ringing. Near the Bell Rock light-house, in England, as a warning to the mariner in fogs or dark weather, two large bells, each weighing 1200 lbs., are tolled day and night, by the same machinery which moves the lights, by which means ships keep off these dangerous rocks.

A Mother's Affection.

WOULD you know what *maternal affection* is?—listen to me, and I will tell you.

Did you ever notice anything with its young, and not observe a token of joy and happiness in its eyes? Have you not seen the hen gather her chickens together? She seemed delighted to see them pick up the grain which she refrained from eating. Did you never see the young chick ride on its mother's back, or behold the whole brood nestle beneath her wing? If you have, you may know something of a mother's love.

Did you ever see a cat play with its kitten? How full of love and joy she looks; how she will fondle and caress it; how she will suffer it to tease, and tire, and worry her in its wild sports, and yet not harm it in the least! Have you not seen her take it up in her mouth, and carry it gently away, that it should not be injured? and with what trembling

caution would she take it up, in fear that she might hurt it!

Did you ever see a bird building its nest? Day by day, and hour by hour, they labor at their work, and all so merrily; then they line it with soft feathers, and will even pluck their own down, rather than their young should suffer.

A sheep is the meekest, the most timid and gentle of animals—the least sound will startle it, the least noise will make it flee; but, when it has a little lamb by its side, it will turn upon the fiercest dog, and dare the combat with him: it will run between its lamb and danger, and rather die than its young one should be harmed.

The bird will battle with the serpent; the timid deer will turn and meet the wolf; the ant will turn on the worm; and the little bee will sheath its sting in any intruder that dares to molest its young.

Many beasts are fierce and wild, and prowl about for blood; but the fiercest of beasts—the tiger, the hyæna, the lion, the bear—all love their young: yes, the most cruel natures are not utterly cruel. The snake opens her mouth, and suffers her young to enter into her bosom when they are in danger:—this is maternal love.

If, then, the beasts and reptiles of the earth, who are so full of love for their offspring,—if they will care for them, provide for them, live for them, die for them,—how great do you suppose must be the love of a mother for her child? Greater than these, be assured; ay, far greater, for the mother looks forward for the time when the child shall become like a flower in full blossom. A mother's love is the most powerful thing on earth!

All other things are subject to change, all other hearts may grow cold, all other things may be lost or forgotten—but a mother's love lasts forever! It is akin

to that love with which God himself loves his creatures, and never faileth.

Love thy mother, then, my little child. When she is gone, there is no eye can brighten upon thee, no heart can melt for thee, like hers; then wilt thou find a void, a vacancy, a loss, that all the wealth or grandeur of the world can never fill up.

Thy mother may grow old, but her love decays not; she may grow sear at heart, and gray upon the brow, but her love for thee will be green. Think, then, in the time of her decline, of what she has suffered, felt, and known for thee; think of her devotion, her cares, her anxiety, her hopes, her fears—think, and do not aught that may bring down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

IN 1753, the Boston Common presented a singular spectacle. It was the anniversary of a society for encouraging industry. In the afternoon, about three hundred young women, neatly dressed, appeared on the common at their spinning wheels. These were placed regularly in three rows. The weavers also appeared, in garments of their own weaving. One of them, working at a loom, was carried on a staging on men's shoulders, attended with music. A discourse was preached, and a collection taken up from the vast assemblage for the benefit of the institution.

A YOUNG child having asked what the cake, a piece of which she was eating, was baked in, was told that it was baked in a "spider." In the the course of the day, the little questioner, who had thought a good deal about the matter, without understanding it, asked again, with all a child's simplicity and innocence, "Where is that great *bug* that you bake cake in?"

The Voyages, Travels, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Journey to Pisa.—Roads of Tuscany.—Country people.—Italian costumes.—Crowd on the road.—Pisa.—The leaning tower.—Prospect from the top.—Tricks upon travellers.—Cause of its strange position.—Reasons for believing it designed thus.—Magnificent spectacle of the illumination of Pisa.—The camels of Tuscany.

ON the 22d of June, I set out from Florence for Pisa, feeling a strong curiosity to see the famous leaning tower. There was also, at this time, the additional attraction of a most magnificent public show in that city, being the festival of St. Ranieri; which happens only once in three years, and is signalized by an illumination, surpassing, in brilliant and picturesque effect, everything of the kind in any other part of the world. The morning was delightful, as I took my staff in hand and moved at a brisk pace along the road down the beautiful banks of the Arno, which everywhere exhibited the same charming scenery; groves of olive, fig, and other fruit trees; vineyards, with mulberry trees supporting long and trailing festoons of the most luxuriant appearance; cornfields of the richest verdure; gay, blooming gardens; neat country houses, and villas, whose white walls gleamed amid the embowering foliage. The road lay along the southern bank of the river, and, though passing over many hills, was very easy of travel. The roads of Tuscany are everywhere kept in excellent order, though they are not so level as the roads in France, England, or this country. A carriage cannot, in general, travel any great distance without finding occasion to lock the wheels; this is commonly done with an iron shoe, which is placed under the wheel and secured to the body of the vehicle by a chain; thus saving

the wear of the wheel-tire. *My wheels*, however, required no locking, and I jogged on from village to village, joining company with any wagoner or wayfarer whom I could overtake, and stopping occasionally to gossip with the villagers and country people. This I have always found to be the only true and efficacious method of becoming acquainted with genuine national character. There is much, indeed, to be seen and learned in cities; but the manners and institutions there are more fluctuating and artificial: that which is characteristic and permanent in a nation must be sought for in the middle classes and the rural population.

At Florence, as well as at Rome and Naples, the same costume prevails as in the cities of the United States. You see the same black and drab hats, the same swallow-tailed coats, and pantaloons as in the streets of Boston. The ladies also, as with us, get their fashions from the head-quarters of fashion, Paris: bonnets, shawls, and gowns are just the same as those seen in our streets. The only peculiarity at Florence is, the general practice of wearing a gold chain with a jewel across the forehead, which has a not ungraceful effect, as it heightens the beauty of a handsome forehead, and conceals the defect of a bad one. But in the villages, the costume is national, and often most grotesque. Fashions never change there: many strange articles of dress and ornament have been handed down from classical times. In some places I found the women wearing ear-rings a foot and a half long. A country-woman never wears a bonnet, but goes either bare-headed or covered merely with a handkerchief.

As I proceeded down the valley of the Arno, the land became less hilly, but continued equally verdant and richly cultivated. The cottages along the road were snug, tidy little stone buildings of

one story. The women sat by the doors braiding straw and spinning flax; the occupation of spinning was also carried on as they walked about gossiping, or going on errands. No such thing as a cow was to be seen anywhere; and though such animals actually exist in this country, they are extremely rare. Milk is furnished chiefly by goats, who browse among the rocks and in places where a cow could get nothing to eat. So large a proportion of the soil is occupied by cornfields, gardens, orchards and vineyards, that little is left for the pasturage of cattle. The productions of the dairy, are, therefore, among the most costly articles of food in this quarter. Oxen, too, are rarely to be seen, but the donkey is found everywhere, and the finest of these animals that I saw in Europe, were of this neighborhood.

Nothing could surpass the fineness of the weather; the sky was uniformly clear, or only relieved by a passing cloud. The temperature was that of the finest June weather at Boston, and during the month, occasional showers of rain had sufficiently fertilized the earth. The year previous, I was told, had been remarkable for a drought; the wells dried up, and it was feared the cattle would have nothing but wine to drink; for a dry season is always most favorable to the vintage. The present season, I may remark in anticipation, proved as uncommonly wet, and the vintage was proportionally scanty.

I stopped a few hours at Empoli, a large town on the road, which appeared quite dull and deserted; but I found most of the inhabitants had gone to Pisa. Journeying onward, the hills gradually sunk into a level plain, and at length I discerned an odd-looking structure raising its head above the horizon, which I knew instantly to be the leaning tower. Pisa was now about four or five miles distant, and the road became every in-

stant more and more thronged with travellers, hastening toward the city; some in carriages, some in carts, some on horseback, some on donkeys, but the greater part were country people on foot, and there were as many women as men—a circumstance common to all great festivals and collections of people, out of doors, in this country. As I approached the city gate, the throng became so dense, that carriages could hardly make their way. Having at last got within the walls, I found every street overflowing with population, but not more than one in fifteen belonged to the place; all the rest were visitors like myself.

Pisa is as large as Boston, but the inhabitants are only about twenty thousand. At this time, the number of people who flocked to the place from far and near, to witness the show, was computed at three hundred thousand. It is a well-built city, full of stately palaces, like Florence. The Arno, which flows through the centre of it, is here much wider, and has beautiful and spacious streets along the water, much more commodious and elegant than those of the former city. But at all times, except on the occasion of the triennial festival of the patron saint of the city, Pisa is little better than a solitude: the few inhabitants it contains have nothing to do but to kill time. I visited the place again about a month later, and nothing could be more striking than the contrast which its lonely and silent streets offered to the gay crowds that now met my view within its walls.

The first object to which a traveller hastens, is the leaning tower; and this is certainly a curiosity well adapted to excite his wonder. A picture of it, of course, will show any person what sort of a structure it is, but it can give him no notion of the effect produced by standing before the real object. Imagine a massy stone tower, consisting of

piles of columns, tier over tier, rising to the height of one hundred and ninety feet, or as high as the spire of the Old South church, and leaning on one side in such a manner as to appear on the point of falling every moment! The building would be considered very beautiful if it stood upright; but the emotions of wonder and surprise, caused by its strange position, so completely occupy the mind of the spectator, that we seldom hear any one speak of its beauty. To stand under it and cast your eyes upward is really frightful. It is hardly possible to disbelieve that the whole gigantic mass is coming down upon you in an instant. A strange effect is also caused by standing at a small distance, and watching a cloud sweep by it; the tower thus appears to be actually falling. This circumstance has afforded a striking image to the great poet Dante, who compares a giant stooping to the appearance of the leaning tower at Bologna when a cloud is fleeting by it. An appearance, equally remarkable and more picturesque, struck my eye in the evening, when the tower was illuminated with thousands of brilliant lamps, which, as they flickered and swung between the pillars, made the whole lofty pile seem constantly trembling to its fall. I do not remember that this latter circumstance has ever before been mentioned by any traveller, but it is certainly the most wonderfully striking aspect in which this singular edifice can be viewed.

By the payment of a trifling sum, I obtained admission and was conducted to the top of the building. It is constructed of large blocks of hammered stone, and built very strongly, as we may be sure from the fact that it has stood for seven hundred years, and is at this moment as strong as on the day it was finished. Earthquakes have repeatedly shaken the country, but the tower stands—leaning

no more nor less than at first. I could not discover a crack in the walls, nor a stone out of place. The walls are double, so that there are, in fact, two towers one inside the other, the centre inclosing a circular well, vacant from foundation to top. Between the two walls I mounted by winding stairs from story to story, till at the topmost I crept forward on my hands and knees and looked over on the leaning side. Few people have the nerve to do this; and no one is courageous enough to do more than just poke his nose over the edge. A glance downward is most appalling. An old ship-captain who accompanied me was so overcome by it that he verily believed he had left the marks of his fingers, an inch deep, in the solid stone of the cornice, by the spasmodic strength with which he clung to it! Climbing the mast-head is a different thing, for a ship's spars are designed to be tossed about and bend before the gale. But even an old seaman is seized with affright at beholding himself on the edge of an enormous pile of building, at a giddy height in the air, and apparently hanging without any support for its ponderous mass of stones. My head swam, and I lay for some moments, incapable of motion. About a week previous, a person was precipitated from this spot and dashed to atoms, but whether he fell by accident or threw himself from the tower voluntarily, is not known.

The general prospect from the summit is highly beautiful. The country, in the immediate neighborhood, is flat and verdant, abounding in the richest cultivation, and diversified with gardens and vineyards. In the north, is a chain of mountains, ruggedly picturesque in form, stretching dimly away towards Genoa. The soft blue and violet tints of these mountains contrasted with the dark green hue of the height of San Giuliano, which hid the neighboring city

of Lucca from my sight. In the south the spires of Leghorn and the blue waters of the Mediterranean were visible at the verge of the horizon.

In the highest part of this leaning tower, are hung several heavy bells, which the sexton rings, standing by them with as much coolness as if they were within a foot of the ground. I knew nothing of these bells, as they are situated above the story where visitors commonly stop—when, all at once, they began ringing tremendously, directly over my head. I never received such a start in my life the tower shook, and, for the moment, I actually believed it was falling. The old sexton and his assistants, however, pulled away lustily at the bell-ropes, and I dare say enjoyed the joke mightily; for this practice of frightening visitors, is, I believe, a common trick with the rogues. The wonder is, that they do not shake the tower to pieces; as it serves for a belfry to the cathedral, on the opposite side of the street, and the bells are rung very often.

How came the tower to lean in this manner? everybody has asked. I examined it very attentively, and made many inquiries on this point. I have no doubt whatever that it was built originally just as it is. The more common opinion has been that it was erect at first, but that, by the time a few stories had been completed, the foundation sunk on one side, and the building was completed in this irregular way. But I found nothing about it that would justify such a supposition. The foundation could not have sunk without cracking the walls, and twisting the courses of stone out of their position. Yet the walls are perfect, and those of the inner tower are exactly parallel to the outer ones. If the building had sunk obliquely, when but half raised, no man in his senses, would have trusted so insecure a foundation, so far as to raise it to double the

height, and throw all the weight of it on the weaker side. The holes for the scaffolding, it is true, are not horizontal, which by some is considered an evidence that they are not in their original position. But any one who examines them on the spot, can see that these openings could not have been otherwise than they are, under any circumstances. The cathedral, close by, is an enormous massy building, covering a great extent of ground. It was erected at the same time with the tower, yet no portion of it gives any evidence that the foundation is unequal. The leaning position of the tower was a whim of the builder, which the rude taste of the age enabled him to gratify. Such structures were fashionable during the middle ages. There are two other specimens of this sort of architecture still remaining at Bologna.

The crowd in the streets continued to increase every hour. It was evident that the city already contained ten times as many guests as it could accommodate with lodgings. There was not a public house where a bed or even a dinner could be obtained. All round the city, in vacant spaces, were temporary erections of booths, tents, shanties and other hasty and imperfect structures, for the accommodation of the thousands and thousands who could find no better quarters. At night, the whole city was a blaze of lamps; every street being brilliantly illuminated. This exhibition is not performed as with us, merely by placing lights in the windows, but by such artificial and tasteful arrangement of them as adds greatly to the picturesque and magnificence of the scene. The two great streets bordering the river, and the three bridges crossing it, were lined with lofty scaffoldings, representing castles, towers, obelisks, and orders of architecture. These were hung with millions of lamps, and the whole exhibited a scene of dazzling and fairy mag-

nificence, that reminded me of oriental splendor and the visions of enchantment. The crowd of spectators completely blocked up the streets, and it was impossible to move in any direction without great difficulty. All night long the streets were full, and the blaze of the illumination was kept up till the light of the lamps began to fade away in the brightness of the dawn.

In the immense numbers of those who thronged the city, few thought of a lodging for the night. Indeed, a lodging within doors, was out of the question with regard to the most of them—there were not houses to hold them. The greater part of these houseless guests were country people, who had travelled on foot from a distance, and began towards morning to feel the fatigues of their journey and sight-seeing. Sleep overpowered them amidst the din and hurly-burly of the crowd, and they threw themselves by hundreds and by thousands on the steps of the doors, and on the pavements in nooks and corners, to sleep. The steps of the churches were black with heaps of men and women piled one upon another, fast asleep. Fortunately, the night was most balmy and serene, and they were all too much accustomed to the open air to suffer by this exposure.

The festivities were kept up through the following day. The river was covered with barges, galleys, boats, and small craft of every description, decked out with banners and streamers in the gayest and most fantastic manner. There were boat-races and other naval sports, which kept the river and the shores all alive with people through the day. For my part, I had seen sufficient of the crowd, confusion and tumult of these gayeties, and took more pleasure in strolling about the neighborhood. The fields are richly cultivated, and the soil naturally rich, till you approach the

sea, where it becomes sandy and barren. Even here, however, I found, in the midst of a forest of oaks, a beautiful thriving farm belonging to the grand duke. It is true, there was not much cultivation, owing to the thinness of the soil; but there were immense herds of horned cattle, sheep and wild horses which roamed at large through the woods, and over the desert tracts along the shore, and, what surprised me most of all, about two hundred *camels*. These latter animals, I was told, were first brought to this region in the time of the crusades, and have been naturalized on the spot. They are used as beasts of burthen, and carry loads of wood to Pisa every day. It seems that all the camels which are carried about in caravans over Europe and America, are obtained here, where they may be bought for a hundred dollars apiece. Very probably, this breed, having been so long from its original territory, has degenerated, so that the genuine animal is never seen in our menageries. An attempt was made some years ago to introduce camels into Carolina and Georgia, where it was thought they might be of essential service in the low, sandy regions, but the animals dwindled away and died. The camel requires a dry air, and could not resist the moisture of our atmosphere.

A SAILOR, who had heard of musical accompaniments, symphonies, &c., being one night at the theatre where the audience were calling upon the orchestra for their favorite tunes, determined to put in his claims; and standing up in the pit, he set the whole house in a roar by calling out, "Hallo! you mess-mate with the big fiddle, give us *Yankee Doodle with the trimmings*."

AMONGST the literary curiosities in the National Library at Berlin is the Bible used by Charles I. on the scaffold.

Farewell, for a time, to Correspondents.

As I am about to be absent for a few months, I must beg my correspondents to excuse me, if they do not see in the Museum a regular attention to their requests. For the present, however, let me say, that I have received the letter of B. . . ., dated Boston, April 7; of M. A. R.—l, North Bangor; of F., from Nantucket; of M. Hale, Homersville, N. Y.; of Julia's brother Jo, Elm Cottage; of G. Q.; of W. N., of Boston; two letters from L. R. T., N. York; one from J. D. C., Yarmouth; one from E. M. H., Malden; one from S. C. Morse, Burlington, Vt.; one from W. B. C—, and some others.

I offer my thanks to Thomas L. S. for his suggestions. He refers to a conundrum on the 120th page of vol. II. of the Museum, which states that there is a chapter in the Bible of which it is impossible to read three verses without crying. He says it is the 117th Psalm, and my readers can see if he is right. The following story which Thomas tells is pleasing.

"I was showing my little sister (three years old) the picture of Mt. Vesuvius, in your last 'Museum,' and wishing to find her ideas on the subject, I asked her, 'Is that mountain on fire?' 'No,' said she. 'What makes it smoke then?' said I. 'Why,' said she, looking up into my face with a glance I cannot describe—'why, there is a stove in the mountain!'"

The following letters tell their own tale; the first is from a very young subscriber

Hartford, June 1st, 1842.

MR. MERRY:

I have been a reader of your Museum ever since it has been published, and I like it very much. I was quite pleased with the stories of Brusque and the Siberian Sable-Hunter, and should like to see them continued. I was also

interested in those stories of Peter Parley's, and the puzzles have amused me much. I was glad to find so many in the June number.

I have found out three of them, and believe they are correct; the third is *Peter Parley*, the fifth *Wooden Leg*, and the sixth *Robert Merry*.

MARY F.

Newburgh, May 4th, 1842.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

I take this opportunity of writing you a few lines, to let you know how I like your Museum. I have taken it for the last year, and I intend to take it as long as it is published, if nothing happens to prevent me. I long to see the rest of the Siberian Sable-Hunter, and Philip Brusque, and Peter Parley's stories. If the little black and blue-eyed boys and girls only knew how interesting this little book is, they could not help subscribing for it. What boy or girl is there that cannot save one dollar a year? I have asked several of my friends to subscribe for it, and I hope that, before long, I can send some subscribers for Robert Merry's Museum.

I remain your faithful subscriber,
a blue-eyed friend,

T. S. McC.

MR. MERRY:

In answer to Bertha's charade in your May number, I can do no less than send you the following, hoping you will notice it in your next, and oblige B.

Dear Bertha, if I don't intrude,
The *truth* that's in your story
Is what you mean by "earthly good,"
Likewise the "path to glory."
The *first* is *T*, the end of Lot;
The *second's* *r*,—you know it;
That stands for rest, and every jot
As plain as words can show it.
And if the end of malt be *t*,
As I do now conceive it,
It doubtless must the fourth one be—
In truth, I do believe it.
The third is *u*, I do believe,
In fact you'll not deny it;
And if I do the right conceive,
The fifth is *h*—let's try it.
There is an *h* in spelling *heaven*,
Likewise in spelling *hell*;
Now, if I am not much mistaken,
There's one in spelling *shell*.
If now I make them all combined,
Your anxious heart 't will soothe—
Likewise 't will ease my weary mind,
So let us call them TRUTH!

M.

Lancaster, May 5th, 1842.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

Permit me, although an unknown friend, to address a few lines to you concerning your interesting little Magazine. I have taken it for more than one year, and I must say, the more numbers I get of it, the better I like them. I hope you will not discontinue the story of Thomas Trotter's Voyages and Travels very shortly, as it is, in my estimation, the most interesting story I ever read. Your Magazine has become very popular, and I hope it may continue and increase in popularity, as I am certain there is no one that is more worthy of a liberal patronage than Robert Merry's Museum. If you will be kind enough to insert in your next month's Magazine the enigma that I have composed, (which you will find on the other side,) you will oblige your true friend,

VIRGINIA.

ENIGMA.

I am a word composed of six letters.

My 4, 3, 4, 6 is what everybody was once

My 4, 3, 2 is the name of a bird that flies all night.

My 4, 3, 5, 6 is an article used by merchants.

My 5, 3, 1, 2 is used by the shoemakers.

My 6, 6, 5 is an animal that inhabits rivers.

My 4, 3, 2, 2, 5, 6 is a thing that was done in the revolution.

My 3, 5, 6 is a pleasant beverage.

My 3, 2, 3, 5, 6 is what the little folks like.

My 1, 3, 5, 6 is a thing often done.

And my last, 4, 6, 3, 2, is what Paddy gave the drum. And my whole is in every town.

H. E. H. suggests *Admiral Nelson*, as as a solution of the puzzle of thirteen letters in the May number of the Museum. He is right.

The following puzzles are among the great number sent for insertion.

I am a word of 16 letters.

My 1, 2, 7 is a witty fellow.

My 12, 9, 13, 5, 15, 7 is often applied to a wanderer.

My 13, 11, 12, 7, 14, 6, 5, 2 is one of the United States.

My 4, 2, 12, 12, 9, 1 is an agricultural instrument.

My 2, 12, 8, 5, 3, 2, 10 is a workman.

My 16, 14, 6 is a sort of snare.

My whole is the name of a distinguished American writer.

Yours respectfully,

F.

I am a word of 13 letters.

My 10, 11, 2, 1 is the name of a furious animal.

My 9, 11, 10 is a liquid.

My 6, 2, 3, 12 is a very valuable product.

My 7, 6, 4, 9, 1 is a town of Massachusetts

My 5, 13, 4 forms a part of a gentleman's apparel.

My 13, 12, 4 is the name of a female.

My 8, 7, 4 is what my 6, 7, 4 very much desires.

My 12 and 9 is a word of refusal.

My 6, 2, 4 is a small house.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 2, 7, 6 is a medicine.

My 3, 6, 8 is a quadruped.

My 9, 13, 14, 5, 3 is an author.

My 13, 5, 2 is an herb.

My 1, 4, 7, 8 is a plant.

My 14, 9, 15 is a part of the foot.

My 2, 7, 8 is an insect.

My 6, 7, 11, 12 is a name.

My 13, 4, 7 is an ore.

My 10, 9, 7, 4, 6, 11 is a group of islands.

My 11, 10, 7, 5 is a number.

My whole is a celebrated queen.

Charleston, S. C., June 4th, 1842.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir,—Your Museum affords much amusement and instruction to your few subscribers here. I have made out the following answers to some of your puzzles, which it will be gratifying to me to know are correct.

Very respectfully,

LOUISA.

To the third, of thirteen letters—Daniel Webster.

To the seventh, of eleven letters—Robert Merry.

To the sixth, of nine letters—Wooden Leg.

To the fourth, of eleven letters—Peter Parley.

The above answers are right.

R. M.

On the death of King William IV., a council of Indians was held in Canada, where it was announced that they had no longer a "great father," but a "great mother!"—meaning the queen.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME IV.—No. 3.



Seeing.

OF all the senses, that of seeing is the most noble, commanding and useful. It enables us to perceive thousands of objects at a glance, with their forms, colors, and distance.

The mechanical structure of the eye is very curious, but I shall not describe it now. It is sufficient to say that light is the

great instrument by which vision is performed. This is supposed to consist of innumerable particles, inconceivably small, which proceed in straight lines from every part of luminous or shining bodies. These fly with a velocity ten million times as swift as a cannon ball, for they come from the sun to the earth in eight minutes!

These rays of light enter the ball of the eye at the pupil; and at the bottom of a cavity in the ball, called the retina, a little picture is painted of every object placed before the eye. It is this little picture that enables us to see; and we see distinctly, or otherwise, as this is clear or obscure. A very curious thing is, that this picture paints everything reversed, that is, upside down. The reason why we do not, therefore, see things upside down, is a matter that has puzzled greater philosophers than Bob Merry.

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE book shop in which I was now a clerk, was not like the present Broadway establishments of Appleton, or Wiley & Putnam—a vast hall, with almost endless successions of shelves, and these loaded with the rich and varied volumes of the American and English press. No indeed! it was a little shop in Pearl street, stocked with Webster's Spelling Books, Watts's Psalms and Hymns, Young's Night Thoughts, Webster's Third Part, the American Preceptor, and other works of a popular kind, and designed for general use. There were no Rollo works—there was no Peter Parley then!

Mr. Cooke was a very sharp man in trade. His whole soul was bent on making money. He cared nothing for books, except for the profit he made upon them. For a few days he left me to myself, but then he began to try to make me as much interested in the business as he was. But this was a vain attempt. My thoughts were always somewhere else, and often when he spoke to me I did not hear him. I was constantly making blunders. In casting accounts I got everything wrong; I credited

Mr. Lightfoot with books that should have been charged; I sent off to a customer a lot of Peregrine Pickle, instead of Young's Night Thoughts; and at last, taking the inkstand for the sand-box, I dashed a puddle of ink over the ledger!

This was the crisis of my fate. Never in all my days have I seen such another sight as poor Mr. Cooke's face. Astonishment, indignation, fury, were in his countenance all at once. At last he broke out: "What have you done? Oh you unlucky dog! Get out of my house; get out of my sight! Oh my poor, dear ledger! Here's a pretty kettle of fish! Get out of my sight! Get a piece of newspaper; fetch some water; run to the house and get a cloth! Oh dear, dear, dear! what shall I do! Oh Robert Merry—Robert Merry!" Here the poor man was entirely out of breath. I got the things he wanted, took my hat and walked into the street.

I passed along quite rapidly for some time, hardly knowing what I was about. In the tempest of my mind I walked rapidly, and was soon in a remote part of the city. The time passed insensibly away, and it was evening before I was aware of it. As I was walking through a dark and narrow street, I heard a voice behind me, and a clatter as of many persons running with all their might. The din drew nearer and nearer, and soon I distinguished the cry of "Stop thief! stop thief!" In a moment a young man rushed by me, and at a little distance several men came pressing in hot pursuit. I was seized with a sudden impulse, whether of fright, I cannot say, but I ran with all my speed. I was, however, soon overtaken, and rudely seized by the collar by a man, who exclaimed, "Well, rascal, I have got you at last!"

"Let go of me," said I, "I am no rascal."

"Nay, nay," said the other; "not so soon, my boy!" at the same time he twisted my collar, till I was well-nigh

choked. Two other men came up, and each had some rude thing to say to me.

"Well, master Scrapegrace," said one, "I guess you have seen Bridewell; so it will be as good as home to you."

"It's the very fellow I saw prowling about the streets last night," said another: "his hang-dog look is enough to commit him."

"Really," said a third, "there's a touch of the gentleman about the fellow; but there's no rogue so bad as one that's seen better days, and had a neddicashun."

With this kind of conversation they amused themselves, while they pulled me rudely along, and at last lodged me in a watch-house. Here I was kept till morning, when I was taken to a prison called Bridewell, where were some fifty persons, of all ages and sexes, and wearing the various aspects of poverty, wretchedness, and crime. I could not endure to face them, so I slunk into a corner and sat down upon the floor. Burying my face in my hands, I gave myself up to despair.

I sat for two or three hours in utter desolation, thinking over my sad fortunes, and cut to the heart with a sense of the evils that surrounded me. At length a man came and told me that I was wanted. I followed him out, and was taken into a room full of people. I had never been in a court of justice before, and I certainly did not guess that this was a place that could bear such a title. I have seen a good deal of the world, and yet I am ready to declare that in no place, not even in the wilderness, among savages, is there a spot where men seem to me so rude, so ill-mannered, so unjust, so little humane, as in that place called *a court of justice*. The constable, the sheriff, the judge, and, above all, the lawyers, have the same heartlessness, the same disregard of the claims of one human being upon another.

I was hurried through the crowd, and placed in an elevated seat, surrounded with a railing, thus becoming the object upon which every eye was bent. The sense of my degradation, innocent as I was, overwhelmed me with confusion. One of the lawyers, called the city attorney, soon got up and stated to a sour and awful looking man, who it appeared was the judge, that the times were marked with fearful signs. "May it please your honor," said he, "the good old days of purity are past; no longer are the young brought up in the way in which they should go, but they are either instructed to ridicule every law of God and man, or left to work out their own destruction. It is a time for justice to do her work; for the judge to assert the majesty of the insulted law. I now bring before you, sir, a young man of genteel appearance; one who has evidently seen and known better things; but who yet, we have reason to believe, is a hardened and practised villain."

Having said this, the lawyer went on to state, that I entered a store the evening of the preceding day, and robbed the till or drawer of its money, amounting to several dollars; that I was soon pursued, and, while running, threw away the money; that I was speedily overtaken, lodged in the watch-house for the night, and then put in Bridewell. Here several witnesses were called, who testified to these facts. One of them, who had accompanied me to the watch-house, added, that he knew me perfectly well; that I was a thief and gambler by profession; that he had seen me some days before at a little tavern, notorious as a gambling house, and that he had seen me playing at cards with two celebrated rogues. This he embellished with sundry particulars as to my looks and actions.

I was so unpractised in the ways of the world, so ignorant, and so utterly confounded at the strange events that

came hurrying one after another, that I sat still, and heard all this with a kind of stupid wonder. I did not attempt to explain or deny anything. It all looked to me like a conspiracy—the countenance of judge, lawyer, and witness, bore an aspect coinciding with this idea, and I felt it to be in vain to resist. Though the whole story, save only the gambling scene, and my being taken in the street, was false, yet I said nothing, and my silence was taken as admission of my crime.

This examination was followed by a speech on the part of the lawyer, who evidently wished to have me convicted. I could not imagine why this man, whom I had never seen before, whom I never injured or offended, should be so anxious to prove me a thief, and to have me shut up in prison. I did not then know that a lawyer always wishes to succeed in any case he undertakes, right or wrong, because he is thought a better lawyer if he is able to succeed. I did not then know that if a lawyer has a bad case, he is particularly anxious to gain it, and makes all the greater efforts because he thereby shows his ingenuity and his art, and thus increases his reputation and gains practice.

Well, the lawyer went on pleading very artfully, pretending all the time to be candid, and to pity me; but yet exaggerating the testimony, and making me out one of the blackest villains that ever lived. He was so eloquent and so artful, that I almost began to think that I was really a regular thief! I expected of course to be condemned, and was not disappointed when the judge sentenced me to three months' imprisonment in the city jail.

To this place I was taken the next day, and there shut up with about a hundred other convicts; thus becoming the regular companion of criminals; and denied the liberty of going forth to breathe the pure

air, or to associate with my fellow-men because I was considered a dangerous person! At the time, this all seemed to me not only cruel and unjust, but unaccountable. I have since been able to see that it proceeded from weakness of character on my part, owing to my faulty education. My playing at cards at the tavern; my inattentive negligence at the bookstore; my want of all habits of taking care of myself, had thus led me on from one step to another, till I was now an outcast from society and the world. I had been brought up to think myself rich; this was the first great evil. I had never had that constant admonition which parents bestow, and which, though children often resist and reject it, is the greatest good that Providence can send to young persons. It was owing to these defects in my education, that I had grown up in ignorance and imbecility; and now that I was left to take care of myself, I found that I was incompetent to the task. Having committed no serious fault, and utterly innocent of all crime, I was still a convicted felon. Let this part of my story teach children to prize the advantages of a good education; to prize the admonitions of parents; and to prize the protection and guidance of father and mother, when danger and difficulty gather around the path of youthful life.

I saw no one with whom I had the least desire to form an acquaintance, and therefore kept aloof from all around me. Food was brought in, but I had lost all appetite, and could not eat. A bed was assigned me in a long room, where were about twenty other beds. It was a mere mattress of straw upon the floor; and though not inviting, at an early hour I retired and lay down upon it. I was revolving my own fate in my mind, when some one in the bed next to me, spoke. I looked up, and by the dim light, I saw there a young man, thin and pale, and apparently unable to rise. "Get me

some water! for God's sake get me some water!" said he. The tones were husky, but earnest, and I sprang up instantly. "Who are you?" said I.

"Oh, never mind who I am, but get me some water," was the reply.

I went instantly, and procured some water and brought it to the bed-side. The young man raised himself with great difficulty. He was wasted to a skeleton; his hair was long and nearly covered his face. His eye was deep blue, and large, and the expression was exceedingly soft, though now very bright. He took a long draught of the water, and then sunk heavily upon the bed, saying, as if it was all he had strength to say, "Thank you!"

This scene interested me, and called my thoughts away from myself. I sat by the side of the young man, looking intently upon his pale face. In a short time he opened his eyes, and saw me looking at him. He started a little, and then said—"What do you look at me so for?" "I hardly know," said I, "except that you are sick. Can I aid you—can I do anything for you?"

"No—no," replied he: "no—and yet you can. Come near; I am very feeble and cannot talk loud. What brought you here? You do not talk like one of us?" I here told the young man my story, very briefly. At first he seemed to doubt my veracity—but he soon dismissed his suspicions, and went on as follows:

"You think that your misfortunes are the result of an imperfect education, and the want of the care, teaching, and protection of parents. My story will show you that all these advantages may be thrown away, if the heart is wrong. My story will tell you *the dangers that lie in the first fault!*

"My parents were respectable and religious people. They took great pains with my education, for I was their only

child. They not only sent me to school, and provided me with good books, but they gave me good advice, required me to go to church, and took care that I should not fall into evil company. It was impossible not to love such parents, and therefore I entertained for them the strongest affection. I also placed the most perfect confidence in them: I told them all my wishes, and if reasonable, they were granted; I told them my troubles, and then was sure to receive sympathy, and, if possible, relief.

"But this happy state of things did not continue. One of my companions had a watch, which he wished to sell for ten dollars. It was very pretty, and I desired exceedingly to possess it. I asked my father for ten dollars to buy it; but he thought it an idle expense, and refused. I then went to my mother, and tried to get her to persuade my father to buy the watch for me; but this was unavailing.

"About this time, I saw a ten dollar bill, lying, as if left by some accident, in one of my father's desk drawers. The thought of taking it, came suddenly into my mind. I took it and put it into my pocket, and went away. It was the first thing of the kind I had ever done, but a first step in guilt once taken, others soon become matters of course. I had no great fear of detection, for I believed that the bill would not be missed, and if it were, no one was likely to suspect *me* of taking it. The money was soon missed, however, and some inquiry was made about it. I was asked if I had seen it: to which I answered, 'No!' This lie, the first I had ever told, was the direct consequence of my first fault.

"The loss of the money passed by; nothing more was said of it for some time. After waiting a few days, I took the bill and purchased the watch of my young friend, telling him to say that he had given it to me, if any inquiry was

made about it. I then took it home and told my mother that John Staples had given me the watch. Thus I went on, not only telling falsehoods myself, but also leading my companion into falsehood: so sure it is that one crime leads to another.

My mother seemed very thoughtful when I showed her the watch; and pretty soon after, my father called me to him, and began to inquire about it. He was evidently a little suspicious that I had come by it unfairly, and suspected that, somehow or other, the affair was connected with the lost ten dollar bill. I parried all his enquiries; denied plumply and roundly all knowledge of the missing money; and at last, with tears and a look of honest indignation, protested my innocence.

"From this time, my feelings towards my parents began to alter, and especially towards my father. I could not bear to see him look at me. Ever before, I had loved his look, as if it were summer's sunshine; but now it seemed to me to be full of suspicion and reproach. I felt as if his eye penetrated into my very bosom; and it stung me with remorse. My confidence in him was gone; my affection flown; I even disliked to be in his presence, and I was constantly devising the means of cheating and deceiving him!

"So things went on for two or three weeks, when at last my father called me to his study, and I saw by his look that something serious was coming. He proceeded at once to tell me that a shop-keeper in the village, in paying him some money, had given, among other bills, the lost ten dollar note! He added further, that, on inquiry, he found that it had been received of John Staples. My father's inference was, that I had taken the money, and bought the watch with it, and had resorted to a series of falsehoods to cover up my guilt. Short as had been my apprenticeship in crime, I

met this charge with steadiness; and still protested my innocence, and insinuated that suspicion ought rather to fall upon Staples, than upon myself.

"Upon this hint, my father sent for John, who, true to his promise, said that he had given me the watch. When asked about the money, he denied all knowledge of it. My father told him of getting the identical bill he had lost, at the merchant's store; he took it out of his pocket, and deliberately showed it to Staples. The fellow seemed to feel that he was caught; that further evasion was vain. The truth trembled upon his lips, but before he spoke, he looked at me. I gave him such a frown as to decide his course. He instantly changed his mind, and resolutely denied ever having seen the money before!

"This was decisive: Staples was proved a liar, and it was readily inferred that he was also a thief. The matter was told to his father, who paid the ten dollars in order to hush the matter up. Thus the affair seemed to end, and my first enterprise in guilt was successful. But alas, there is no end to crime! and our success in error is but success in misery. I had obtained the watch—but at what a cost! It had made me a liar; it had deprived me of that love of my parents which had been my greatest source of happiness; it had made me dread even the look and presence of my kind father; it had led me, in order to save myself, to sacrifice my friend and companion; and, finally, it had made me look upon all these things with satisfaction and relief, because they had been connected with my escape from detection and punishment. Thus it is that we learn not only to practise wickedness, but to love it!

"From this time, my course in the downward path was steady and rapid. I formed acquaintance with the vicious, and learned to prefer their society. I soon became wholly weaned from

my parents, and felt their society to be an irksome restraint, rather than a pleasure. From regarding my father as an object of affection, I learned now to look upon him with aversion. When he came into my presence, or I into his, his image produced a painful emotion in my mind. Thus I got at length to feel toward him something like hatred. I spent a great deal of money for him, and kept constantly asking for more. I knew that he was in straightened circumstances, and that he could ill afford to supply me—but this did not weigh a feather in my hardened mind.

"I went on from one step to another, till at last I agreed to unite with my companions in a regular system of roguery. We formed a kind of society, and robbed hen-roosts and melon-patches by the score. We obtained entrance to houses and stores, and plundered them of many watches and silver spoons. I was the youngest of the party, and did not always take a very active part in their enterprises—but I loved the sport and did what I could. At last, as we were returning from an excursion one very dark night—there being four of us—we heard a horse's trot behind us. We waited a little, and soon a gentleman, well mounted, came up. In an instant two of the gang rushed upon him; one seized the horse's bridle, and the other pulled the man to the ground. We all fell upon him and began to rifle his pockets. He made some resistance, and I was about to strike him on the head—when, think of my horror!—I perceived that it was my father! I staggered back and fell senseless upon the ground. No one saw me, and how long I remained insensible, I cannot say.

"When I came to myself, I was alone. My companions had gone away, not noticing me, and my father, after being rifled of his watch and money, had escaped. What should I do? I could not

return home; the thought of meeting the parent, in whose robbery I had been an abettor, and against whose life I had prepared to strike a ruffian blow—was too horrible! I fled to this city—I allied myself to rogues and scoundrels. I lived a life of crime; for nothing else was left to me. I drank deeply; for drunkenness is necessary to one who pursues a life of vice and crime. The mind gets full of horrors at last, and brandy only can allay them; beside, brandy is often necessary to nerve the head and strengthen the arm, so as to give the needed daring and power. If you could annihilate liquors, it seems to me that you would annihilate the whole profession of thieves, blacklegs, burglars, robbers and counterfeits. Get rid of those who sell liquors, and you get rid of these felons; for they could not endure such lives as they lead, unless braced up by the stimulus of strong drink.

"Well—my story is now told. I have only to say, that I was taken at last, for one of my crimes, tried, convicted, and sent to this place. But I shall stay here a short time only. My health is gone—though scarce eighteen years of age; my constitution is wasted away, and the lamp of life is near going out forever!"

Here the poor youth sunk down upon his bed, completely exhausted. He closed his eyes, and by the flickering light of a remote lamp, his face seemed as pallid as marble. It looked like the very image of death, and I felt a sort of awe creeping over me, as if a corpse was at my side. At last I could hear him breathe, and then I went to bed. I reflected long upon what had happened. "I have thought," said I, mentally, "that I was most unhappy, in being destitute of the care and instruction of parents; but there is a poor youth, who is still more wretched, and who yet has enjoyed the blessing denied to me. The truth is, that after all, good or ill fortune, is usually

the result of our own conduct. Even if Providence grants us blessings, we may neglect or abuse them; if they are denied to us, we may, by a steady pursuit of the right path, still be successful in gaining happiness." With this reflection, I fell asleep; but when I awoke in the morning, the young man at my side was sleeping in the repose of death!

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER XXIII.

General resemblance.—Food.—Fishing.—Hunting.—Houses.—Dress.—Manner in which they train their children.

A STRONG resemblance in personal traits exists throughout the numberless native tribes of North America. They are generally tall, straight, and robust. Their skin is of a copper-color; their eyes large, bright, black, and piercing; their hair long, dark and coarse, seldom or never curled; and to their simple diet and active life they owe their white and regular teeth, and their excellent health.

Their food is such as they can obtain from the rivers and the forests; hunting and fishing, and fighting form the chief pursuits of the American savages. Before the arrival of the whites, very little labor was expended in tilling the lands; and, even that little, was done mostly by the women. But since their hunting-grounds have become too small, and game too scarce to allow them to support life in this way, they have begun to turn their attention to the riches which labor and time can draw from the bosom of the fertile soil.

The natives made use of both spears and nets in their fisheries. They had a way of fishing in the night time, by

means of a fire kindled on a hearth in the middle of their canoes, which dazzled the fishes by its light, and enabled those in the boats to take them easily with a spear. They sometimes built a fence or dam entirely across the mouth of some small river, leaving only one opening, at which they placed a sort of pot or box, made very much in the form of a mouse-trap, into which the fish were carried by the stream, and thus caught.

Before the Indians had learned from Europeans the use of fire-arms, their only method of hunting was by means of bows and arrows, and traps. In shooting with the bow, they were very expert, but they have now generally laid it aside for the gun.

They had a very ingenious way of taking a great number of deer and other large animals at a time. They first make two fences of strong pointed stakes, so high that the deer cannot leap over them. These fences at one end are very far apart, but they gradually approach near each other, until there is but a small opening between them, which leads into a small enclosure in the form of a triangle. At the farther end of this triangle is a small covered way, large enough to allow one deer to pass into it.

When all this is prepared, a great number of people assemble together, and forming a half circle around the forest, advance slowly, driving before them all the animals which it contains. These, finding themselves hard-pressed, run on, until they come to the fences, which they follow along, and thus enter the small enclosure to which they lead. Here there is no returning, as the hunters block up the narrow passage; the affrighted herd are compelled to enter the covered way of stakes, where they are easily killed with a spear.

The morning is the best time for hunting. This the Indian knows well, and he is always up and off in the woods

before daylight, in hopes to be able to return at breakfast time with a deer, turkey, goose, or some other game, then in season. Meantime, his wife has pounded his corn, now boiling on the fire, baked her bread, and spread their mat in the open air, under the bright beams of the morning sun. And when the hunter returns with his load of game, they sit down to their simple meal, sweeter to them than the dainty repast of a Roman emperor—for it has been purchased by the labor of their own hands.

The houses of the Indians are built of a frame-work of small trees or poles, with a covering of bark or branches of trees; a hole in the top lets out the smoke, and a small opening in the side, with a mat hung before it, serves for a door. These huts or *wigwams* are generally small and dirty, and cannot be very agreeable residences; but this is of little consequence, as the natives spend most of their time in the open air. The tribes of Virginia lived in villages, which were generally surrounded by rows of palisades, or strong sharpened stakes, to secure them from the attacks of an enemy.

Formerly, the Indian dress consisted entirely of the skins of different animals, which they could dress until they became quite soft and pliant. Now, they generally make use of cloth, which they obtain from their civilized neighbors. They wear a blanket or coat of skins wrapt around the body, leggings, or close stockings, for the leg, and *moccasins*, or shoes made of skin, for the feet. Of course, the fashions vary in different countries; the Virginians were by no means so well clad as the natives of Canada.

Like all other half-civilized nations, the natives of America delight in ornamenting their persons. A young Indian warrior is, perhaps, as thorough-going a *beau* as any in the world. Heckewelder

tells us of a young acquaintance of his, who had spent a whole day in preparing himself for a dance. His face was painted in such a singular style that it appeared different in every different view. When seen from the front, his nose appeared very long and narrow, with a round knob at the end, much like the upper part of a pair of tongs. When viewed in profile, on one side his nose represented the beak of an eagle; on the other side it resembled the snout of a pike, with the mouth open, so that the teeth could be seen. On one cheek there was a round spot of red, and on the other one of black; while the eyelids were so colored that they appeared to be upside down. This was the Indian ball dress; and the young dandy warrior was evidently very proud of his work.

They paint themselves on various other occasions; they do it in war, to strike terror into their enemies. The warriors of one tribe are known to paint their bodies with white streaks on a black ground so as to give them the hideous appearance of skeletons. In peace, the paint is generally blue, or some other light color.

Most Indians are in the habit of changing their place of residence several times a year, for the purpose of finding better hunting-grounds, or of retreating from their enemies. In their journeys, as in everything else, the women do all the drudgery of the household, such as packing up, and carrying the movables, and raising again their little cabin in their new situation. Such being the case, their furniture must be scanty and light. The dry leaves of the forest, with a blanket or a few skins, serve for a bed; a small iron kettle to boil their food, a mortar to grind their corn, with a few gourds, and mats, make up the furnishing of an Indian wigwam.

To these, perhaps, should be added the cradle, which is as unlike the cradle in

which, when little children, we have been gently rocked to sleep, as can be conceived. The cradle of the Indian babe is nothing but a hard board, to which the helpless infant is bound with strong bands or strips of wood, bent over like pieces of hoop. The cradle with the child is then hung on the branch of a tree, where it rocks to and fro in the wind, or is fastened to the back of its mother in her travels; the little *pappoose* enduring, without a sign of pain or ill-temper, all the hard knocks which it is obliged to receive in this situation.

The Indians never punish their children; they say it breaks the spirit of the young warriors, and that their sons will never be brave in fight, unless they are bold and forward in their youth. The parents, however, take another way to infuse into the minds of their children good principles, and a respect for the aged. This they do by exciting their pride and emulation; they tell them that if they follow the advice of the most admired and extolled hunter, trapper, or warrior, they will, at a future day, obtain a reputation equal to that which he possesses; that, if they respect the aged and infirm, they will be treated in like manner when their turn comes to feel the infirmities of old age.

These precepts seldom fail of effect; the ambition of the child is aroused; and he listens to the directions of those older and wiser than himself, in hopes of being, one day, admired and respected for his own bravery and wisdom. But although this may stimulate the faculties of youth, and may give them vigor, it is little likely to cultivate self-restraint, and the habit of acting according to a rule of duty.

When a boy becomes old enough to hunt, his father takes him out into the woods, and teaches him how to proceed. The youth calls to mind the lessons

which he has received, in listening to the words of the most famous hunters, and he resolves to equal them. The first game which he kills, whatever it be, is immediately cooked, and all the friends and relatives of the family are invited to the "boy's feast." From that time, he takes his place among the men, and he is expected to contribute, by his bow, his gun, or his net, to the support of the family.

When a young man arrives at the proper age to marry, he begins to look about him among the young women of his tribe, and if he sees any with whose looks and behavior he is pleased, he endeavors to gain her favor by presents and soft speeches. The parents of the young people soon perceive the attachment, and a negotiation commences. The mother of the young man takes a choice piece of meat and carries it to the house of the girl's parents, never forgetting to mention that her son was the successful hunter of the game. The mother of the young woman, on her part, brings a dish of victuals, such as beans, or Indian corn, to the wigwam of the other, saying, "This is the produce of my daughter's field."

If the old ladies are able to tell the good news to each other that the young people have pronounced the articles sent to them, "very good," the bargain is concluded. From that time, it is the duty of the man to bring home game enough to support the family, while his wife exerts herself to cook the victuals, prepare the clothes of her husband, and till their little field of Indian corn, and other vegetables; and though her labors are undoubtedly severe, yet she knows that the time and abilities of her husband are taken up in the all-important duties of hunting, fishing, and trapping, and she is never unwilling to perform her part.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Customs of the Indians in their intercourse with each other.—Anecdote of the missionaries.—Usages in respect to murder—war—peace—religion—Traditions.—Superstitions.—Their ideas of heaven.—General character, and probable fate.

HITHERTO we have regarded the Indians in their private and domestic relations. Let us now glance at them in their intercourse with one another, their laws, and their conduct towards other nations, both in war and in peace.

The natives are brought up with a high sense of their own dignity and honor, and they are always certain to feel and avenge an affront. Hence, in their ordinary conversation, they take great care not to excite the passions of others. They sometimes carry this civility almost too far; they will seldom dispute anything which another asserts, and they require the same complaisance in return.

It is said that a missionary was once preaching to the Indians, and explaining to them the divine truths of the gospel, while his tawny auditors listened in assenting silence. When he had finished, a chief arose and observed that all the white man had said was very good, and might be followed; he then related the tradition of his nation concerning the first production of certain plants. But when the missionary expressed himself disgusted with the idle tale, the Indian, offended, replied—"My brother, it seems your friends have not done justice to your education; we are willing to believe all the stories which you tell us, why do you not believe ours?"

If it should ever happen, however, that an Indian, in a fit of passion, should kill another, it is the duty of the relations of the murdered man to avenge his death. The murderer knows his fate, and submits without a struggle. Sometimes it is the case that the rank and power of the criminal is so great, that no one

cares to execute the fatal decree of vengeance; at other times he is adopted by the family of the deceased in his place.

When the murder has been committed on a person of another tribe, the consequence is generally war. This, like all other important measures, is first determined upon by a grand council of chiefs and warriors. In these assemblies, the greatest order and decorum always prevail. The most aged and respectable always speak first, and no one thinks of interrupting one who is speaking. Even after he sits down, they are silent for a few minutes, in order that they may seem to reflect upon what he has spoken.

If war is finally concluded upon, a large painted post is set up in an enclosed place, and the warriors, begrimed with paint and holding their tomahawks in their hand, dance with frantic gestures around it, singing their war-song. As many as join in the dance, are bound to go out against the enemy; this is the Indian mode of recruiting.

In their warfare, every species of cunning and cruelty is practised, and all the ferocity of a savage nature breaks forth. When a town of the enemy is attacked and taken, no age or condition is spared; infants, old men, and women fall in indiscriminate massacre. Even those that are spared, are reserved for a yet more terrible fate.

When a victorious expedition returns home, the scalps of their slain enemies are carried in front, fixed on the end of a thin pole; the prisoners follow, and then the warriors advance, shouting the dreadful *scalp-yell*, once for every head which they have taken, dead or alive.

When the captives enter the village, they are shown a painted post at the distance of from twenty or forty yards, and told to run for it. On each side of the way stand men, women, and children, with axes, sticks, and other weapons, ready to strike him as he passes. If he

shows himself prompt, and bold, and makes, with all speed, for the post, he is generally certain of reaching it without much harm; and, in that case, he is safe, until his final destiny is determined upon. This is called—*running the gauntlet*.

Sometimes he is adopted into the tribe, in place of others slain in the war; or he is left to be ransomed by his friends. But if he be a great warrior, who has done them much injury, he is generally condemned to suffer by the fiery torture. He is stripped naked and bound to a tree; a heap of dry brush is placed around him, and set on fire, while his enemies dance in triumph around the victim, exulting in his torment. He, on his part, meets his fate with firmness, even in this horrid form; he sings his death-song, relates his exploits against his enemies, and taunts them with cowardice, telling them that they are no more than so many old women, and bidding them look on and see how a *man* can die!

When a war is to be concluded, or, in the language of the Indians, who are fond of metaphorical expressions, when the hatchet is to be buried, and the path of peace to be opened to their enemies' country, messengers of peace are sent, carrying with them a calumet, or pipe, with a long stem adorned with the feathers of the rarest birds. This pipe is lighted, and presented to the chiefs of the hostile tribe; if they smoke it, it is a sign that the proposals are agreed to, and that the hatchet is buried under the tree of peace. But if, on the other hand, they refuse to receive it, the war is continued with as much fury as ever.

There never was a nation without some religion. Even the most barbarous and degraded African tribes have some divinity which they worship. The natives of America believe in a Great Spirit, or *Manito*, who created the world in the

beginning, and governs all things with absolute sway. Under him are many inferior spirits, some good and others bad, who have each his particular duty to perform. There is a god in the sun, another in the moon, and another for every appearance which they do not understand. When the natives first saw the white men of Europe, they took them to be *Manitos*, and paid them the honors which they rendered to their god.

The Indians have all some dim tradition of the deluge; but farther than this, their traditions do not extend. Some believe that a beaver, who was swimming about upon the water, dived to the bottom, and brought up a little earth in his paws, from which the land was formed. Concerning the origin of the Indians themselves, they relate that for a long time they lived under ground, in the shape of some other animals, such as the bear, the beaver, and even the oyster, which, in time, were changed to men.

After remaining a long time in this abode, some of their young men who were out on a hunting expedition, discovered a hole in the earth, through which they ascended and came to a fine country, well stocked with game, fruit, and all other necessities of life. They returned to their people, told them of their wonderful discovery, and all forthwith ascended and took up their residence on the earth. The Mandans, however, say that some of their tribe yet remain under ground; for a very fat woman, in her eagerness to reach the desired land, laid hold of the vine by which they climb up, so roughly, that it broke down, and those which were left, were forever prevented from joining their companions.

The Indians of Virginia called their Great Spirit *Quiouos*. Some gentlemen who were once ranging the woods near the settlements, came upon the temple of this god, and took the liberty, as they

saw no one near, to open the door and go in. It was a cabin, somewhat larger than usual, and at the farther end was a recess, before which hung a curtain. On a shelf in this recess, they found some pieces of wood and cloth, which, when put together, they found to be the famous idol of the Virginians. As the cabin had no windows, this figure, seen by the glimmering light from the door, must have appeared to its benighted worshippers really terrific.

The Indians are a very superstitious race of people, and there are always some who are willing to take advantage of the weakness of their countrymen to serve their own interest. Such are the jugglers and sorcerers—an artful and mischievous set of people. They pretend to have power over the elements, to bring rain, to cure sickness, to cause death, and to change themselves to any form, by means of their charms and medicine.

Mr. Heckewelder was one day walking out, during a very severe drought, and came upon an old conjurer, named Chenos, who was engaged in some of his mummeries. The missionary asked him what he was doing.

"Oh," said he, "I am hired to do a very hard day's work. I am going to bring down rain from the sky; don't you see how much it is wanted, and that the corn and everything else is perishing?"

"But can you make it rain?" said Mr. Heckewelder.

"Certainly," replied the old conjurer, "and you shall be convinced of it this very day."

He had, by this time, encompassed a square, of about five feet each way, with stakes and pieces of bark, so that it might resemble a pig-pen of about three feet in height, and now, with his face uplifted and turned towards the north, he muttered some words, as if invoking

a superior being. He did the same on the south, and then made a small opening in the side of the pen. "Now," said he, "we shall have rain enough."

And he was right; a few hours afterwards, the sky suddenly became overcast, and a plentiful shower of rain succeeded; proving to every Indian's mind, the power of their conjurer, and the efficacy of his prayers. It is evident that the old Chenos had paid good attention to the signs of the weather, and his experience enabled him to foresee that there would soon be rain, without the aid of supernatural powers.

The Indians put great faith in dreams; they believe that while the body sleeps, the soul leaves it and acts for itself; and they think that everything which they dream ought to be fulfilled when they awake.

A chief of the Mohawk tribe, Hendrick by name, resolved to turn this belief to good account. On a visit to Sir William Johnson, the superintendent of Indian affairs in America, he had been very much struck with the brilliancy of his host's suit of clothes, which were new and were richly covered with gold lace. A few days afterwards, he called on Sir William, and told him that he had dreamed a most singular dream. The other inquired what it was.

"I dreamed," answered Hendrick, "that you gave me the fine suit which you wore the other day."

Sir William took the hint, and gave him the clothes; but he resolved to dream in his turn; accordingly, not long after, he went to the wigwam of his red friend, and informed him that he had dreamed that Hendrick made him a present of a very fine tract of land of about five thousand acres.

"Have you really dreamed that?" inquired the chief, in dismay; and after a moment's pause, "Very well," said he, "you shall have the land; *but if you*

please, Sir William, we will not dream any more."

The heaven of every nation is a place where the greatest degree of happiness is to be enjoyed hereafter; and of course it differs among different nations, according to their various notions of happiness. The Indians placed their chief pleasure in a life of easy indolence, varied only by the delights of hunting and gaming. Their paradise is, therefore, a land of eternal spring, where the sun's beams are ever mild and refreshing, and where the green woods are stocked with every animal suitable for eating and the chase; and the waters are filled with fish of the most delightful flavor.

Not only the souls of men but also those of animals are admitted into this happy abode. And hence, among some tribes, it is the custom to shoot the dead man's horse over the grave of his master. But the way to this heaven is long and full of dangers; such as meeting with ferocious wild beasts, crossing rapid streams on a single log, and the like. To enable the warrior to pass safely through all these and to gain his subsistence until he arrives at his future abode, they place in his grave weapons for hunting, a pipe, a tinder-box and flint, together with food, and in modern times *a bottle of rum* is added, if the man has been in life, very fond of this destructive liquor—a thing but too common among the natives.

Thus have we followed the Indian of North America from his birth to the place where he awaits the joys of another life—from his "tree-rocked cradle," to his grave. Let us now glance at his general character and his probable fate.

It must be owned that the character of the Indian of the north, is by no means amiable. He is bold, but reserved, even to his friends; fierce and implacable to his enemies; indolent, except when pressed by hunger, or excited by

revenge. Too proud to condescend to labor with his own hands, he compels his wife to bear the drudgery of the lodge, a sure sign of the savage. He never forgives an injury, never forgets a kindness. In war he is brave and cunning, in religion superstitious and cruel.

His virtues and his vices are all those of a barbarian; and such, it is to be feared, he will ever be. The attempt to civilize the natives within the limits of the United States, has been made often and zealously for more than two hundred years, but in vain. The remnant of this once powerful race is melting fast away, as one of their own orators express it, "like snow before the sun;" and perhaps, in a century more, not one will be left to remind us that the land which we inhabit was once their own. Still, it is no less our duty to do all we can to save and render happy, for a while, at least, the feeble remnants of a people to whom we owe so much.

In the crowded saloon of Mr. Catlin the Indian lecturer, in the midst of an intensely interesting discourse, a person rose up, and in a solemn manner said, "Mr. Catlin, will you have the goodness to stop for a moment?" The audience looked with astonishment, and the lecturer paused: "I have lost my little boy in the crowd," said the gentleman, "and wish to call for him." A dead pause ensued in the 1200 persons present. "Clark Potter," said the father. "Here I am, father," said a shrill voice in the corner; at which shouts of laughter and applause ensued, and the stripling was handed over the benches to his anxious parent.

An Irishman, wishing to dispose of his watch, said, by way of recommendation, that it had beat the church clock that blessed day by an *hour and a half*.



The Stock-Dove, &c.

THERE is a wild pigeon in Europe, called the *Stock-Dove*, from which the various kinds of domestic doves are bred. In its native state, this bird builds in rocks or decayed trees; its color is of a deep bluish-ash color, the breast being dashed with a fine changeable green and purple.

The varieties of the domestic pigeon are very great, and some of them are very curious; yet, in their general habits, they are the same. They breed every month; lay two eggs, and hatch two at a time. The female sits from four in the afternoon till ten the next morning; the male takes her place, from ten to four. In this manner they sit alternately, till the young ones are hatched.

The affection of doves to each other is remarkable, and their cooing notes are very soft and pleasing. The constancy of the female, in sitting upon her eggs, is so great, that one bird was once known to continue faithful to her task till the young were hatched, though her legs in the mean time became frozen and dropped off!

So prolific are these birds, that fifteen thousand may be reared from a single pair, in four years. Most birds drink by sipping at intervals; pigeons drink at long draughts, like quadrupeds.

There is a kind of pigeon called *carriers*, and which are used to carry letters from one place to another. These may be easily distinguished from all others by their eyes, which are compassed about by a broad circle of naked white skin, and by being of a dark blue or blackish color. It is from their attachment to their native place, and particularly where they have brought up their young, that these birds have been employed in several countries as the most expeditious travellers.

They are first brought from the place where they were bred, and whither it is intended to send them back with information. The letter is tied under the bird's wing, and after feeding it well, lest it should stop upon the way to eat, it is let loose to return. The little animal no sooner finds itself at liberty than its passion for its native spot directs all its motions.

It is seen upon these occasions flying directly to the clouds, to an amazing height, and then with the greatest certainty and exactness, directing itself by some surprising instinct, towards home, which lies sometimes at many miles distance. It is said that in the space of an hour and a half, they sometimes perform a journey of forty miles.

(As a great number of my readers have desired me to continue the story of Philip Brusque and the island of Fredonia, I have concluded to give the remainder of it.)

Story of Philip Brusque.

CHAPTER XII.

It is natural for mankind to love power; a child loves it, and always seeks to govern his parents and his playmates. Men seek also to govern their fellow-men. This desire is stronger in some than in others; there are persons who are always striving and contriving, for the purpose of acquiring authority over those around them.

Now when several people unite for a certain object, we call them a society; if they unite for religious purposes, we call them a religious society; if for charity, we call them a charitable society; if for government, we call them a political society, because politics is the business of government.

Wherever there is society, we see this love of power; we there find persons who are seeking, by all sorts of means, to acquire authority, so that they may rule. We find it even in school—for there we meet with girls and boys, who strive not only to sway the teacher, but the other scholars; we find it in villages—for there we meet with men who are plotting to gain an ascendancy; in short, we find it everywhere, in towns and cities, in states, countries, and kingdoms.

Now this love of power is a selfish thing, and though it may lead to good, yet it is very apt to lead to evil. It is this which has caused conquerors to murder millions of their fellow-men; it is this which has led politicians to practise every sort of fraud and deception. And one thing is to be remarked here, that when a person desires power, so much as to take dishonest or trickish

means to obtain it, he is not fit to possess it. Such a person will only use it selfishly, and not for the good of those who may come under his authority.

It was fortunate for the little society of Fredonia, that in choosing Mr. Bonfils for a governor, they selected one who did not desire power for any selfish reason, and who accepted the office bestowed upon him only in the hope of benefiting the people. He felt like a father to his children, and his thoughts were, therefore, bent upon the means by which their happiness could be promoted. If he had been a selfish person, he would have turned his mind to consider how he might best promote his own ambition; how he might acquire more power; and how he might secure and perpetuate his sway.

You have heard of Washington, who was president of the United States: now he never strove to get that high office, and he only accepted it, in the hope that his government might bless the nation. You have heard of Bonaparte; he became the emperor of France; but he did it by his own efforts. He did not wait to be chosen a ruler; but he seized the reins of power. He commanded the people to make a crown, and then he commanded them to put it on his head, and call him emperor: and they obeyed. Having thus acquired vast power, having command of the army and the navy; having all the money of the government—he put them in requisition to carry on wars of conquest. His love of power was so great that he was not content with ruling over the thirty millions of people in France; he yearned to reign over all Europe—over all the world. His ambition was so boundless and grasping, that the nations of Europe rose against him, hurled him from his throne, and caused him to be confined to the rocky island of St. Helena, where he died.

Now Mr. Bonfils was like Washington, and not like Bonaparte. He took the office of governor, only to do good to his people. His first thought, upon becoming the ruler, was to discover what could be done to make the little nation of Fredonia, peaceful and happy. In looking around, he saw many things to give him anxiety. In the first place, the clothes of the people were fast wearing out, and the tents in which they lived, being covered with the sails of the ship, were small and uncomfortable. They might do pretty well for the dry season, but what was to be done when the autumn rains should set in? And, in addition to all this, the people had only a very few articles of furniture, and in this respect, they were exceedingly uncomfortable.

While, therefore, clothes, dwellings, and furniture, were needed, there was another still more pressing want, and this was food. The flour, bread, and biscuit, brought from the ship, were entirely gone; the meat was all devoured; the salt, pepper, and spices were entirely used up. The island, as I have said, produced many fruits, particularly oranges; it also yielded pine-apples, a few melons, grapes, and pomegranates. Upon these fruits the people had now subsisted for several weeks; but Mr. Bonfils saw, that long before another season could return, the fruits of the island must be exhausted, unless something could be done to furnish food from other sources, and protect what there was from waste.

On making inquiries, he ascertained that there were no cows, sheep, deer, or hogs upon the island; and, saving a few wild goats that lived around the cliffs, there were no animals of considerable size. There were a few monkeys, a considerable number of lemurs, and a great variety of macaws, paroquets, and other birds of gay plumage. It was

clear, therefore, that the animals did not afford the means of subsistence, and even if they were sufficient, how could they be taken, for, excepting the pistols of François, there were no fire-arms upon the island.

Mr. Bonfils reflected upon all these things, and he saw that unless something could be done, poverty and misery must be the lot of the people of Fredonia. If they had no clothing, no good houses, no good furniture, no proper food, they would sink into a state of nature; they would lose their refinement, their sense of propriety, their love of neatness and order; they would, in short, cease to be civilized, and become savages.

"How are these things to be remedied?" said one of the old men to the governor. "I will tell you my views upon this subject," said the latter.

"It is by the labor of the hands alone that mankind can live, in a civilized state. It is the labor of the hands that produces hats, shoes, shirts, coats, gowns, handkerchiefs; the things we want to wear. It is the labor of the hands that produces houses, and the furniture with which we supply them. It is the labor of the hands that produces wheat, rye, oats, barley, maize, potatoes, peas, and other things, as food for man and beast.

"Now where the people are industrious, all these things which we want for dress, for shelter, for furniture, for food, become abundant; where the people are industrious, therefore, they are not only supplied with the comforts and luxuries of life, but they adopt good and virtuous habits, and are therefore happy. Where they are indolent they are poor, vicious and unhappy. The great thing in government, then, is to make people industrious. And now how is this to be done?

"I do not know of any other way than to set before them inducements to labor; we must see that those who work are well rewarded for it. Here lies the

great difficulty of our condition; we shall soon be in want of food and shelter, and we shall all work hard before we starve or go without houses. But when these pressing necessities are supplied, shall we not relapse into indolence, vice and barbarism?

"The first thing to be done is, no doubt, to look out for food and for shelter; but we must go farther; we must try to keep up the tastes of the people; we must try to preserve their love of good clothing; their love of good houses; their love of good food, and the other comforts and luxuries of home; the refinements and enjoyments which flow from neatness and order. We must preserve these tastes, because the people will toil to gratify them; they will become industrious to gratify them. Without these tastes people will only work for food; they will live like mere animals, being content with satisfying animal wants; they will become savages.

"Refined tastes constitute what we call civilization; they raise men above savages; they are the source of that industry which makes a nation rich and happy. I repeat, we must preserve these tastes, we must preserve our civilization.

"Now, in order to preserve these tastes, we must have the means of gratifying them; we must have MANUFACTORIES, to make bonnets, shoes, and dresses; we must have AGRICULTURE, that is we must cultivate the lands, in order to have bread and rear cattle; we must have vessels to carry on COMMERCE, by means of which, we may exchange our products for tea, coffee, spices and things which do not grow among us, but are produced in other lands. Thus manufactures, agriculture, and commerce, are the three great sources of prosperity; and these must be made to flourish, in order to make people happy. How is all this to be done?

"The first step is this, to divide the

lands and other property, giving to each man his share, and making him secure in the possession of it; and also making him secure in the possession of all he earns by his industry or skill."

Here the man broke in and said—"Pray excuse me, Mr. Governor, but I differ with you there. I think it is better to hold the land and everything else, in common. If you divide the land and property, some persons who are greedy, sharp-witted and industrious, will constantly increase their lands and property and become rich; while others, who are simple, and careless, will gradually become poor. Thus we shall soon see those odious distinctions of *rich* and *poor* in society. I am opposed to all this!"

"I am well aware, my friend," said the governor, "that such ideas as you entertain, have often been indulged, and by very good people too; but let me tell you that all attempts to put them in practice, have resulted in disappointment and failure. No society that has held property in common, has ever been happy; no society has ever advanced in virtue, or civilization, or peace, that has been founded upon this principle. Man loves to call things '*mine*,' and '*thine*.' Man is made by his Creator to identify things with himself, and to love them from such identity. Why, if all things are to be held in common, why does the mother, why does the father, love the child? It is not because it is more beautiful than other children, but because it is theirs? Why is man made to love that place which goes by the dear title of home? Why do we love our birth-place above all others, even though a cottage or a hut? Why, even if we reach the palace in after-life, is that birth-place the dearest spot on earth?

"Why do the people of every land love their particular country better than all other lands? Why does the Laplander prefer his climate of snows, and

bless Heaven that has sent him such a happy lot? Why does the Swiss, upon the shaggy sides of his mountains, where scarce the wild goat can find footing, delight in his rugged home, and, looking down upon the people of the luxurious valley beneath, lift his soul in thanksgiving to God, who has preferred him thus? All this shows, that man is made to love his children, his home, his country—to love the things which belong to himself.

"Now I admit that selfishness is to have its boundaries; selfishness which is at variance with the good of others is vicious, and deserves rebuke. But the self-love, which makes a man love things belonging to himself, is the foundation of that affection which parents bear to children—which we all bear to home—which we all feel for our country. If you undertake to blot out the ideas of *mine* and *thine*—if you seek to make all things common, then you war against man's very nature; you seek to overturn the design of our Creator; you would deprive the child of the love of the parent; you would have no such thing as home; you would annihilate that noble sentiment, which we call patriotism. In short, you would deprive life of its greatest charms; you would take out of man's bosom his noblest sentiments, and annihilate some of the most powerful springs of human action, effort and industry.

"No—no! my dear sir: man is made to possess things, to call them his, and to desire, by his own efforts, to accumulate things to himself. To resist this principle, is to resist Heaven and nature, and common sense. Destroy this principle, and you make man either a reluctant drudge, or an indolent savage. So the world has ever found it. The only way is to establish society upon this principle—if a man, by his toil, builds himself a house, let him have it and keep it, and let no man disturb him in the possession

of it. If it is his, and he knows that it will continue so, he will take pains to build it well, to make it convenient, and to make it pleasant. But if he feels that it may be taken away by some stronger man, or by society, he will do as little to it as possible.

"Thus it is that men will work, if the fruits of their toil are to be theirs; they will labor industriously, they will put forth their best efforts, they will surround themselves with comforts and luxuries, if they are to be secured in the possession of what they produce. You will see, then, that according to my view, *industry* is the great source of national happiness: it is the great producing power, and it is the great moral regulator of society. And the most potent stimulus to industry, is to allow a man to have what he earns, and to keep it, use it, or dispose of it, as he pleases. These are the fundamental principles of government, and they are indispensable to civilization; without them, society tends, necessarily, to barbarism, or to the savage state."

It was by such conversations as these, that Mr. Bonfils imparted his views to the people. Many of them, who had shared in the turmoil of the French Revolution, had got their ideas unsettled: some believed that no government was necessary; others thought that some new system, better than any yet tried, might be adopted. But, by degrees, they assented to the views of their governor.

Agreeably to his plan, the lands were now divided among the men, reserving about one half, as belonging to the government. Each had enough; and the good effects of this were immediately visible, for every one set about building himself a house. The change in the island was wonderful; for, everybody had been idle before; but now, all was activity, energy and industry.

While the men were at work in build-

ing the houses, the women were equally industrious in providing such articles of furniture as they could. They gathered leaves for beds; made curtains for windows of the leaves of the palm, for they had no glass; they made dishes of shells and wild gourds, and even fashioned a variety of articles of earthenware, from clay.

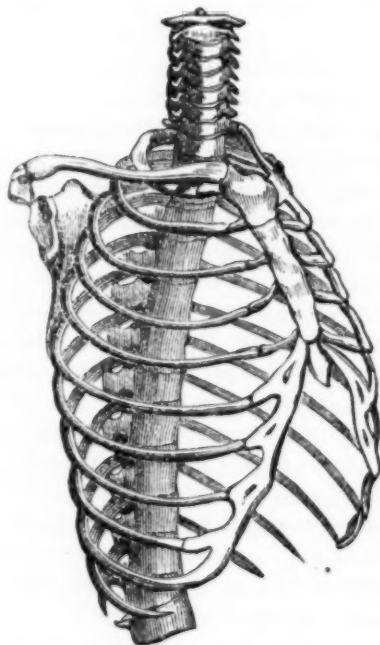
The scene was really delightful. All were busy—all seemed happy. There was no quarrelling—no grumbling—no idleness. And one curious thing was this: that trade began to spring up, as soon as the division of property was made, and each had received his share. One person found that he had more of a certain article than he wanted, and less of another; so he went round to the neighbors to exchange, or *swap*, the superfluous articles for such as he needed. This was the beginning of trade.

There was another thing that seemed to promote this: Mr. Bonfils requested Piqué, the fisherman, who had been cast away on the island, to go round and see if he could not find some place where fish could be caught. In this he succeeded. He made hooks and lines with considerable labor, and, with one other person, spent his time in fishing. François undertook to supply the people with goat's flesh and birds, which he accomplished easily, by means of his pistols. Thus fish, flesh, and fowl were supplied, though scantily at first; and those who supplied them, received such things in exchange as they wanted.

But this mode of bartering soon grew inconvenient. Some of the people wanted fish and meat, but they had nothing to give in exchange, that either François or the fishermen needed. How, then, could they get fish and meat? Mr. Bonfils now saw the necessity of money; but there was none upon the island. No one had brought any thither, and none had been discovered. What then was to be done?

The governor knew that money must consist of something that has value in itself; something that is wanted by all. He knew that salt was used for money in some countries, because all desired it; he therefore requested Brusque to set about manufacturing salt from seawater. This was soon done, and thus the people had salt—and the lumps actually came into use, as money. When a man bought a fish, or a piece of goat's flesh, he paid so much salt, instead of so much silver.

Ingenious Contrivances of Nature



The human spine.

I HAVE already spoken of many things which display wonderful ingenuity of contrivance, on the part of the Creator, and, at the same time, attest his wisdom and power. In every department of nature, the mineral, vegetable, and animal, there are contrivances which no human art can rival. Man

may make imitations, but he can do no more.

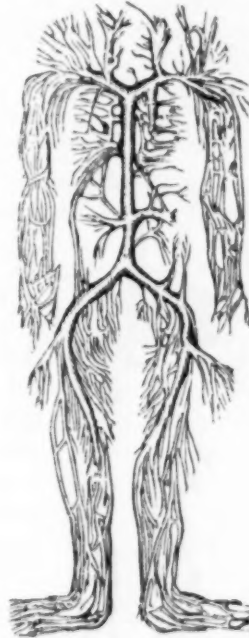
In order to render this skill of the Creator more palpable, let us examine one or two mechanical contrivances in the structure of animals. We will select as our first instance, the human spine, or back bone. This consists of twenty-four bones, joined and compacted together in the most wonderful manner. It is so contrived that while it is firm, and enables the body to support an erect position, it is, at the same time, flexible, so as to bend in all directions. No human art has ever been able to devise a chain that can perform these double offices. Here we see that in mere mechanical contrivance, the works of God defy competition from man.

But this is not all. The spine has still another office to perform. In the centre of this chain of twenty-four bones, and passing through them all, is a tube, containing the *spinal nerve*. This extends from the brain through the back, and communicates with every part of the body by a thousand small pipes which have the name of nerves.

Besides all this, the spine is to be so adjusted that the ribs may be fastened to it, as well as the legs and arms; and finally, to this the various muscles, which enable the limbs and body to move, are to be fastened.

Now suppose that an ingenious mechanic were to undertake to construct an artificial skeleton, in imitation of that which belongs to man; would it not be impossible for him to accomplish the task; and would he not be compelled to give up in despair? Let us consider that we only ask of the human architect an imitation, and that even this is beyond his ability. How great, then, must be the wisdom and power of that Supreme Architect, who not only made, but designed and contrived his works, and not only designed and contrived them,

but furnished the very materials from his own manufactory—the bones, the muscles, the nerves, and the fluids necessary for his purpose.

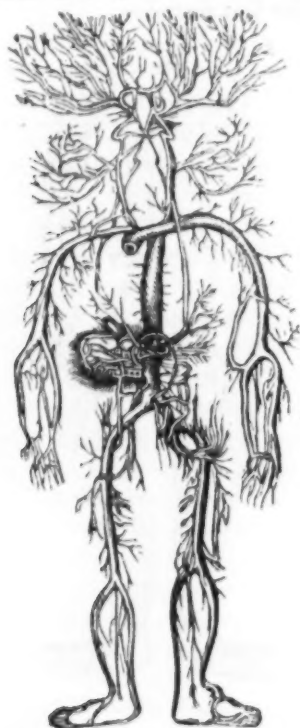


The veins.

Let us take another illustration of the wisdom and power of God, as displayed in animal mechanism. It is the design of the Creator that the blood shall be distributed throughout the body, and that this shall be essential to life. The body is, therefore, provided with two systems of blood-vessels—arteries and veins; the first to carry the blood from the heart, and the latter to bring it back.

These tubes are wonderfully contrived and distributed over the body; and the blood, which is to pass through them, is furnished by means equally wonderful. But what machinery can be devised to receive the blood from the veins and force it through the arteries and throughout the system? The heart is destined to perform the work. This is a hollow muscle, in the centre of the body, surrounded by spiral fibres, running in both

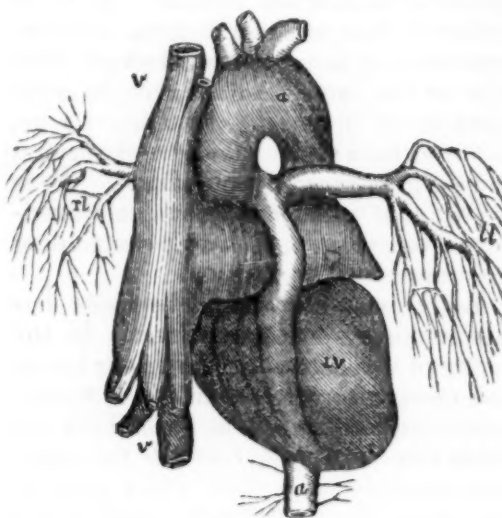
directions, the layers crossing and interlacing each other. By a contraction of these spiral fibres, the hollow muscle is



The arteries.

compressed, and whatever fluid may be in it, is squeezed out from the cavity within. By a relaxation of these spiral fibres, the cavities in the hollow muscle are prepared to admit any fluid that may be poured into it. Into these cavities the great trunks or pipes of the arteries and veins are inserted—the one to carry out the blood and the other to return it.

Every time that the heart beats, a contraction of the spiral fibres takes place, and the blood is sent through the arteries by the force of the stroke, as water gushes through a syringe; and exactly at the same time an equal proportion is received from the veins. Thus at every pulse about two spoonfuls of blood are sent out from the human heart,



The heart.

through the arteries, and the same quantity is received through the veins. It is said that each ventricle of the heart will contain an ounce of blood. The heart contracts four thousand times in an hour, from which it appears that four thousand ounces, or two hundred and fifty pounds of blood pass through the heart every hour!—[From Parley's Farewell.]

PETER PARLEY'S NEW STORIES.

[No. V.]

Don't be too Positive.

THERE are many young persons who are very positive about things, when they are, after all, mistaken.

"There goes Jerry Smith," says Philip.

"Where? I don't see him," says John.

"Why, there—yonder, at the top of the hill."

"Oh—that ain't Jerry Smith."

"Why, yes it is."

"No it isn't—that's Seth Mead."

"I tell you it's Jerry Smith; if it is n't I'll eat him!"

Such is the dialogue; but pretty soon the boy comes along, and, behold, it is Seth Mead, and not Jerry Smith. "There!" says John—"now you've got to eat him, Phil!"

"Where is the hammer, Peter?" says his father.

"I don't know, sir," is the reply.

"But you had it last."

"No, I did n't, sir."

"Yes you did; you took it yesterday."

"Oh, yes, I remember—I took it—but I put it in the drawer agam, where I got it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"I think you are mistaken—for if you had put it there, it would have been there still."

"I'm certain sure I put it back there!"

"Well now, my son, I found it out on the grass, where you had been at work. Did n't you leave it there?"

"Oh—yes—I believe I did. Yes, I remember—I did leave it there."

"Well, now take a lesson from this; don't be so positive, where you are not sure. In two instances you have been mistaken: you first said that you had not taken the hammer out, and you were quite positive; you then said you had put it where you got it, and you were again quite positive. But remember that in both cases you were mistaken. Let this teach you to be more modest and careful in future; and, instead of saying you are sure, say, I think so and so; or, I believe so and so. No person ought ever to say that he is positive of a thing where there is the least chance of mistake."

"Mother," said Ellen, "may I go and see Jane Hanson? she asked me to come."

"When did she ask you?" said the mother.

"Yesterday—yesterday afternoon"

"Not yesterday, my dear."

"Yes it was yesterday, mother: I saw her on the green by the church."

"Don't be positive, Ellen; it could not have been yesterday."

"Yes it was yesterday—I'm certain it was yesterday; I met her on the green, and she asked me to come. Why, mother, how could I be mistaken? I know it was yesterday."

"That cannot be, Ellen, for I have just been at Mrs. Hanson's, and Jane went to Providence, in the seven o'clock train of cars, yesterday morning."

"Oh!—well—it must have been day before yesterday—yes, now I recollect, it was day before yesterday!"

"Well, my child, I am sorry to see you so certain—so positive, when you are really not sure, and when, in point of fact, you are mistaken. Pray be more careful in future. You may go and see Jane, but as you go along, say it over in your mind, till you cannot forget it—*Don't be too positive!*"

A boy was one day reading something to his mother about *patriarchs*; he stumbled at the hard word, and called it *part-ridges*. His mother set him right as to the pronunciation of the word, but did not at the same time tell him the meaning of it; he therefore associated the idea of a bird with the word patriarch. The next time he found the word *patriarchal* he again asked his mother's assistance, exclaiming, "Here, mamma, here are those *queer fowls* again;" and to the latest day of his life, he said he could never get rid of the association.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter

CHAPTER XI.

THE season of summer, at Okotsk, consisting of the months of June, July, and August, is the only time when a vessel can venture to navigate the stormy sea of that far northern region. Alexis was, therefore, obliged to wait several weeks, before the time of departure arrived. As the land mail came once every month from St. Petersburg to Okotsk, by way of Tobolsk, he twice received a letter from his sister. In the latter instance, the epistle arrived but a single day before the vessel was to sail, and contained somewhat painful intelligence. A part of it ran thus :

"Although, as I have said, I am, on the whole, cheerful, yet, I confess that my mind is sometimes clouded with apprehension. Our dear father is impressed with the idea that he shall live but a short period, and it is impossible to disguise the fact, that he is very feeble. He does not leave the house now, and very seldom his room. His mind is, however, tranquil, and he seems to feel a sort of religious resignation, which is really beautiful to behold. He has no anxieties but for you and me.

"He has a dreadful idea of Colonel Krusenstern, the Russian commander here, who has been so kind to us, and especially to me. He thinks all his kindness is selfish and hypocritical, and that, under the mask of friendship, he harbors some base design. I must confess, that I begin to fear the man, for he is known to be ruthless and savage in his temper, when once excited. I almost suspect that he has sent you and Suvarrow away, to deprive us of protection. If our poor father were to die, what, alas, would be my situation? But I must not indulge these thoughts; indeed, they are only flitting shadows, that occasionally

come across my mind. Do not mention these things to Suvarrow, for they might make him unhappy. I must confess that I feel depressed at the idea of the dreadful distance that lies between us; and how that distance will soon be increased. Only think of it, Alexis—when you get into the Pacific Ocean—you and Suvarrow will be on one side of the world, and I on the other! Then will there be a whole world between us!—This is a sad thought; but I must not permit it to weaken my heart, so as to prevent doing my duty to our beloved father. Oh, Alexis! what would I not give to see you! But it may not be. Heaven bless you, my dear, my only brother! Farewell!

KATRINE."

Alexis was so much affected by this letter that he was on the point of deciding to return straight back to Tobolsk—but before he had quite made up his mind, the vessel was ready to depart, and Suvarrow hurried him on board. There all was activity and bustle. The ship, called the *Czarina*, carried forty guns, and contained three hundred men. To get a vessel of war, of this size, under way, is a serious matter. The heavy anchor is to be taken in; a variety of sails to be set; and it seemed as if all was to be done with as much noise as possible. Alexis had never been on board a ship before, and the scene was quite strange and bewildering to him. But at last the anchor was in; several sheets of broad canvass were spread to the wind; the vessel began to move forward; the waves dashed against her prow, and rippled along her sides; a stream of milky foam was at her stern, and the little town of Okotsk began to seem smaller and smaller, and at last sank from the view, behind the swelling bosom of the sea!

The die was now cast; Alexis was upon the ocean, separated from the land



The dog presented to Peyrouse.

on which he had hitherto dwelt, and many months must elapse before he could hope to see his kindred, about whom he now had occasion to feel the greatest anxiety. But his attention was soon called to other things. The wind blew more and more fresh, and the gallant ship flew like an eagle upon her way. Everything was new to our young hero, and for a long time his mind was absorbed in the scenes on board the ship, or by the aspect of the gloomy deep. But at last he grew sea-sick, and was obliged to go to his berth.

The sea of Okotsk appears like a little spot upon the map, but it is a thousand miles long, and five hundred miles wide. The vessel, therefore, was soon out of sight of land, but proceeding southward, she approached a rugged and rocky shore, in about a week. Alexis was now able to be on deck, and was told that they were about passing between the great island of Jesso, on the left, and the island of Saghalien, on the right.

They soon entered a narrow strip of water, called the straits of Peyrouse, in honor of that celebrated navigator, who passed through them in 1788. The land was visible on both sides, but it presented a dreary and desolate appearance.

Alexis learned that Jesso, or Matsmai, as it is often called, though considered one of the Kurile islands, belongs to the Japanese. There are, however, on this island, as well as upon Saghalien, a race of natives, called Ainos, who are remarkable for having long and full heads of hair. But they are very intelligent, and at the same time are neat, peaceful, and much attached to one another. Peyrouse landed upon one of the shores in this region, and had a very pleasant reception. One day he gave a child a piece of rose-colored nankeen; and his father, wishing to return the favor, went out immediately, and got a little dog, and begged Peyrouse to accept it. This is only one instance to show how well they appreciate a favor.

The Czarina made no stay in these regions, farther than to catch a supply of salmon, which were amazingly abundant. The mariners found the shores almost constantly beset by thick fogs, rendering the navigation very difficult and dangerous. Beside this, there seemed to be rocks and reefs on every hand, and swift currents, that made it necessary to use the utmost caution.

The straits were soon passed, and the ship entered the Japanese Sea, which lies between Tartary and the islands of Japan. The course of the ship was still southerly, and for several days nothing of particular interest happened. While they were thus pursuing their voyage, the officers of the ship usually dined together, Alexis and a Russian merchant, who had entered the vessel at Okotsk, being of the party. Much hilarity prevailed, songs were sung, and many good stories were told.

One day, after dinner, while all were sitting around the table, the conversation turned upon Tartary, a vast country which lay westward of the Japanese Sea. After a good deal had been said on the subject, the captain of the ship, whose name was Orlof, joined in the discourse, and proceeded as follows:—

“In ancient times, the Tartars were called Scythians; and in their contests with the Romans, they appear to have displayed great vigor of character. They have been spread over nearly all the central and northern part of Asia, from time immemorial; but they are broken into many tribes, and pass under many different names, as Cossacks, Kalmucks, Mongols, Kirghises, Kalkas, Mandshurs, Uzbeks, Turkomans, &c. The tribes which inhabit Siberia, the Ostiacks, Tunguses and others, are but fragments of the great Tartar family.

“At the present day, the central part of Asia, from the Caspian and Volga on the west, to the Sea of Japan on the east,

is occupied by Tartars, though divided into two separate governments—Independent Tartary and Chinese Tartary. The latter, including Thibet, is nearly as extensive as Siberia, and has been subject to the emperor of China since 1647, for it was about that time that the Mandshur Tartars took Pekin, and set one of their princes on the throne of China. Since that time, the emperors of China have been of this Tartar line.

“The Mogols are regarded as the original race of all the Tartars, and also of the Japanese, Chinese, and some of the adjacent nations. They are, also, the original stock from which the Turks have sprung, as well as the Huns, and some other tribes of Europe. But the point about which I was going to speak, is the inconsistency of the Tartar character. With other nations, they are considered savage and merciless, while, among each other, they are kind, gentle and affectionate, in a remarkable degree. Of these two opposite characters there is abundant proof.

“Attila, the leader of the Huns, who fell like a cloud of desolating locusts upon Italy, about the year 400 after Christ, was called the ‘scourge of God.’ His mission seemed to be to destroy, and he performed the fearful work without mercy. Hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, were sacrificed to his fury, and that of his bloody followers.

“In 1206, Genghis Khan founded the empire of the Mogols, and spread his empire from east to west, three thousand five hundred miles. Not only lesser kingdoms, but China itself became subject to his sway. In the early part of his career, he took a large number of prisoners; but, as if to make his name a terror throughout the world, he ordered those of the most elevated rank to be thrown into caldrons of boiling water

He pursued his conquests with amazing success, but with unsparing severity. Cities, towns, and countries he laid waste, and he crushed human beings with as little feeling as if they had been only so many spiders. He trod the earth, crushing human beings, as remorselessly as we do insects. He turned his armies against China, and passed the great wall, which had been built a thousand years before, to save that empire from the Tartars, who even then, appear to have excited the dread of their neighbors.

"Genghis entered China, and attacked Pekin. This at last yielded, and for an entire month, it was given up to fire and the sword. He afterwards led his armies against the more western nations. The conflict and the slaughter were fearful; in the destruction of two cities, alone, Bochara and Samarcand, two hundred thousand people were destroyed, of every age and sex. Everywhere he was successful, but at last he died, in his sixty-sixth year. Six millions of people fell victims to the bloody wars of this great butcher of his fellow-men. Yet, savage as he was in war, Genghis was a promoter of learning, and a friend to religious freedom; he welcomed all learned men at his court, and showed great tenderness to friends, and especially, his own family.

"Timour the Tartar, or Tamerlane, though the son of a peasant, became a king, and, about the year 1400, had so extended his conquests that his empire nearly exceeded that of Genghis Khan. He subdued Persia, India, Syria, and Asia Minor. He conquered Bajazet, the sultan of Constantinople, and took him prisoner. He twice took Bagdat, and in the latter case, gave it up to the fury of his soldiers, who slew eight hundred thousand men. Yet Timour—thus savage in war—was a man of many agreeable qualities, and has left behind

him numerous anecdotes of justice and gentleness.

"There are many other proofs to be found in history of this savageness of the Tartars in war; yet, all travellers tell us of their hospitality, humanity and kindness, in peace. Many of them are robbers by trade, and from the earliest times they have been accustomed to pour down, by thousands, from their colder climes, to ravage the rich and luxurious natives of the south."

When the captain paused, the merchant remarked, that he was much gratified at this sketch of Tartar history and character. "I suppose," said he, "that the phrase, 'he has caught a Tartar,' arose from the general notion among mankind, that the people of this stock, are a rough, untameable race. I have, indeed, heard a story told as giving origin to this proverb. A braggadocio soldier, it is said, in one of our wars against some of the tribes on the borders of the Caspian, getting separated from his companions, was taken by one of the enemy. His commander being near—the soldier called out—'Captain, I have caught a Tartar,'—'Well,' said the captain, 'fetch him along!' 'But the fellow won't let me come!' said the soldier. Since that time, the expression, *he has caught a Tartar*, is applied to those, who, in seeking to get an advantage of others, have been taken in themselves.

"But you were speaking of Genghis Khan. I was once among the Cossacks of the Don—among whom there are always many story-tellers. I recollect to have heard one relate a tale of that famous conqueror, which exhibits him in the light in which you have portrayed him. Shall I tell it?"

"Certainly," was the reply of several voices—and the merchant went on. But as the story is rather long, we must leave it for the next chapter.

The Voyages, Travels, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Horse-races at Florence.—Excursion to Vallombrosa.—Mountain scenery.—The monastery.—Wild and secluded situation.—Life of the monks.—Travelling on foot in Italy.—Things not seen there.—Manners of the children.—Beauty of the skies.—Comparison with things in America.

THE grand duke of Tuscany had just been married and was celebrating his wedding at Florence, by all sorts of public shows. There were fireworks, balls, and entertainments of every description, among which were horse-races. These last are singular exhibitions: the horses are raced through the streets, in the very centre of the city, and without riders—a procedure which we should think very hazardous. In fact, it often happens that people are killed by the sport. The streets being paved with smooth flat stones, on which a horse cannot run without danger of slipping, the whole extent of the race-course is strown with earth, and the streets leading into it are closed by barriers. A dozen horses are started at a time, bearing spurs instead of riders. These spurs consist of leaden bullets set full of sharp points and attached loosely to the horse's back by cords. When the animal runs, the bullets fly up and down, striking their sharp points into his hide at every step, and goading him onward with great pain. At the moment of starting, the whole race-course is blocked up with a dense throng of spectators, who open to the right and left, as the horses approach, leaving a narrow lane in the middle of the street, through which they gallop, often to the imminent danger of the populace. I saw several exhibitions of this sort; but, although the Italians thought them remarkable for the speed of the

animals, it did not appear to me that they were any way distinguished for their fleetness. A horse without a rider has less weight to carry, and might be supposed to run faster on that account; but he lacks the incitement and encouragement which his rider can infuse into him. The Florentines, however, seemed to enjoy the sport mightily, and rent the air with shouts and halloos, waving their handkerchiefs and swinging their hats, as the horses brushed by them in the crowd, to frighten them onward.

I made another excursion from Florence to visit the celebrated monastery of Vallombrosa, about twenty miles distant, among the Appenines. The road ran, for about a dozen miles, up the valley of the Arno, and I was enchanted with the beautifully variegated aspect of the country. It was everywhere broken and hilly; olive trees and vineyards were abundant, and the gardens exhibited the richest culture. Within about six miles of Vallombrosa, the road becomes too steep and rugged for carriages, and here I found the forest trees begin to appear for the first time. Below, the country is clear of wood, with the exception of the olive and mulberry and other fruit trees of moderate height. On the steeps of the mountains, which I was now ascending, I met with many chestnuts and oaks, which appeared quite lofty in comparison with the trees I had formerly seen here, although they were much inferior in size to those of the same family in America. As I continued to ascend, the woods became thicker, and abounded in walnuts and firs. By the name *walnut*, the reader must not understand the shagbark, or hickory tree of America, which does not grow in Europe; but the tree producing the fruit known in our country as the *English walnut*, although it grows in almost every part of Europe, particularly in the south. The path grew still more steep

and rugged, and the woods thicker, until at length they exhibited much of the savage aspect of a forest. In the midst of this wild scenery, the monastery burst on my view, perched on the side of a mountain, and overhung by the towering Appenines, dark and frowning, with shaggy woods.

The situation of the abbey of Vallombrosa is most striking and romantic. Lonely, remote, and secluded, it stands in an amphitheatre of wild mountains, so greatly variegated in scenery, that Milton, who spent much of his time in this place, has copied it accurately in his description of Paradise. This enchanting spot, as his verses beautifully describe,

"Crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champion head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up-grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view."

The convent commands a most enchanting prospect down the vale: above, the view is bounded by the dark forests on the mountain-tops. A little stream tumbles in a fine cascade down the sides of the mountain, into a deep dell between these steep heights and the green lawn in which the convent is situated. Still higher up, and overlooking the convent, stands a hermitage, called Paradisino, perched, like an eagle's nest, on a steep and projecting cliff. From this point, the prospect is still more extensive than from the convent. The eye traverses over a wide range of country towards the west. Ridge after ridge of blue heights appear down the valley, till the towers and domes of Florence strike the sight, at a distance, with the Mediterranean in dim perspective, far beyond. Close at your feet are the buildings of the convent, with a bright green lawn and a

black girdle of pine forest around them, the dell, the water-fall, and the savage height of the Appenines clothed with woods to the top.

The inmates of the convent have no neighbors, for they live out of the way of the world. No public road passes by their doors, and it is not often that a visiter toils up the steep path that leads to their lonely abode. A few farm-houses and hamlets are scattered here and there in the valley below, but few inhabitants are to be seen. Those who love retirement may find Vallombrosa a desirable summer residence; but in winter, the snows and fogs confine the monks within doors. It is even said that the woods abound in bears and wolves, which in that season carry their depredations to the convent doors. Yet here, in this wild solitude, at an almost inaccessible height, I found a degree of splendor and luxury, which seemed not at all in unison with the character of the spot. The chapel of the convent was adorned with costly pillars of marble, paintings, and other ornaments, and the monks entertained me with as rich a dinner as I could have found at the Tremont House. It is very clear that their penances and mortifications stop short of the stomach. I may add, that the worthy friar, who did the honors of the house, had no scruple in pocketing a crown, which I offered him, in payment for his civilities.

Highly gratified with this pleasant excursion to the beautiful "*shady vale*," I descended the mountain and reached the little town of Pelago, at the foot of the steepest part of the road, just as a heavy shower came on. I found a small inn here, the landlord of which was very civil and communicative. He told me that much rain fell upon the mountains, and advised me to put off my return to the city till the next day; a counsel which I was prudent enough to accept.

The rain continued through the night, but the morning was clear, and I had a delicious walk down the Arno to Florence. The reader may possibly wonder that I ventured to travel about the country to such distances on foot, and may have his head full of robbers and banditti. But the truth is, a man is in no more danger of being robbed in Italy than in the United States; and a pedestrian runs the least hazard, for a robber would have small expectation of plunder from him.

It is interesting for a traveller to note down, not only what he sees, but also what he does *not* see. I did not see such a thing as a wheelbarrow, or a handcart, in all Tuscany; nor do I believe such things were ever known there. The "animal of all work," the donkey, supplies the place of both. At Rome, indeed, they had some clumsy things which they meant for wheelbarrows; but even these nobody knew how to use. Heavy burthens are carried through the streets on men's heads. I never saw a pudding on the table in this country, and though the Italians have heard of it, they know no more of the real thing than we do of their favorite delicacy of fried toadstools. I do not remember seeing any weathercocks, except on the saddles of the carriage-horses at Naples, where I imagine they were meant rather for ornament than use. The cheerfulness of an Italian does not depend so much as ours on the direction of the wind, and he has not occasion to look out his window every morning at the church steeple, to know whether he is to be happy or miserable through the day. Pumps are nowhere to be seen, with the exception of one at Florence. Fountains are abundant at Rome and Naples, but in Florence, Pisa and most other cities of the north, the inhabitants depend for water on their wells. To this list of varieties may be added another item that

will sound oddly to the reader; namely, squalling children—for in all my residence in this country, I do not remember to have heard a child cry. This I explain by the fact, that young children, from their very earliest age, are made to spend most of their time in the open air: they have, consequently, better health, and their attention is occupied and amused by a greater variety of objects than is the case with those in our country, where constant confinement within doors, makes them sickly and peevish. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the cheerfulness, vivacity and intelligence of the little boys and girls in Italy, and the readiness they display to join in the company of strangers. They are not frightened at a new face, as we commonly expect children to be. The good behavior, too, of the young lads about the streets, is worthy of note: they are never seen at fisticuffs, or engaged in riotous or rude proceedings, but address one another with a degree of politeness, which, to a stranger, has almost an appearance of mock-gravity.

Florence is generally regarded the most agreeable city in Italy for a constant residence. The climate is cooler than that of Rome, but I think it warm enough to suit travellers from America. The police of the country is strict, and there is sometimes embarrassment and delay about passports, but, in general, every accommodation is afforded to travellers; and the public officers are uniformly respectful and obliging. All foreigners must take out a permit to reside in the country, which is renewed from time to time; for this a slight fee is charged, the amount of which goes to the poor.

Six or eight miles out of the city is a country seat of the grand duke, called Pratolino, much visited by travellers on account of a colossal statue in one of the

gardens. The statue is of brick, and hollow. I mounted into the head which is large enough to contain half a dozen men; from this the size of the whole figure may be estimated; though I should add that it is not quite erect, but in a crouching posture. The environs of Florence offer a great variety of objects, to occupy the time of a traveller, and I do not wonder that foreigners generally give this spot the preference in their choice of a residence in Italy.

We are accustomed to hear much of the beauty of Italian skies; and as these descriptions come chiefly from the hands of the English, who live in an atmosphere darkened by clouds and fogs, it is no wonder that the bright sun and transparent air of Italy should fill them with delight. The brightness of the skies, however, does not surpass that of our own country, in the finest season, though it is true, the fine season of Italy is much longer than that of New England. In summer, the air in Italy is uniformly dry, and the sky clear or occasionally diversified with clouds. There are no fogs, no sudden changes from hot to cold, except in crossing the mountains. The night dews do not threaten you with colds and coughs, and you may generally sleep with the windows open. The moonlight and starlight evenings are serenely beautiful, but not more so than with us. For magnificent sunsets we far surpass the Italians. The sun there goes down in a clear sky, with a rich golden tint in the west; but they have nothing equal to our autumnal sunsets, when the sky is arrayed in those gorgeous purple clouds which light up half the heavens with their brilliant and dazzling flames. In thunder and lightning, moreover, their sky never affords anything approaching to the grandeur and sublimity of ours; at least, I witnessed nothing of the kind. during all the sum-

mer and autumn which I passed in this country. I missed, also, in my rambles about the country, the fresh and fragrant smell of the woods, which is so grateful to the senses of the traveller in our territories. Nowhere, excepting on the mountain-tops, and rarely even there do we see thick woods, or anything exhibiting the wildness of nature and the freshness of a virgin soil. This, indeed, is hardly to be expected in a country which has been inhabited, by populous nations, for four thousand years, who have been all that time cutting down the woods and building cities.

The grain mostly cultivated in Tuscany is wheat: other grains are raised in small proportions, but wheaten bread constitutes the chief food of the population. Some Indian corn is seen, but much less than in Piedmont and Lombardy, where it grows so abundantly that I have known cargoes brought down the Po and shipped from Venice to Boston. This, however, was in 1836, when corn was above a dollar a bushel. Potatoes are rarely seen in Italy, but the Italians always cook them well. Next to bread, the most important article of food for the common people, is *faggioli*, or horse-beans, of which they consume immense quantities. They are not only raised in the country, but imported by shiploads from Egypt. The Yankee white beans they know nothing of. Garden vegetables are produced in great variety, and their carrots are enormous in size. An apple tree I never saw here, but the country affords them: the fruit, however, is not much esteemed, nor worth esteeming. No other apples are equal to those of America. I observed many times a singular article on the table, at the dessert, namely, raw string-beans, which the Italians ate, pod and all, with a great relish, but I thought them altogether unpalatable.

Boston, July 20th, 1842.

MR. MERRY:

The riddle in the June number of the Museum, sent by "Harriett" of Newport, is one of the most ingenious I ever read. I have puzzled over it a great deal, and at last I think I have found the solution, viz., *Abra-cadabra*. It will be seen that this mystic word answers to all the conditions of the riddle. Will not your fair correspondent tell as who the celebrated author of this clever puzzle is?

R. N.

A Melancholy Event.

I suppose all my young readers know that the name of the present king of France is Louis Philippe. He was the son of the duke of Orleans, a very wicked man, who lived in the time of the French Revolution, and voted in the French Assembly for the death of his relation, Louis XVI. This infamous man, who took the name of Mons. Equality, to please the people, however took good care to educate his children well, and for this purpose, he employed Mad. de Genlis, the author of the *Tales of the Castle*, and other delightful books, to be their teacher. Under her care, Louis Philippe grew up a well-instructed and virtuous young man.

During the revolution he was obliged to fly from France for safety, and for many years he wandered about in different lands. At one time he came to this country, and in Switzerland he taught mathematics to young people. Only think of it—this schoolmaster is now a king! After Bonaparte was put down in 1815, the family of Louis Philippe was restored to the throne, and he returned with them to Paris. In 1830 another revolution broke out. To restore quiet and good order, our friend La Fayette advised the people to make schoolmaster Philippe their king. They took this advice, and he has reigned in France since 1830. He is esteemed one of the most wise and talented sovereigns of the whole world; and no doubt his good education under Mad. de Genlis—his misfortunes in early life—the course of events which compelled him to earn his own living—his teaching school, thereby acquiring the habit of governing himself and others—all together, have made him so good and great a king. If he had been brought up like

most other kings, indulged in everything—spoiled by flattery and the habit of thinking himself a great deal better than other people—no doubt he had been a far less wise and useful man.

But I must now speak of Louis Philippe's eldest son, the duke of Orleans. He was a fine, amiable man, born about the year 1810, married to a German princess, and having several young children. He was heir to the throne of France, and being very amiable, was not only dear to his parents and friends, but to the whole French people. But alas! nothing can ensure safety in this world—not even youth, and health, and wealth, and power, and high hopes, and a nation's love! On the 13th of June, the duke was going in a coach to Neuilly, a few miles from Paris, to see his parents, and take leave of them, for he was a soldier, and was about to go and review some troops at St. Omer.

On the way to Neuilly the horses of the coach took fright and ran away. The duke jumped out of the carriage, and falling heavily on the ground, struck his head, and was so much injured as to die in a few hours. The king, his father, and the queen, his mother, and princes, and generals, and famous physicians came, but tears and prayers and medicines could not save him. The whole French nation seemed to be in mourning; for they loved the prince, and expected, on his father's death, that he would be their king.

The eldest son of the duke of Orleans, a boy about four years old, is now heir to the throne of France, and when Louis Philippe dies, he is to succeed him. If he should be still a boy, when the king dies, a regent will be appointed to carry on the government in his name, till he is a man.

"It was once in my power to shoot Gen. Washington," said a British soldier to an American. "Why, then, did you not shoot him?" said the other; "you ought to have done so for the benefit of your own countrymen." "The death of Washington would not have been for their benefit," replied the Englishman; "for we depended upon him to treat our prisoners kindly, and we'd sooner have killed an officer of our army."

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME IV.—No. 4.

SKETCHES OF BIBLE SCENES.



Bethesda.

THIS place was rendered very interesting to all Christians, by the miracle performed there by our Saviour, which is recorded in the fifth chapter of St. John. Multitudes of pilgrims and travellers have, from age to age, flocked to Jerusalem, eager to see the place where Jesus bade the impotent man, "rise, take up his bed, and walk."

The pool of Bethesda is described as a pool by the sheep market, which is called Bethesda, having five porches;

the word Bethesda meaning the place where victims for sacrifice were purified; and it is believed that the sheep for sacrifice were washed in Bethesda before being led away to the temple; and as sacrifices were very frequently offered, it is natural to suppose that both the sheep market and the pool were near the temple. Another explanation is that it signifies the "House of Mercy," from the healing quality of its waters.

Within the present walls of Jerusalem

are two fountains ; the lower one, into which the waters of the upper one flow, through a passage cut in the rock, is the celebrated pool or fountain of Siloam. There has always existed a tradition that the waters of Siloam flowed irregularly ; but Dr. Robinson, who first visited it, says " that as he was standing on the lower step near the water, with one foot on a loose stone lying near it, all at once he perceived the water coming into his shoe, and, supposing the stone had rolled, he withdrew his foot to the step, which, however, was now also covered with water. In less than five minutes the water bubbled up from under the lower step, and in five minutes it had risen nearly a foot in the basin, and it could be heard gurgling off through the interior passage. In ten minutes it ceased to flow, and the water was again reduced to its former level.

" Meanwhile, a woman came to wash at the fountain. She frequented the place every day, and said that the water flowed at irregular intervals, sometimes being quite dry, the men and flocks dependent upon it suffering from thirst, when, all at once, the water would boil up from under the steps, and flow in a copious stream. The ignorant people say that a dragon lies within the fountain ; when he awakes, he stops the water ; when he sleeps, it flows."

In the scriptural account, we are told that " an angel went down, at a certain season, into the pool, and troubled the waters," and then, whosoever first stepped in was made whole. Does not this "troubling of the waters," look like the irregular flow of the fountain just described ?

Jerusalem.

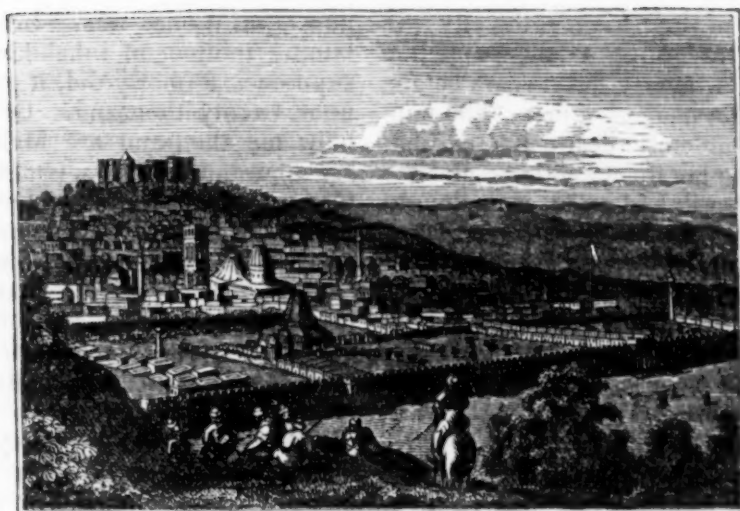
JERUSALEM is the metropolis of the province of Judea, and one of the most

remarkable cities in the world. Manetho, an Egyptian historian, says it was founded by the shepherds who once invaded Egypt in great numbers ; but who these shepherds were, is still a mystery. The first we know of it, however, with any good degree of certainty, is in the time of Melchizedeck, who lived in the days of Abraham. It was then called Salem. Josephus says it was the capital of Melchizedeck's kingdom.

After this, it became the metropolis of the people called Jebusites. Its name, at that time, was Jebus. When the Israelites, under Joshua, attempted to take the city, they found the Jebusites too strong for them, and could only take that part of it which was divided between the tribes of Judah and Benjamin. David, however, completely conquered it, and made it the capital of his own kingdom. This is one reason why Jerusalem is sometimes called the "City of David."

Under David and his son Solomon, Jerusalem rose to a very high degree of splendor. It is in thirty-one degrees fifty minutes north latitude, and thirty-five degrees twenty minutes east longitude ; being about twenty-five miles west of the river Jordan, forty-two east of the Mediterranean Sea, one hundred and two south of Damascus, and one hundred and fifty north of the eastern branch of the Red Sea. It was built on four hills : Zion, Acra, Moriah, and Bezetha ; but Moriah, on the east, and Zion, on the south-west, are the principal. It was surrounded by a strong wall, forty or fifty feet high. The general form of the city is at present nearly a heptagon, or figure with seven sides.

The glory of the city of Jerusalem was its temple. The pattern for building the temple was given by David to his son Solomon ; David himself not being permitted by God to erect it. He, however, made great preparations for it. He and his princes made vast contri-

*View of Jerusalem.*

tions for the purpose; amounting, it is said, to more than one thousand millions of pounds sterling. Solomon, who was the man selected by divine appointment, employed one hundred eighty-four thousand men—a number equal to all the grown men who are able to labor in the whole state of Massachusetts—about seven years in completing this mighty work. When completed, the temple occupied, within its walls, about thirty-one acres of ground; and was unquestionably one of the most costly edifices of its size, that the world ever saw. To it, every male Jew was required to go twice a year to perform worship.

But the glory of this costly edifice lasted only thirty-four years; for, during the reign of Rehoboam, the son and successor of Solomon, Shishak, king of Egypt, seized and pillaged it, and carried away its treasures. Indeed, the city of Jerusalem was several times taken, during those early periods, and sometimes it was burnt; but it was as often rebuilt.

About six hundred and two years before Christ, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Egypt, invaded Palestine, and threatened

the destruction of the city and temple; but was prevented from effecting his object by the submission of Jehoiakim, the king. Efforts being made, soon after, however, to throw off the yoke, Nebuchadnezzar again appeared with his army before the city, and, after a siege of fifteen or sixteen months, took it, and laid both the temple and the whole city in ashes. This was B. C. 590.

About B. C. 530, by permission of Cyrus, Jerusalem began to be rebuilt under Nehemiah, and repeopled; but the walls were not completed till B. C. 456. The temple was also rebuilt, by Zerubbabel; but this last temple was never so splendid as the former.

The city itself was again destroyed, many years afterward, by Ptolemy. It met with a similar fate still later, from Antiochus Epiphanes, who slew forty thousand of the people, and made slaves of as many more. It was rebuilt by Judas Maccabeus, and in the time of our Savior was somewhat flourishing. But about A. D. 70, after a dreadful siege of two years, by the Romans, during which the inhabitants suffered so much from famine as to eat, in some instances the

dead bodies of their friends, the city was taken, and, according to the prediction of our Savior, nearly forty years before, it was made a heap of ruins. The temple was completely destroyed, so that not one stone lay upon another; and the ground where it had stood, was ploughed up. Even the name of the city was changed.

Adrian, another Roman emperor, undertook afterwards to rebuild the city, but his plan only partially succeeded. In the mean time, he banished all the Jews, forbidding their return. Constantine the Great, enlarged the city, and restored its ancient name.

Since that time the fate of Jerusalem has been various and singular. In 614, the Persians captured it; and in the capture, ninety thousand Christians were slain. In 637 it was seized by the Saracens, who held it till 1079, when the Seljukian Turks got possession of it. After the Crusades, the Ottoman Turks became its masters; and these own it at the present day.

We have already represented Jerusalem as standing upon several eminences, and surrounded by a wall, forty or fifty feet high. Towers rose at various places on these walls, some of them to the height of one hundred, or one hundred twenty feet. The length of the wall, or circumference of the city, about the time of Christ, must have been, according to the best accounts, about four miles and a half. It was very thickly populated; containing, as some suppose, nearly three million inhabitants. This may be too high an estimate; but the population was certainly very large. One evidence of its great population is the fact, that there were in it, at this time, nearly five hundred Jewish synagogues. At present, Jerusalem contains five synagogues, eleven mosques, and twenty monasteries.

But Jerusalem is very far from being

now what it once was. Instead of containing millions of inhabitants, as some suppose it formerly did, it scarcely contains twenty thousand. Of these, perhaps ten thousand are Mohammedans, six thousand are Jews, two thousand are Greeks, one thousand five hundred Catholics, and five hundred Armenians. Instead of being four and a half miles in circumference, the city scarcely measures two miles and two thirds. The following spirited account of Jerusalem, as it now is, is from the "Modern Traveller."

When seen from the valley of Jehoshaphat, Jerusalem presents an inclined plane, descending from west to east. An embattled wall, fortified with towers, and a Gothic castle, compasses the city all round, excluding, however, a part of Mount Zion, which it formerly enclosed. In the western quarter, and in the centre of the city, the houses stand very close; but in the eastern part, along (towards) the brook Kidron, you perceive vacant spaces.

The houses of Jerusalem are heavy, square masses, very low, without chimneys or windows. They have flat terraces or domes on the top, and look like prisons or sepulchres. The whole would appear to the eye one uninterrupted level, did not the steeples of the churches, the minarets of the mosques, and the summits of a few cypresses, break the uniformity of the plan. On beholding these stone buildings, in the midst of a stony country, you are ready to inquire if they are not the confused monuments of a cemetery in the midst of a desert.

Enter the city; and you will find nothing there to make amends for the dullness of its exterior. You lose yourself among narrow, unpaved streets, here going up hill, there down, from the inequality of the ground, and you walk among clouds of dust, or loose stones. Canvass stretched from house to house,

increases the gloom. Bazars, roofed over, and fraught with infection, completely exclude the light from the desolate city. A few paltry shops expose nothing but wretchedness to view; and even these are frequently shut from apprehension of the passage of a cadi.

No. a creature is to be seen in the streets, not a creature at the gates, except now and then a peasant gliding through the gloom, concealing under his garments the fruits of his labor, lest he should be robbed of his hard earnings by the rapacious soldier.

Aside, in a corner, the Arab butcher is slaughtering some animal, suspended by the legs, from a wall in ruins. From his haggard and ferocious look, and his bloody hands, you would suppose that he had been cutting the throat of a fellow-creature, rather than killing a lamb.

The only noise heard from time to time in the city, is the galloping of the steed of the desert: it is the Janissary, who brings the head of the Bedouin, or who returns from plundering the unhappy Fellah.

Here reside (that is, among the ruins of Jerusalem) communities of Christian monks, whom nothing can compel to forsake the tomb of Christ; neither plunder, nor personal ill-treatment, nor menaces of death itself. Night and day they chant their hymns around the holy sepulchre.

Driven by the cudgel and the sabre, women, children, flocks, and herds, seek refuge in the cloisters of these recluses. What prevents the armed oppressor from pursuing his prey, and overthrowing such feeble ramparts? It is the charity of the monks; they deprive themselves of the last resources of life, to ransom their supplicants.

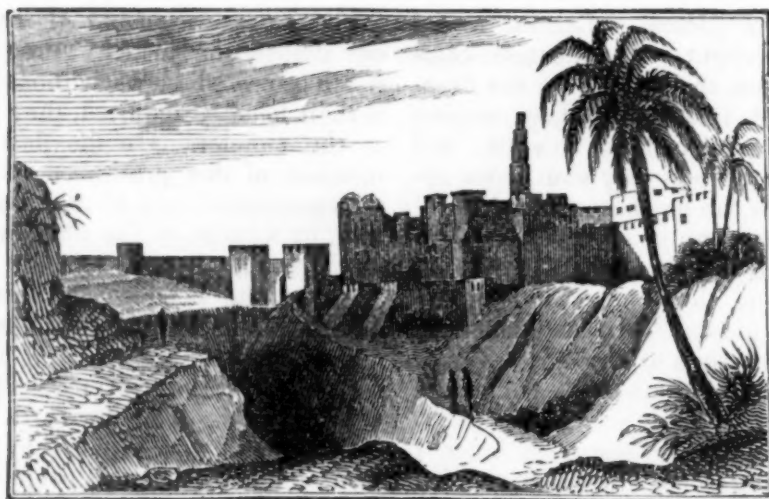
Cast your eyes between the temple and Mount Zion. Behold another petty tribe, (the Jews,) cut off from the rest of the inhabitants of this city! These people bow their heads without murmuring;

they endure every kind of insult, without demanding justice; they sink beneath repeated blows without sighing; if their head be required, they present it to the cimeter. On the death of any member of this proscribed community, his companion goes at night, and inters him, by stealth, in the shadow of Solomon's temple.

Enter the abodes of these people. You will find them, amidst the most abject wretchedness, instructing their children to read a (to them) mysterious book, which they in their turn will teach to their offspring. What they did five thousand years ago, this people still continue to do. Seventeen times have they witnessed the destruction of Jerusalem, yet nothing can discourage them, nothing can prevent them from turning their faces towards Zion.

To see the Jews scattered over the whole world, according to the word of God, must, doubtless, excite surprise. But to be struck with astonishment, you must view them at Jerusalem; you must behold these rightful masters of Judea, living as slaves and strangers in their own country; you must behold them expecting, under all oppressions, a king who is to deliver them.

We will only mention, in conclusion of this article, that the most ancient as well as most splendid edifice in the whole modern city of Jerusalem, is the mosque of Omar. It stands on Mount Moriah, precisely—it is supposed—where once stood the temple of Solomon. It is one thousand four hundred eighty-nine feet—more than a quarter of a mile!—long, and nine hundred ninety-five feet broad. It was built A. D. 636, and has, therefore, stood exactly one thousand two hundred years. It is, indeed, rather a collection of mosques, than a single one. The whole is included in two grand divisions; the Sakhara, in the centre, and the Akhsa, on the south side



Valley of Jehoshaphat.

JEHOSHAPHAT is a narrow valley or glen, which runs from north to south, between the city of Jerusalem or Mount Moriah, on which it stands, on the one side, and Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives, on the other. The brook Kidron, or Cedron, runs through this valley; on which account it was sometimes called the valley of Kidron. It had also several other names, among which were "the Vale of Shevah," the "King's Dale," &c.

This glen received its more common name from the fact, that Jehoshaphat, one of the kings of Judah, erected a most magnificent tomb in it. It abounds with monuments, ancient and modern, and appears to have served as a burying place to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for many ages. The Jews think so highly of being buried there, that it is said they resort thither to die, from all parts of the world; and, for such a privilege, sometimes pay to the merciless Turks, who own the soil, almost its weight in gold.

There are three monuments pointed out here, which are of particular interest; those of Absalom, Zechariah, and Jehoshaphat. A traveller thus describes them.

"The first mentioned is a square mass

of rock, hewn down into form, and separated from the quarry out of which it was cut, by a passage of twelve or fifteen feet on three of its sides; the fourth or western front being open towards the valley, and to Mount Moriah; the foot of which is only a few yards distant. This huge stone is eight paces in length on each side, and about twenty high in the front and ten feet high at the back; the hill on which it stands having a steep ascent. It has four semi-columns cut out of the same rock, on each of its faces, with a pilaster at each angle, all of a mixed Ionic order, and ornamented in bad taste.

"In the immediate vicinity is the tomb of Jehoshaphat, a cavern which is more commonly called the Grotto of the Disciples, from an idea that the disciples of our Savior went frequently thither to be taught by their Master. The front of this excavation has two Doric pillars, of small size, but of just proportions. In the interior are three chambers, all of them rude and irregular in their form, in one of which were several grave-stones. removed, we may suppose, from the open ground, for greater security.

"Opposite to this is the reputed tomb of Absalom, resembling nearly, in the size, form, and description of its square base, that of Zechariah. This is surmounted by a sharp conical dome, having large mouldings running round its base, and on the summit something like an imitation of flame."

Here is also shown what is called the tomb of the Virgin Mary, and the pit where the Jews say the sacred fire was hid during the Babylonian captivity; together with many more objects which arrest the attention of the traveller; and which, though they give no certain information, serve greatly to interest him.

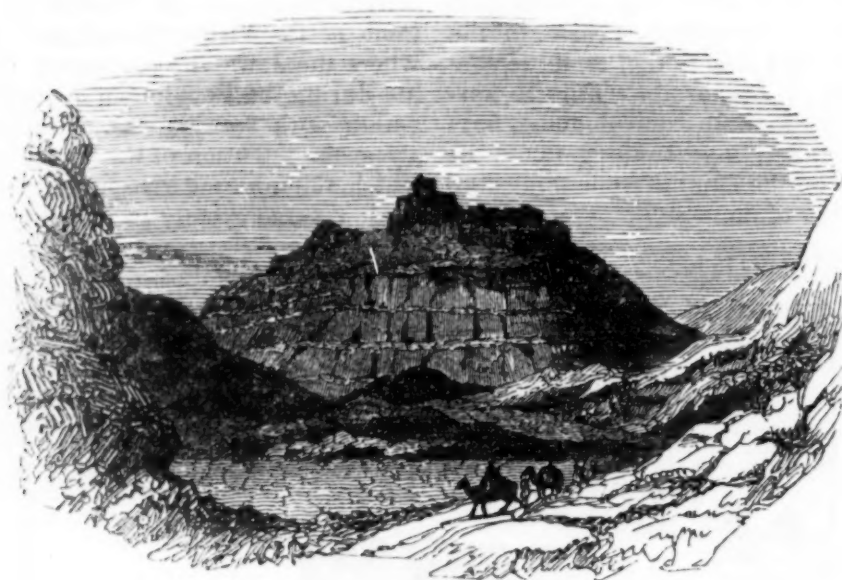


Joppa, or Jaffa.

THIS is one of the most ancient seaports in the world. It is situated on a fine plain, on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, forty-five miles west of Jerusalem. It is believed to have existed before the deluge; to be the city where Noah built his ark; whence Jonah embarked from Tarshish, where he was thrown overboard and swallowed by a whale. It was the port used by Solomon to receive timber from Tyre for the building of the temple. It is now much reduced in importance, being only a small Turkish town on the shores of the Mediterranean, built on a little eminence projecting into the sea, and containing a population of from ten to fifteen thousand Turks, Arabs, Jews, and Christians.

It has a fine climate, and a fine country around it, and the orange gardens are the finest on the shores of the Mediterranean. Although it is the seaport of Jerusalem, its harbor has always been bad, and the vessels that anchor there are often wrecked in the storms.

The modern city has nothing in its history to interest the traveller. He must stand on the shore, and fill the little harbor with the Tarshish; or, imagine Noah entering the ark with his family, by whom the earth was to be repopled; or wander through the narrow streets to seek for the house of Tabitha, whom Peter raised from the dead, or that of Simon, the tanner, where Peter tarried many days.



Mount Carmel.

MOUNT CARMEL is a tall promontory forming the termination of a range of hills, in the northern part of Palestine, and towards the sea. It is fifteen hundred feet high, and is famous for its caverns, which are said to be more than a thousand in number. Most of them are in the western part of it. Here also was the cave of the prophet Elijah. Both Elijah and Elisha used to resort to this mountain, and here it was that the for-

mer opposed the prophet of Baal with such success. Here it was, too, that this prophet went up, when he told his servant to look forth toward the sea yet seven times, and the seventh time he saw a cloud coming from the sea "like a man's hand"—when the prophet knew the promised rain was at hand, and girded up his loins and ran before Ahab's chariot even to the gates of Jezreel. (See 1 Kings xviii. 4—46.)

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ABOUT a week after my imprisonment, as I was sitting in the large room of the jail, occupied in observing the several persons around me, the door of the prison opened, and a well-known face presented itself to my view: it was that of Bill Keeler! He did not immediately see me, for I was at a distance from him,

and there were several persons between us: he, however, looked around, evidently seeking some one. I could not doubt that this was myself, and my first impulse was to rush into his arms; but a sense of shame—a feeling of degradation—at being found in such a place withheld me. I therefore, kept my seat on the floor, and buried my face between my knees.

I sat in this position for some time, when at last I felt a hand laid on my

snoulder, and the familiar voice of Bill, half whispering said, close to my ear, "Robert--Bob--look up—I'm here!" I could not resist this, but sprang to my feet, and clasped Bill to my bosom. My feeling of shame vanished, my humiliation was forgotten for the moment, and I fully indulged the warm emotions of friendship.

Having talked over a great many things, Bill at length said, "Well, now as to this being in the jug—how do you like it?" The tears came to my eyes—my lip trembled, and I could not speak. "Oh, don't mind it," said he, "we'll get you out, somehow or other."

"Get me out—how is that to be done?" said I.

"Why, we must first know how you got in," he replied.

"They put me in!" was my answer.

"Yes, yes," said my friend, "but for what?"

I here related the whole story; how my negligence at the shop had brought down the fury of the old bookseller upon my head; how I had wandered forth in a state of distraction; how a thief, pursued, slipped by me, and how I was taken to be the rogue, and condemned as such. Bill listened attentively, and after I had done, looked me steadily in the face for a moment. He then clasped his hands firmly together, and said, with deep emotion, "Thank Heaven, you are innocent! I knew it was so: I told 'em it was so." He could say no more—for his breast heaved, and the tears ran down his cheeks. He turned away as if ashamed, and hastily effacing the traces of his emotion, shook me by the hand—said he would see me again soon, and, giving me no opportunity to detain him, went away.

I did not then guess the meaning of this, or conjecture the plan he had in view; but I afterwards learned that he

went straight to the city attorney, who had conducted the prosecution against me, and sought an interview. He told the lawyer his errand, and stated that as he knew I was innocent, he hoped I might be released.

"How do you know he is innocent?" said the lawyer.

"He says he is innocent!" said Bill.

The lawyer smiled—but did not speak.

"You think he is not innocent?" said my friend. "I *know* he is—Bob Merry could not steal, any more than a cow could climb a tree; he wan't brought up to 't, and he han't got a turn for it. Why, Robert was eddicated a gentleman, and he never could draw a mug of cider without spillin' half on't! And now, arter he's bin in New York less than a fortnit, you make him out an accomplished rogue. I ax your pardon, mister, but it don't stand to reason, that an honest boy becomes a thief just as a pollywog turns into a frog."

"Can you *prove* his innocence?" said the lawyer, dryly.

"Prove it!" said Bill, indignantly: "hav 'nt I proved it? Don't he say he's innocent? Don't I know he's innocent? Prove it, to be sure! Pray, mister, what do you take me for?"

"I take you to be a very honest fellow, but very ignorant of these matters," said the lawyer. "The question is not whether your friend is innocent,"—

Here Bill opened his eyes, and drew the edges of his lips into a circle. The lawyer proceeded,—

"The question is not whether your friend is innocent; but, it is whether you can *prove* him to be so. If you can bring forward witnesses to swear that he was in another place, and, therefore, could not have committed the crime charged; and, if you can make the judge believe this, and if you can pay the expenses of the court, and the fees of the lawyers we can get him out—not otherwise."

This was said in a manner so cold and yet so decisive, as to discourage Bill; so he took his hat and went away. But he did not abandon his project here. After walking about for some time, considering what was to be done, he went to the court-room, with the intention of appealing to the judge. When he got there, however, he was abashed by the imposing aspect of the scene. The judge, sitting upon his bench, high above the rest, appearing to be regarded with awe by the lawyers, and other persons around, was too formidable a personage to be readily approached, even by one who paid so little respect to outward circumstances as Bill Keeler. He therefore paused, and his attention was soon absorbed by the trial that was going forward.

A young man was before the court, charged with theft. The evidence was clear and conclusive; and his lawyer had, therefore, advised him to plead guilty: to tell the truth, and throw himself upon the mercy of the judge. He was just about to commence his confession, when Bill's attention was drawn to him. He went on to say that he had been for some time connected with a gang of thieves, and proceeded to state some of his exploits. In the course of his narrative, he said that, three weeks before, he had stolen some money and other articles from a house, and, being discovered, was pursued; but escaped, as another young man whom he passed in his flight, was apprehended in his place.

"You say," said the judge, "that another young man was apprehended in your place?"

"Yes, sir!"—said Bill Keeler—who had watched the scene with intense interest—and who had gradually sidled through the crowd, and now stood close to the prisoner—"Yes, sir—another young man was apprehended in his place, and that's Robert Merry, as hon-

est as the cooper's cow—and you sent him to jail, Mr. Judge, and he's there now."

"Order—order!" said the constable.

"Who is this fellow?" said the judge.

"It's me sir," said Bill, nothing daunted, now that he had opened his lips; and, brave as a soldier after the first fire, he went on. "It's me, sir, Bill Keeler, of Salem. I'm a shoemaker, sir, and don't know nothing about law in York. But, sir, if a feller's innocent, we don't put him in the jug, up our way."

"Hold your tongue!" said the officer.

"I'm going to," said Bill—"so as to have it ready!"

The prisoner went on with his confession, and all he said tended to confirm the fact, that he was the thief for whose crime I was imprisoned. Bill waited till the case was closed; he then left the court-room, and again went to the lawyer whom he had before visited. As this man had witnessed the scene at the court-room, and of course now understood the mistake by which I had been imprisoned, Bill expected to find him prepared to set about my release.

"You see, sir," said he, "that I was right."

"Right! About what?"

"Oh, you know well enough—you was at the court to-day, and you heard that gallows-bird tell how it happened that he stole the money and spoons, and left Bob Merry to go to jail for 't."

"Well; what is all this to me?"

"Why, ain't you a lawyer?"

"Yes."

"Well, ain't it the business of a lawyer to see that justice is done?"

"Not at all; a lawyer has nothing to do with justice."

"Indeed! What is his business then?"

"To serve his client. I am the city lawyer, and the city is my client; it is my duty to try persons charged with of

fences, and get them committed, if I can. What have I to do with justice?"

"Why," said Bill, scratching his head—"all this kind o' bothers me, for I'm just from the country, where we have a notion that there's such a thing as justice and law, and that it is designed to protect the innocent and punish the guilty: but it seems that I'm rather green here at York! Howsomdever, I should like to ax one question."

"Certainly," said the lawyer.

"Well," said Bill, casting his eyes knowingly at the attorney—"you got Bob into the pound, and you know how to get him out: set a thief to ketch a thief, as we say—no offence, Mister. 'The hair of the same dog'—you understand! Now, as I said, you got Robert into the jug, and you know how to get him out. You was the lawyer of the city to get him into prison—will you be my lawyer to get him out of the prison?"

"Of course, if I am paid."

"And what is your fee?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Whew! what did you charge for getting Bob into jail?"

"The same."

"Well, what a queer trade this of yours is! Twenty dollars for a job, whether it's to imprison the innocent, or to release the innocent! It's a beautiful trade—an honest trade—and, besides, it's profitable! It works both ways; twenty dollars for doing wrong, twenty dollars for doing right! twenty dollars for justice, twenty dollars for injustice! Fegs! I should like to be a lawyer myself! But to business. I will pay you what you ax, if you'll get Robert out of jail."

"You must pay down!"

"No, no; he's a good customer that pays when the work is done."

"That may be; but I must have my money before I begin."

"Well, here it is; though it's the last

dollar I've got. I wish you'd take ten, and let me have the rest to get back to Salem with."

"I can't take less than twenty."

"Take fifteen?"

"Not a cent less than twenty."

"Well—then, take it! Now, when'll you have Bob out?"

"This afternoon."

Here Bill left the lawyer, who was as good as his word, and that very day I was released.

The Hippopotamus.

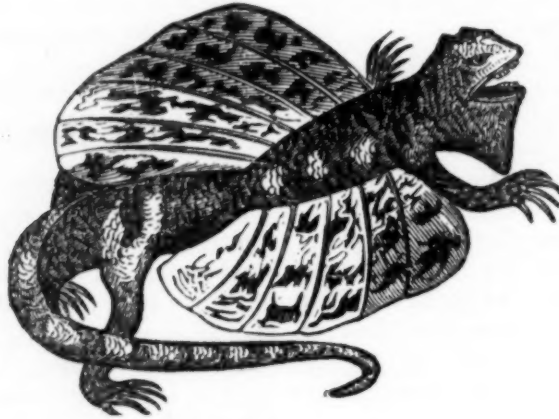
AFTER the Elephant and Rhinoceros, the next animal in size, is the Hippopotamus, or river horse. It is now found in the central parts of Africa only. It is of a dark ash color, without hair; its tail is short, its ears small, and its look stupid. It is, withal, a ferocious animal, with a very ugly mouth. It lives, during the day, chiefly in rivers and lakes, often remaining for hours, with its nostrils only, above the water. It feeds on coarse vegetables, going to the shore by night, for this purpose. It walks on the bottom, immersed in the river, as well as if it was on dry land.

It has the power of breathing out the air in its lungs, while under water, thus causing a bubbling upon the surface. To this, allusion is made in the book of Job, in describing the *Behemoth*, which is, no doubt, the hippopotamus. The accuracy of the description is striking: "He lieth," says the inspired writer, "under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed, and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow: the willows of the brook compass him about. Behold he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not: he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth."

The hippopotamus is about eleven feet long, but not more than four or five high. His legs are so short that when he walks

over soft, ploughed ground, he makes a trench in the earth as if an enormous sack had been drawn along. He is a voracious eater, and his stomach will hold five bushels at once. He makes prodigious havoc among the crops of corn, when he is hungry. His chief food, however, consists of the coarse veg-

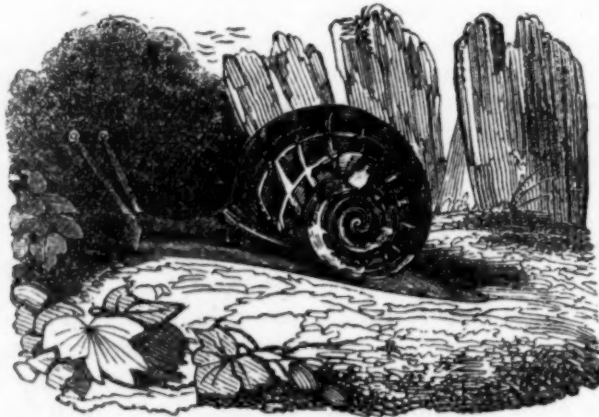
etables of rivers, and his business seems to be that of a river scavenger, to clear streams of exuberant vegetation. It possesses great strength, and is respected by the other beasts, for, not even the crocodile or the lion ever molests him. He is, in fact, lord of the wilds he inhabits.



The Flying Dragon.

THIS little creature, in spite of his formidable name, is, in fact, a very harmless fellow, of the lizard race, and about

ten inches in length. It lives on trees, and devours insects that come in its way. It is found in Asia and Africa.



The Snail.

THIS creature, apparently so insignificant, is one of the greatest curiosities of

nature. The animal consists of a soft pulpy substance, with a curious shell

which serves as a house, and to which it always is attached. When the snail wishes to go from one place to another, he drags his shell along on his back; when he wishes to take some rest, or when he is frightened, he draws himself into his shell.

This little creature has almost as complete a set of the organs of life, as the larger animals: he has a mouth, eyes, tongue, brain, nerves, stomach, liver, heart, muscles, &c. But some of these are curiously contrived. Its eyes, for instance, it carries on the points of its long horns, which it passes about in various directions, thus seeing everything that is going on near it.

Under its two smaller horns, for it has four, is the snail's mouth; and though it might seem too pulpy an animal to have teeth, yet it has eight of them, with which it devours leaves, and even bites off pieces of its own shell!

The snail is hatched from an egg; at first its shell is small, but it increases with the growth of the animal. If this shell gets broken, the creature straightway mends it, and makes it just as good as new. It is provided with a bag, in which it has a coloring matter for painting its shell.

At the approach of winter, the snail either retires to some hole, or buries itself in the earth, where it remains, in a torpid state, till spring. In some countries, snails are eaten as food, and they are so much esteemed in France, that the people raise thousands of them.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER XII.

THE merchant proceeded to relate the story which he had promised, and which we shall call

THE RIVAL MESSENGERS.

In the days of the famous Genghis Khan, there was one of his princes who ruled over a province at a great distance from the seat of government; and he had, at a certain time, occasion to send a messenger to the king, who was then there. The purpose of the message was to communicate some gratifying intelligence, in relation to the conquest of a province of Persia; and the prince knew that whoever should be the bearer of the pleasant tidings, was sure to receive some distinguished mark of royal favor.

In order to provide against the chance of miscarriage, it seemed necessary to despatch two messengers, and by different routes—one of them leading through a pleasant and peaceful country, the other passing over mountainous regions, inhabited by hostile and warlike tribes.

It was a desirable, though a dangerous mission, and many of the young men of the court and the army, hoped the choice might fall on them. It was, at last, decided that the only son of the prince should be one of the messengers, and that he should take the safer and easier route; and that a young officer, the son of a peasant, should be the other, and proceed by way of the mountains. They were soon ready and departed upon their expedition, each being provided with a swift courser, and attended by four well-mounted men, skilled in all the arts of war and horsemanship.

Phalax, the son of the prince, had taken leave of his friends with a haughty confidence of reaching the seat of government before his rival. He not only had an easier and safer route, but he was, in fact, better mounted; his horse was of the famous hollow-backed breed, of King Solomon, and far-famed for his fleetness and endurance. His companions, too, were of the proudest chivalry of Mongolia, all of noble blood, and were in the full flush of youthful

manhood. Nothing could exceed the splendor of their equipages, the impatience of their chargers, and the gallant bearing of their riders.

Abdael, the other messenger, was well mounted upon a horse of a celebrated Tartar stock—but the animal was of a humbler line, and of less imposing qualities than the horse of Phalax. His attendants, too, were common soldiers, though of tried valor and long experience.

As the two parties set forth from the palace of the prince, there was a shout among the populace—some calling out, "Phalax! Phalax!" and others, though very few, "Abdael! Abdael!" The superior beauty and splendor of the prince's party dazzled and pleased the eyes of the unthinking rabble, who are apt to look only at the outside of things; beside, they had been taught to look upon those of noble blood with respect; and, more than all, mankind are apt to be on the side which seems to be that of power, and likely to obtain success. It was for these reasons that the greatest portion of the spectators, cheered Phalax, while only a few, who reflected more justly, encouraged Abdael, the more humble and modest of the rival messengers.

As Phalax was about to depart, his princely father beckoned him to his side, and whispered in his ear a single word—"Success and glory, my son! may the Father of light bless thee!"—It was almost at the same moment, that an old man stood at the side of Abdael. He was evidently poor, for his garments betokened it—but he was still of a respectable mien. "Give me thine ear, Abdael," said he. The young man bent in his saddle. "The chances are against thee, my boy, for the prince has, in his heart, designed thy ruin, and his son's triumph; yet there is one thing thou canst do." "What is it, my father?" said Abdael. "Thy duty"—was the reply "It shall

be done!" said the young man; and he rode away.

Thus the messengers set forth, guided by different counsels, and influenced by different motives. Phalax was impelled by the thought of glory and triumph, Abdael, by a sense of duty. The issue of the story will show that the first is a wavering principle, beaming brightly for a time, like a full lamp, but soon exhausted, and finally going out at the moment of utmost need; while the other is like a heaven-set star, ever in the same place, and ever leading its votary on in the straight and narrow path of wisdom and safety.

Phalax and his companions dashed on with great ardor, taking the road that led through a series of beautiful valleys. The first day, they travelled with the utmost rapidity and diligence, and at evening found themselves far advanced in their journey; but, on the morrow, they were all stiff and sore; and the horses were not a little jaded. The next day, they went but a short distance, and stopped for the night at a little village. Near by, was the palace of a prince, who, hearing of their arrival, invited them to come and see him. Now, the young men knew that this prince was a great hypocrite, and that, under the guise of friendship to the Khan, he nourished the most deadly hostility. Prudence would have dictated a polite refusal of the invitation, but they were anxious to enjoy the luxuries of the palace: so they said, "This act of the prince is too gracious a piece of courtesy to be slighted;" and, therefore, they went to the palace. Here they were entertained with great splendor. A rich banquet was provided, with music and wine, and dancing, and other festivities.

The young men entered heartily into the pleasures of the scene. Phalax drank deeply—and when he was about to put another goblet to his lips, one of

his more discreet companions said, in a whisper, "Beware! remember your message—remember your father's counsel—'glory and success.'"

"You are a fool," said Phalax, already partially intoxicated; "I'm not so much a dastard as to take a dastard's advice;" and saying this, he drank off the goblet, and, in a short time, fell stupified beneath the table.

While this was the state of the leader of the party, the rest were little better. They drank deeply, and, passing into the gardens, where were walks, and fountains, and flowers, and everything to delight the senses, they spent the remainder of the night in dissipation.

It was not till late the third day after the scene we have described, that Phalax and his friends awoke from the deep sleep into which they fell, after their dissipation; for the wine they had drunk, had an infusion in it of a sleepy drug. This had been contrived by the command of the deceitful prince, who, under pretence of hospitality, took this method of thwarting the purpose of the messengers.

Thus Phalax and his party lost two entire days, yet they did not know it. When they recovered, they had their horses saddled, and set out again on their journey. But they were all weary, enfeebled, and out of humor. For some time, they rode on in silence. They then began to grumble at one thing and another. At last, the young man who had been insulted by Phalax at the table, spoke to him on the subject. The latter denied the truth of the charge, and insinuated that he never said what was imputed to him. The youth retorted: "Do you call me a liar?" said he. "I do," said Phalax, fiercely. "You are a coward," said the youth. "Let us prove it," said Phalax, in a rage.

It was in vain that the other members of the party interfered to stop the quar-

rel. Phalax rode apart—brandished his spear, and challenged the offended youth to mortal combat. Quick as lightning, the latter rode forth, and whirling his weapon over his head, prepared for the attack.

The two were at the distance of a hundred yards, when, putting spurs to their steeds, they flew at each other, each with his spear in an attitude of deadly hostility. The horses met, and both riders were thrown to the earth. The spear of Phalax passed through the body of his antagonist—and the young man lay dying on the ground. Phalax was stunned, but otherwise unhurt. He soon arose, and went to the side of his dying companion: "Forgive me," said he, "Oh, forgive me. I was drunk and scarcely knew what I said. I remember to have spoken improperly to you. Arise, my dear friend, and tell me you forgive me." "It is in vain," said the youth. "I forgive you, but I die." Saying this, he breathed his last.

Phalax, being of royal blood, had been brought up to think that all mankind were made for princes, and might be used as their passions or pleasures should dictate. He did not feel, therefore, as if he had committed a great crime, or slain one who had the same rights with himself; he had only taken the life of an inferior. He, however, mourned for his friend, and felt much ashamed of his impetuosity and want of self-government. He said little, but determined to be more prudent in future. With this resolve he proceeded on his journey.

We cannot trace all the adventures of Phalax and his party. It is sufficient to say, that they were so confident of reaching the capital before their rivals, that they did not deem it necessary to be either prudent or industrious. They knew that the route of Abdael, was not only more difficult and dangerous, but more circuitous—and, besides all this—

they believed that, even if their rival should deliver the message first, the Khan would bestow the honor upon Phalax, and his party, in consideration of their rank. And, finally, if even this should fail, and if, as they said among themselves, "the king should have such bad taste as to prefer a plebeian to a prince—why, at least we have noble blood in our veins; and that is an advantage we shall ever enjoy—Abdael cannot be a prince or a nobleman."

Thus offering apologies for their negligence, and fortifying themselves in their folly, the party proceeded, forgetting the great object of their expedition in the indulgence of the various passions which tempted them by the way. It was the *love of glory* that had been presented to the imagination of Phalax, as the motive to action. This was a selfish passion, and gave way the moment another passion, a little stronger, took possession of the breast. The desire of ease, the desire of wine, the desire of dissipation, the desire of pleasure, often mastered the desire of glory, and made the young leader of the party forget this, and the means by which it was to be obtained. Besides all this, it must be remembered that in their debauchery at the prince's palace, a deception had been practised upon them, and precious time had slipped, unreckoned, away, thus leaving them in a state of delusion.

We must now turn, to Abdael and his companions. Soon after they set out, Malek, an old soldier, rode to his side, and said, "It is a hard lot, my young master, to have the longer route, and the more mountainous path; what do you intend to do?" "My duty, and trust in Heaven!" said Abdael. "I had no doubt of it," said Malek, and, apparently satisfied, he rode on.

The party did not attempt to urge their horses. They proceeded slowly, but steadily, and stopped for the night, after

having performed but a very moderate journey. The next day they did the same; and so on, the third and fourth day. The greatest care was taken of the horses at night; and the men were particular to avoid every species of excess. They abstained from wine altogether, for Abdael feared that they might be betrayed into indiscretion, or acentiousness. They were obliged to keep their arms constantly in hand, for they were surrounded with enemies.

It might have seemed, to a careless observer, rather a dull party, but if any one could have looked beneath their stern exterior, and have seen their hearts, he would have discovered a sober satisfaction there, arising from the consciousness of performing their duty; he would also, have seen, that even the dangers and difficulties which surrounded them, became sources of agreeable excitement.

Beside this, the feeling of mutual danger, and the necessity of mutual support, created a kindly feeling between the individuals; and thus they were in fact, like so many steadfast friends, united for common protection and defence. They were, therefore, cheerful and happy. They had little hope of reaching the capital in season to achieve a triumph over Phalax, but they had, at least the satisfaction of feeling that even in defeat, they would have the approbation of their own consciences, and, perhaps, obtain the respect of the king.

In a few days they reached rugged and precipitous mountains, and now the necessity of all their care, courage, and perseverance became obvious. The road wound amid deep and fearful valleys, crossed rapid streams, threaded wild passes, traversed ridges and peaks, which hung like curtains of everlasting rock, over the ravines below. Although it was summer, these lofty regions were covered with snow, and the wind was as keen and chill as winter.

Nor were the obstacles thus presented by nature, the only ones which beset the travellers. One day, as they were pursuing their route along the edge of a dizzy cliff, they saw a party of Tartars on horseback, at a little distance before them. They were about twenty in number, but as soon as they were remarked, they vanished. In a few minutes, however, they reappeared, some in front and some in the rear of the little party. On they came with the speed of a snow-drift, threatening to hurl Abdael and his friends over the precipice into the gulf beneath, by the fury of the onset. But the travellers were prepared; Malek and two soldiers turned back, and met the assailants in the rear, and Abdael and one of his friends, faced the enemy in front.

The Tartars came close up to Abdael, as if to push him from the path, but such was his steadiness and that of the man at his side, that the enemy recoiled, and stood still at a little distance. The leader then brandished his lance, and hurled it at Abdael. The latter received it upon his sloping shield, and glancing off, it cut the air downward into the glen. Abdael, in an instant, hurled his spear at his enemy, and, true to the mark, it entered the breast of the Tartar leader, who reeled in his saddle, fell from his horse and rolled over the cliff. His body bounded from rock to rock, and was lost to the sight in the grisly shadows of the ravine!

This fearful scene took place in view of both parties, and such was the panic created in the Tartar troops, that they immediately took to flight. Abdael and his men now proceeded. In the evening, and at the foot of the mountain, they reached a small town situated in a lovely valley. Though the snow-capped peaks were so near, yet every species of lovely flower was in bloom, and the most luscious fruits hung ripe from the

stem. Here they had many invitations to stay and participate in the pleasures of the place, but Abdael remained no longer than was necessary for rest, and refreshment to his men and their beasts.

He had not proceeded far from the town we have mentioned, when the Prince of the Valley, who had heard of his arrival, sent messengers to meet Abdael, and ask him to spend a few days at his palace. The young traveller conceived it necessary, as a mark of courtesy, to call upon the prince; and accordingly, he and his party went to the palace, and caused their arrival to be announced. They were received with due ceremony, and urged to stay a few days. "May it please your royal highness," said Abdael, "I am but a plebeian, and my companions are common soldiers. They are worthy men—but more fit for battle and foray than for the presence of a prince. I, therefore, pray your highness to hold us excused from an honor too great for such as we are."

"Thou art a wise youth," said the prince, "and I suspect there is much pride beneath thy humility of speech. However, thou shalt have thy way, only let thy men come and partake of the feast we have provided."

Abdael bowed, and the men came in. They sat down to the table, which was spread with every luxury the nicest palate could desire. The travellers were worn and weary, and they had now subsisted for a long time on the coarsest food; but, taking example from Abdael, they ate sparingly of the simplest articles, and avoiding the sparkling wines, they drank water only. This was noticed by the prince, who spoke in an offended tone to Abdael; "I am sorry, young soldier, that the wine pleases thee not."

"Forgive me, prince," said Abdael, courteously—"it is not that I distrust the quality of the wine—but, we are humble men, and have little to boast of

but our wits. Now, wine is a great thief, and should it steal our wits away, we should be poor, indeed. It is only those who are noble, and have something better than their brains to boast of, that can afford to drink wine and run the risk of losing their senses!"

"By my beard!" said his royal highness, "this is a bold fellow: you curmudgeons are too wise to make fools of yourselves, and therefore you leave that to princes and nobles! Upon my word, this is courtly speech! But, young man, perhaps you suspect the wine to be drugged."

"There is no need of suspicion of the wine to him who has foresworn the cup!" said Abdael.

"I am fairly answered," said the prince. Soon after, the feast was finished, and the strangers were about to take their leave. "A word with thee," said the prince, to Abdael; and taking him aside, he spoke as follows: "Your conduct, young soldier, has impressed me favorably; may I ask an honest answer to an honest question?"

"Surely," said Abdael.

"I see that thou hast some charm which gives thee wisdom above mankind in general. Wilt thou tell me what it is that thus guides thee, and makes thee superior to other men; which, indeed, makes a young soldier the master of a prince who is famous for his craftiness?"

"A father's counsel," was the reply.

"And who is thy father?" said the prince.

"A poor peasant of Parthia."

"And what is this magic counsel of which thou speakest?"

"It lies in few words—*do thy duty.*"

"Indeed! And is this the simple exposition of a riddle that I could not solve? And yet I feel it to be true. Young man, thy father, however poor, is happy—and may well be the envy of

a prince. He can give wise counsel, and he possesses a son who can follow it. I confess that thou and he have this day taught me a lesson: I owe thee something, and I will pay the debt by frankness. Thy father's advice, and thine own steadfast fidelity have secured thy life, and that of thy companions. There was a poison in that wine, that had proved mortal to him whose lips had tasted it. I say this to encourage thee in thy career of virtue; for however, being a prince, I may seek to destroy my enemies by poison, as is my privilege, I can still perceive virtue and approve of it, in others."

Abdael departed, and, with his companions, proceeded on his journey. They travelled with great industry, but such were the difficulties they encountered, that their progress was not rapid. They were sustained, however, by hope, and seemed actually to derive energy from the obstacles that beset them. They were usually in health; all their faculties were in full exercise; their limbs and their minds were vigorous and active. They were also cheerful; when there was no pressing occasion for circumspection, the laugh and the joke went round, and they were all the better, that they were excited by that kind of wit which springs from knowledge and experience. Their very adventures and dangers became to them the fruitful sources of pleasing and lively reflections.

It was at the end of a month that Abdael reached the capital. This was a short time for performing the journey, and seldom, if ever, had it been accomplished in so brief a space: but still, he had every reason to suppose that Phalax had arrived before him, and that he was going to a scene rather of humiliation than triumph. He entered the city with a beating heart. His companions, as well as himself, were silent. They went

straight to the palace, and found Phalax and his party there. They had arrived about an hour before, and Abdael met them in the hall of entrance, waiting an audience.

Phalax was admitted first; Genghis received his message, and heard his story. "You have been a long time," said the king, "in performing your journey. Was no other messenger despatched?"

"Yes, sire," said Phalax, "Abdael was sent by the route of the mountains."

"Has he arrived?" said the king.

"This moment," was the reply.

"You arrived first?" said the king.

"I did, sire," said Phalax.

The young prince was now dismissed, and as he passed Abdael in the hall, he darted upon him a look of insolent triumph. The latter was immediately ushered into the presence of the king. He told his story briefly and modestly, and took his leave. The next day, the two young men were summoned before the Khan. As both stood in his presence, the king noticed the calm but modest demeanor of Abdael, and contrasted it with the evident doubt and fear, which lay beneath a veil of assurance, upon the face of Phalax. At last, Genghis spoke as follows:

"I have seen your companions, young gentlemen, and learned the history of your adventures from them. Phalax reached the city first, but only by an hour; yet his route was the easier by at least a fortnight. Let him remember that success is not the evidence of merit. He arrived before his rival, yet he neglected his duty, and violated his trust; nay, more—he has exalted himself in his own account, beyond the truth: besides, he has come with one of his party missing—and he has not dared to tell the reason!"

The king looked keenly at the young prince—who first reddened, then turned

pale, and finally kneeled before the king. "Speak not!" said Genghis, sternly—"I know it all; it had been better for thee, if thou hadst not glossed over thy madness and folly, for confession may palliate, if it cannot excuse, guilt. Thy doom is perpetual banishment! Abdael, thou hast done nobly; not only hast thou excelled in prudence, energy, and devotion to thy duty, but thou hast excelled in modesty also. In thy brief and simple story, thou hast rather hidden than exaggerated, thine own merits; it shall be mine to make them known. I hereby make thee a captain of my guard." Saying this, the monarch hung a rich sash of silk, glittering with costly jewels, around Abdael's neck, as a mark of his special favor.

"And now, tell me, my friend," said the king, "how is it that thou hast performed such worthy deeds, and set so good an example?"

"By following the advice of a good and wise father," said Abdael.

"Send for him," said the king, "he shall be the steward of my household. Is there anything else thou wouldst desire?"

"One thing, sire,"—said Abdael, with a subdued voice.

"Name it," said the king.

"That thou wouldst recall thy sentence of banishment against Phalax."

"For what good reason dost thou make this request?"

"He has been less fortunate than myself: while I have been nursed in adversity, hardened by toil, trained by necessity to self-denial and self-government, he has been bred at the court and treated with indulgence; while I enjoyed wholesome lessons of prudence and wisdom, enforced by poverty, he has been seduced, by the false tongue of flattery, and the deceitful allurements of riches and pleasure. Let me ask forgiveness, then, oh king, for the errors of youth, and acca

sioned by the misfortune of his noble birth and exalted station."

"This is strange, indeed," said the king, "that wealth and rank, and power are looked upon, by a plebeian, as misfortunes, which are to excuse wickedness and folly; and yet, I can hardly gainsay it. Abdael, thy request is granted: Phalax is restored—he shall be of thy troop, a private under thee, and it shall be thy duty to teach him the art of self-government. But not till he has shown, by his own example, that rank and fortune may rather bless than curse the possessor, shall I consent to see him at court. Farewell!"

This story was told in an interesting manner, by the merchant, and all present listened to it with attention; but Alexis was attracted by something in the speaker, which he could not readily explain. The voice, the manner, and the looks of the merchant, now seemed familiar to him, or, at least, he felt assured that he had seen him before; but when or where, he could not divine.

The dinner party soon broke up, but the eyes of Alexis followed the merchant so closely that the latter observed it. Coming near to the young man, he said in an under-tone, "You know me—yet you do not know me."

"True," said Alexis; "I feel sure that we have met before—but I cannot tell upon what occasion; will you be so kind as to help me out of my perplexity?"

"And myself into a greater difficulty, ha! What is the penalty which the emperor bestows upon an exile, who dares to return to his country?"

"It is death—inevitable death!"

"And yet you wish Count Zimsky, the hermit of the banks of the Lena—the man who dug you out of the snow, and saved your life—to confess that he has smuggled himself on board of a Russian ship of war, and goes to St. Peters-

burgh to beard the emperor in his palace!"

"Yes, yes," said Alexis, in profound astonishment—for he now recognised the hermit—"I understand you; I know you; but I must not seem to recognise you. Alas, alas, my dear sir, to what certain peril do you expose yourself! you not only violate the edict of your banishment, but will it not heighten your offence, that you take passage in a government ship, under this disguise?"

"No doubt; but the desperate man, has nothing to fear. I prefer death and torture, to exile in Siberia. I have determined to go to St. Petersburg, to face the emperor, and let him do with me as he pleases." At this point of the interview, the parties were interrupted.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHILE the ship continued steadily on her voyage, Alexis found abundant sources of amusement. It might seem that being shut up in a ship was a kind of imprisonment, but our young Sable-Hunter did not feel it to be so. He often talked with Suvarrow, of Tobolsk, of home, of his father, and, above all, of his sister. Upon this latter subject, Suvarrow did not say much, but he spoke in such terms of tender interest as at once to bind the young officer to his heart, and, at the same time, to assure him that he was sincerely attached to Katrina.

The disguised merchant often took occasion to converse with Alexis, and while he cautioned him to keep his secret, he spoke of his plans and wishes. "I desire," said he, "once more to see the princess Lodoiska; I desire to bid her farewell; and then I am ready to lay my head on the block, if the emperor wishes to take my life. At all events, death, imprisonment, the rack—anything is preferable

to Siberia. To live in that chill, lonely, desolate exile; to waste, drop by drop, the blood of life; to see existence creep away with the slow ticking of the clock; to gnaw one's own heart in very anguish—is what I cannot and will not endure. I will see the princess—and then I will go to the emperor; I will tell him that I once saved his life; and now, if he chooses, he may take mine as a compensation?”

Alexis was almost awed by the energy and firmness of the Polish nobleman; yet he looked upon his present enterprise as little better than courting death. One thing led him to hope for better things: he had sent the sable-skins designed for the princess, to Katrina, requesting her to see them forwarded to Petersburg. This, he had no doubt, would be done; and, as it contained evidence that Count Zinski was still living and entertained the deepest affection for the princess, he fancied, with the fond ardor of a youthful mind, that she would be incited to obtain his pardon.

Intent upon gathering knowledge, Alexis listened to the various observations of the officers of the ship, several of whom were intelligent men; and as Japan naturally became the subject of discourse, while, for several weeks, they were sailing near the Japanese islands, he learnt a good deal about it. One day, one of the officers told him the following story:

“The people of Japan, like many other nations, pretend that their nation has existed for ages, and they tell of rulers that lived millions of years ago. Yet they were entirely unknown to Europe, till discovered by the Portuguese navigators, who were the first to explore that portion of the world. The government of Portugal was then eager to take advantage of intercourse with these eastern nations, and, accordingly, they sent ships and ambassadors to Japan. They also

despatched missionaries to introduce the Catholic religion into that country.

“At first these were kindly received, and, in the space of sixty years, about one half of the whole empire was converted to Christianity. Had the Europeans conducted wisely, they might have effected the complete introduction of Christianity into Japan, and the permanent establishment of intercourse between that country and other civilized nations of Europe. But, instead of that, their conduct was licentious, and they meddled, improperly, in political matters. Accordingly, in 1617, the missionaries were banished forever from the country, and the Japanese, who had become Christians, were subjected to the most cruel persecution. These were continued for forty years, and several millions of people were sacrificed to the fury of the storm. It is a story of this persecution that I am now going to tell you.

“It was long after the missionaries had been banished, that there lived a rich Japanese merchant in the great city of Jesso. This is on the island of Nippon, and the capital of the empire. It contains as many inhabitants as London, but the houses are generally small.

“The name of this merchant was Nanky; he was greatly esteemed for his good character, his kindness to the poor, and his observance of all the duties of religion and society. His wealth was almost boundless. It is true, he had no ships, for the Japanese have little commerce on the sea, their vessels being small and only able to creep along the margins of their own islands. But he owned vast landed estates, and as the cultivation of the soil is the most honorable occupation there, he chose to be called a farmer, and brought up his only son to that occupation.

“This young man, named Sado, was now about twenty years old, and lived upon a fine estate situated in a valley.

called Noorki, at the foot of Mount Fusi. This is the loftiest peak in all Japan, and its top is so high as to be always covered with snow. The estate of young Sado, however, had a warm and delightful climate; in winter it was not so cold as to injure the orange trees, and in mid-summer, the breezes came down from the top of old Fusi with a refreshing coolness. Here the young man dwelt, beloved and respected by all around.

"At a little distance from the valley of Noorki, lived a nobleman by the name of Gasaki. Like many of the nobles of Japan, he was poor and proud. He pretended to be of celestial origin, his remote ancestors being, as he claimed, divine beings.

"He dwelt in a castle, once of great strength, but now in a ruinous condition. He, however, affected all the pomp and circumstance of the loftiest peer; he collected his taxes and enforced his authority on all the people around him with severity; and required the utmost nicety of etiquette to be observed by all who came to his castle. It is true, that, with all this pretence, his celestial descent, his ancient castle, and his great authority, Gasaki was obliged to carry on a manufactory of baskets and varnished boxes, to increase his scanty income and supply his necessities. This, however, was done as secretly as possible, and no one was permitted to allude to the circumstance.

"Gasaki had two children, a son named Lofu, and a daughter named Soonki. The former was now required to live at Jeddo, in the palace of the Cobi, or king of Japan, as a hostage, to ensure the good conduct of his father towards the government: it being understood that if Gasaki should do anything to offend the king, Lofu must die. Such is the custom of Japan, and all the chiefs or nobles are thus obliged to keep a part of their families at court, as hostages, and pledges for their good behavior.

"Now Soonki was one of the most beautiful girls that ever was seen; and as women in Japan have as much freedom as among us, she often met young Sado, whose estate was near her father's castle. They accordingly became well acquainted, and in time they loved each other very tenderly.

"I must tell you that near the foot of Mount Fusi was a shaded glen, in which were a number of deep and dark caves. Into one of these, a Catholic priest had retired during the persecutions, and here he had continued to dwell. Only a few persons knew of his residence there; these were some who still held the Christian faith. It was necessary for them to cover their opinions with the utmost secrecy, for exposure, or suspicion even, would have subjected them to cruel torture and agonizing death.

"Among these followers of the hermit priest, was one of the seven wives of Gasaki, and she was the mother of Soonki. She had carefully educated her daughter in her own faith, and more than once, they had both stolen to the glen and held religious interviews with the now aged and decrepid father. It seems to be a fact that a religious faith is only loved the more, if it bring danger and trial upon its votary; and therefore the youthful maiden received the faith of the cross with all the fervor of youth, and all the devotion of a martyr.

"It was not long after the acquaintance between young Sado and Soonki had commenced, before he avowed his affection, and asked her hand in marriage. She replied evasively at first, and then stated that a fatal obstacle to their union existed. Sado urged her to explain, but for a long time she refused. At last she confessed the fact that she was a Christian. Sado was shocked, and for a time the intercourse of the lovers was suspended; it was, however, renewed; the cause of separation became the topic of discussion, and, under

the tutelage of Soonki, Sado became a Christian. He was also accepted by her as her lover. He now applied for the consent of the haughty father, and received the following reply :

"Is it possible, that a young man, whose father is a merchant, should hope to match himself with a maiden who is descended through ten thousand generations from the immortal Tensio Dai Sir? Have you, whose name is but of yesterday, the audacity to ask to ally yourself with a family that ranks among its members the many-headed idol Quanwan; Amida, the judge of departed souls; Temacco, the keeper of the door of the damned, and Driso, the commander in chief of purgatory? Young man, you aspire to an honor of which peers and princes might be proud: but sir, I am not only a peer of Japan, with the oldest and best blood of the empire in my veins, but I am a father. Soonki is my only daughter, and she rules my heart. She says her happiness is allied to yours: take her and make her blest!" The old man now made sixteen stately bows, nearly to the ground, and backed himself out of the room, as is the custom of Japan. Sado retired, and Gasaki was left rubbing his hands with delight to think that his daughter was to wed the richest youth living in sight of old Fusi's lofty peak.

Gasaki was so much elated that he determined to make a pilgrimage to Meaco, a famous city, where are a great many temples, and where the Dairi, the spiritual chief of the empire, resides. He was very anxious to swell his retinue, for a Japanese peer is estimated according to the number of his followers. Both Soonki and Sado sought to avoid this expedition, but the chief insisted on their going, and required Sado also to muster as many of his own men as possible, and to join his train. This being done, they set out with about four thou-

sand people. Couriers were despatched to go before the company, and engage lodgings and provisions at the taverns, which are numerous along the road.

"The chief persons of the party, as Gasaki, several of his wives, his daughter, Sado and others, rode in small carriages drawn by oxen, buffaloes, or little horses. There were no asses, camels, mules, or elephants, for these are not used in Japan. The train was attended by thousands of dogs, which are held almost sacred by the Japanese; and left to their own pleasure, they barked, howled, snapped and fought with each other, making such a din as almost to drown every other sound. Add to this the lowing of the oxen and buffaloes, the neighing of the little horses, the gabble of the men and women, and the prayers and petitions of thousands of beggars that lined the road, and you may imagine the turmoil and confusion of the scene.

"The road on which they travelled was of great width, and nicely fenced; on all sides, the lands seemed burthened with the richest crops of vegetation. Every inch of ground was cultivated like a garden; even the steep hill sides were supported with terraces, yielding their harvest of fruits.

"As the pilgrims moved along, they met other parties returning, some from Meaco, and some from Isje, the seat of the temple of Tensio Dai Sir, the chief of the celestial spirits. It might seem strange that so many thousand people, passing and repassing, could find support: but it must be understood that in Japan they reject meat, milk, butter and cheese; and live, with wonderful frugality, upon vegetables alone.

Gasaki and his party at last arrived at Meaco, and proceeded to the great temple of Fokosi. This is a vast edifice, one thousand feet in length, paved with squares of white marble,

adorned with a hundred columns of cedar, and having a colossal idol of Buddha, eighty feet in height. Having performed their religious services here, the party went to the temple of Kwan-wan, and paid their reverence to the goddess of thirty-three hands, and the little deities arranged on shelves, of which there are thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three.

"Having spent some time at Meaco, which is a vast city, twice as large as New York, and the centre of Japanese trade; and having not only performed their religious ceremonies, but paid all due obeisance to the Dairi, the spiritual king of Japan, Gasaki and his vast retinue returned home. All had passed off well, and the old chief was delighted, particularly as Sado had paid the expenses of the expedition, and, by his liberality, had even left some broad pieces of gold unexpended in his treasury.

"But events soon occurred to darken the prospects of Gasaki and those who were connected with him. A few days after his return from Meaco, a messenger arrived from the Dairi, commanding his immediate presence at Meaco. The chief was alarmed, for he knew that such a summons portended danger; yet he dared not refuse obedience. He went accordingly, and was immediately conducted to the Dairi's palace. This place was itself like a town, it being of immense extent, surrounded with walls, and containing several thousand people. Gasaki was taken into the presence of the Dairi, who is a descendant of the ancient emperors, and who still claims the sovereignty of the empire. But the Cobi, having gradually usurped all political authority and power, the Dairi is only permitted to interfere in religious matters; but in these he is supreme.

The Dairi immediately proceeded to accuse the chief of harboring Christianity

in his family. This accusation struck him with horror, for he knew that no crime was equal to the faith of the cross. He therefore denied it, and challenged his accusers to adduce the proof. The Dairi then proceeded to state that his favorite wife Leos and her daughter Soonki as well as her betrothed lover, young Sado, were all observed to avoid trampling on the cross before the great temple of Fokosi, and also to omit many of the essential ceremonies of that holy temple.

Gasaki grew pale, for he knew that in religious persecution, suspicion is as fatal as proof; and beside, he had himself noticed some peculiarities in the persons accused, which made him fear that the awful charge was true. But a Japanese chief never fails in courage and independence, he therefore declared his own innocence and expressed his hope, nay his confidence, that his wife and daughter as well as Sado, were all free from the imputed guilt. But this could not relieve the chief from suspicion; he was therefore ordered into prison, where he was chained, and confined in a dark room.

"Now it happened that in Meaco, and in the Dairi's palace, and among his own servants, there were several persons, who still cherished, in secret, the religion of Christ. These soon learnt what was going forward, and they sent swift messages to Sado, communicating the tidings of what had taken place. He went immediately to Gasaki's castle, and told Leos and her daughters of the appalling events. What was to be done? They knew that a mandate for their appearance at Meaco would soon come, and then nothing but torture and death could be their lot. Several plans were prepared, one of which was to fly and find safety with the hermit in the caverns of Fusi. But this would confirm the suspicions of the Dairi as to Gasaki, and he and his son were sure to be

sacrificed. The fidelity of friendship in Japan, is true to the last—and after praying for divine aid, they went severally to their employments, determined to wait for events, and yield to the decrees of heaven.

"It was not long before the anticipated summons arrived, and Leos, Soonki, and Sado, being taken into custody, were escorted by a body of some twenty soldiers, mounted on horses, towards Meaco. It was now the latter part of August, and the heat was excessive, until the party began to wind through the ravines that lay at the foot of Mount Fusi. Here, sheltered by the overhanging cliffs, and refreshed by the breezes that came down to fan the heated lowlands, the party proceeded with a reluctant step, as if enchanted by the wild, yet lovely, scenes around. While they were still treading their way through the glen, a dark cloud began to gather over the top of Fusi, and the thunders to come muttering down its sides. The lightning was soon seen, darting from cliff to cliff, and the peals of thunder, growing louder and louder, seemed to shake the mountain to its very foundation.

"There is no part of the world where such fierce thunder storms are experienced as in Japan; and on the present occasion it seemed as if the elements were striving to display their utmost fury. The air grew dark, almost as night; the winds died away, save only an occasional gust that wrung the heavy trees, like so many wisps, and then left them still and silent. The lightning came flash on flash, and the thunder, peal on peal. The startled horses dashed away from their masters, and the trembling men stood horror-struck on the spot. Near by was a post with a board, having the appearance of a cross, but the board moved on a pivot, and was used by the Japanese as a praying machine; though in fact it stood before the hermit's cave,

and was looked upon by him as a cross. Several of the soldiers ran to this, and turned the board rapidly round, hoping to appease the angry deity of the mountain and the storm, by the abundance of their petitions; each revolution of the board being deemed a prayer!

"At last the rain began to fall, and the water came down the mountain in torrents: at the same time, the wind burst like a hurricane upon all around—the trees were dashed to the earth—the darkness thickened—there was a fearful roar. This lasted but a few moments, and the tempest was over. The soldiers, who had fallen to the ground, now rose and looked around. They were all unhurt—but where were the prisoners? Not one of them was to be seen. In vain did the soldiers examine the rocks around: in vain did they inspect the rivulet that now foamed and fretted at the bottom of the glen. They were gone, and no trace of them could be discovered. It was plainly a miracle; the accused were innocent, and the offended genius of Fusi had sent the storm, not only to rescue them, but to confound their accusers!

"The story was carried to the Dairi, by the soldiers. These were put to the torture; but as they all persisted in the same tale; and, moreover, as news soon came that Leos, Soonki, and Sado were all safely at home, as if nothing had happened, their account was believed, and their interpretation of the matter was adopted. Gasaki was set at liberty; a large deputation was sent to turn round the board at the foot of Fusi, thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three times, so as to ensure the pacification of the mountain god; and the whole matter ended. Soonki and Sado, who, with the mother of the former, had fled into the hermit's glen, during the storm, were united in the Japanese fashion, the bride lighting a torch at the fire

of one of the altars, and he lighting another at hers. They were afterwards married, according to the rules of the church, in the cave of the priest, and while they adhered to their Christian faith, they lived and died among the Japanese, as those who were under the guardianship of celestial beings."

While the Russian officer was telling this tale, the mysterious merchant came up and listened to it with apparent interest. After it was finished, he said, "Your story of Japan reminds me of a Chinese legend, which, with your leave, I will tell. China, though often associated in the mind with Japan, is still a very different country. It is true that the Japanese appear to have sprung from the same stock as the Chinese; they have the same small, half-open eyes; the same soft and sleepy expression; the same yellow skin; and to some extent the same religion. But the government, manners and customs are very different. China has but one chief, and he is sole emperor; Japan has two—the Dairi, who is king in spiritual matters, and the Cobi, who is king in all other affairs. China has mandarins, who are considered noble, but they are wholly dependent on the emperor; the nobles of Japan live in strong castles, collect revenues of the people, claim the exclusive right to the soil, and assert their independence in many things. The Chinese are mean, cowardly, selfish and treacherous; the Japanese are frank, brave, friendly and faithful, preferring torture and death, to the betrayal or desertion of a friend. The Chinese have no honor, no self-respect; the Japanese are sensitive of their honor, keenly alive to disgrace, and, when sentenced to death, ask and obtain leave to plunge the deadly knife into their bowels, rather than to die by the hand of the executioner.

"To all this it may be added that while the policy of the Chinese has led them

to exclude foreigners and avoid intercourse with foreign nations, the Japanese have only adopted this custom since the intrigues of the Portuguese and Dutch interfered in the affairs of their government, and led to the same jealous system which has attached to China for ages.

"But though there are so many points of difference between these two great nations, there is one in which they resemble each other: they both claim great antiquity, and furnish long lists of kings, who, if their historians are to be believed, existed some thousands of years before the world began. China is, doubtless, the oldest of Asiatic countries, and indeed their records go back, with pretty good authority, some two thousand years before Christ, when Yee, an emperor nine feet high, is said to have lived, and during whose sway, we are told that it rained gold for three days in succession. The Chinese wall, which is by far the greatest existing monument of human labor, was built more than two hundred years before Christ; it is fifteen hundred miles long, and in some places forty feet high. The stones of which it is composed, are sufficient to construct a wall seven feet in height around the entire world. A work so immense, proves that China was a vast empire long before Rome had reached the zenith of its power and splendor.

"It is not my purpose to relate the history of China; but these details are necessary as a preface to my story. It is matter of history that China, as well as Japan, was visited by Catholic missionaries, soon after these countries were discovered in the fifteenth century. Some of them penetrated to Peking, and a considerable number of persons here were converted to Christianity. To this day there are Catholic missionaries in China, though, when they have once entered the country, they are doomed to continue there during their lives. There are also

several thousand Chinese converts to Christianity, in different parts of the empire.

"Well, I must go back to the year 1625, when a holy father of the church was travelling in the district of Shensy, which lies on the border of Tartary. Here, at the foot of a range of lofty mountains flows a beautiful stream called Hoei-ho, a branch of the Hoan-ho, and situated upon its banks is a great city called Singan-fou. As the priest was approaching this place, he saw a temple or pagoda dedicated to the Chinese god Fo. It looked, at a little distance, like a steeple of four stories, with arched openings in each story, and the whole terminated by a conical point. It was built upon a slope of the mountain, at the foot of which swept the bright waters of the Hoei-ho. Immediately around, the scenery was peculiarly wild, while farther off all was art and cultivation. The city lay at a little distance, and covered a large space of the valley; while every elevation around it was occupied with villas, many of them exceedingly beautiful, and all kept in a state of perfect neatness.

"The holy father proceeded to ponder upon the scene, and to reflect upon the vastness and antiquity of an empire, which had attained so great a population, and reached such a pitch of civilization, as, even among the hidden and remote borders of Tartary, to present such a scene as this. While he was thinking of these things, the skies grew dark, and in the space of a few minutes the whole scene was shadowed with a thick thunder cloud, and large drops of rain began to fall. He therefore hastened forward, and took refuge in the temple I have before mentioned. He found it to be filled with all manner of images, bearing no small resemblance, in this and other respects, to a Catholic church in his own country.

"There was no person in the temple, and as the storm continued with great fury, the priest remained there for shelter, until at last the shadows of night began to fall around. It was soon quite dark, and the father saw that it was his lot to spend the night in the place. He therefore groped about till he found a sort of niche in the wall, sheltered from the blast, and here he sat down. His mind wandered from one thing to another, until, at last, he fancied himself at home, in his own country! A priest is, after all, a man, and has his affections as well as others. The idea of being once more in the land of his fathers, so engrossed his mind, that, when at last he fell asleep, his dreams were tissues woven out of the fond remembrances of father and mother, of brother and sister; of merry childhood, and ardent youth. Holy father as he was, he dreamed—though in his sleep he crossed himself—of a maiden whom he loved in his youthful days, and whose lips, in a moment of madness, met his own. His dream went on—he wooed the maiden; he won her heart; he asked her hand, and she gave her consent.

"Alas, that man should be thus cheated!—that a priest, who had sworn to take no wife to his bosom; to devote all his affections to the church; a Jesuit, who had forsaken his home forever; a missionary, who wandered in hopeless exile in a remote region of the earth; one who even now was crouching beneath the dark arches of a heathen temple, unknowing and unknown—alas, that such a being could be deluded, even in a dream, by scenes so improbable, so impossible, as these! But so it is—the priest's heart had now painted upon it a bright picture of other days—and he yielded to the spell. He dreamed that he was about to be married—and to one he loved. He fancied that he and his bride had entered the church; they were at the altar; the

music was pealing through the aisles and arches—when—he awoke! He crossed himself again and muttered several prayers; for the holy man felt it to be sinful for one of his profession even to dream of the pleasures of the world.

"But while he sat there crossing himself, real music, such as he had heard in his native land, and such as was unknown in China, came full and sweet upon his ears. He now looked abroad; the tempest had ceased, but amid the intense darkness, he saw lights flashing in the glen, and a procession moving slowly towards the temple. The priest rubbed his eyes, and shook himself, and then took a cord that was tied round his body, and thrashed it across his back smartly, to assure himself that he was fully awake. Still the music, soft, but sweet, came swelling toward the temple; the lights advanced, beaming brighter and brighter, and the procession moved steadily onward, through the gloom. The father was in a maze. 'Is it a reality,' said he mournfully, 'or a fiction of the Evil One to tempt me to some mortal sin?' While he was pondering upon this fearful question the procession entered the temple; they proceeded to an arched recess on one side of the space, where, by the light of the torches, the father saw the dim outline of a cross, cut in bass-relief on the rock of the wall.

"There were two youthful figures in the party; one a female in white, and closely veiled; the other a young man, attired in the fashion of other climes. They knelt before the altar: a man who seemed a priest, read from a book. The youthful pair joined hands; the whole party now knelt; a fervent prayer was uttered by the priest, and the responses came from the numerous attendants. The torches were waved in the air; sweet music was diffused, and then a strain of music so deep, so sweet, so

lovely, was poured forth, that the priest who all this time sat in his niche, in a sort of waking trance, found the tears streaming down his cheeks. In spite of his holy vows, his prayers, his penance, his heart was melted with the thoughts of home, brought back by this scene so much like the marriage rites of his native land. 'And yet,' said he to himself, 'it is all an illusion. Even in this lone land, where I am lost to my country and my kindred, the devil has pursued me, and now seeks to seduce me; to turn my heart from my high purpose of scattering the seeds of Christianity in this mighty empire, by presenting the fond images of my early days—and thus sickening my heart with this desolate banishment, this weary exile. But he shall not triumph; I will wrestle like Jacob, I will prevail like Israel!'

"Saying this, the holy father crossed himself, counted his beads, and ran over his prayers. While he was thus occupied, the wedding party crossed the temple, and proceeded to a place in front of a hideous image of Fo, at least forty feet in height. It had a resemblance to a man overgrown with flesh, and besotted with indulgence. Seen in the waning light of the torches, the face had a horrid expression of vulgar mirth and satisfaction. The father looked at it, and fancied that it was laughing at him; he imagined that he could see the twinkle of triumph in his swinish eye, and a curl of derision upon his thick and brutish lip.

"It was an awful moment—and the priest paused. The party, at least a hundred in number, bowed in the Eastern fashion before the gigantic image, and proceeded to perform the marriage ceremony in behalf of the youthful couple, according to the heathen rites of the temple. 'Alas! alas!' said the priest—'they taunt me with this infamous spectacle; they perform the holy rites of Christian marriage to tempt me to aban-

don my duty; and now they perform the wicked incantations of their heathen faith, to drive me from the land in despair. And behold that fearful image standing there, looking me in the face, and shaking his sides at my confusion! But the artifice shall fail.'—

"Saying this, the father leaped from his niche, and sprung at once into the very midst of the party. He lifted his arms to heaven, with a wooden cross in his hand, and exclaimed:—'Avaunt—avaunt! ye spirits of darkness! in the name of the holy Catholic church, I bid you depart to the regions of the accursed. Down, down, Lucifer, and all your hosts!'

"All this was uttered in a hoarse and hollow voice—while the red blaze of the torch-light fell full upon the image of the priest—one arm lifted to heaven, and the other pointing downward; at the same time his face was haggard as death, and his eye wild as that of a demon. There was a single shriek of terror and surprise from the party, and then—they fled. The torches vanished in a moment; the music was hushed; the pageant gone. Darkness and stillness reigned around: the hideous image of Fo was invisible, and the holy father was left alone in the temple. In the morning, he departed on his way, assured that a miracle had been wrought by his hand; and confident that he was more than an overmatch for the Evil One, with all his arts and wiles. He pursued his career, and was one of those devoted and successful missionaries who planted the cross in China, where it still remains.

"But after all, it seems that the vision of the temple was a reality; for a few years after, another missionary, travelling in the vicinity of the temple of Sin-gan-fou, discovered a cross of stone, and an abstract of the Christian law, together with the names of seventy-two Nestorian preachers inscribed beneath the date, A. D. 640.

On further inquiry, he found that a tradition existed among the people, that some foreigners, of fair hair and blue eyes, had visited China at the above date—and introduced a new and strange religion among the people. This still lingered in the country, though it was now generally mixed with the prevailing pagan worship of the land, and had imparted to the rites of Fo a curious resemblance to the ceremonies of the Romish Church.

"This, with some other facts, cleared up the miracle of the holy father, of which I have given an account. It seems that the Nestorians had still certain followers, who so far retained the traces of Christianity, as to perform some of its rites, while they were willing to place the religion of Fo on an equal footing. But as Christianity was not a popular or safe religion at the period of our story, they selected a dark and stormy night for the performance of a marriage ceremony, according to its creed."

THE fogs in England have been always complained of by foreigners. A Spanish ambassador told a friend who was going to Spain, to give his compliments to the sun, whom he had not seen since he had been in England. A Neapolitan minister used to say that the only ripe fruit he had seen in England were *roasted apples*; and he took the liberty of saying once, when conversing with the king, that he preferred the *moon* of Italy to the *sun* of England.

"No." The celebrated John Randolph, in one of his letters to a young relative, says, "I know nothing that I am so anxious you should acquire as the faculty of saying 'no.' You must expect unreasonable requests to be preferred to you every day of your life, and must endeavor to deny with as much facility and kindness as you acquiesce."

Varieties.

THE following ludicrous description of the effects of influenza, is an extract from a letter by the celebrated writer, Charles Lamb.

"Did you ever have a bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to a water gruel diet? My fingers drag heavily over the paper; I have not a single thing to say to you; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; duller than a stage when the actors have gone. I am weary of the world and the world is weary of me. I can't distinguish veal from mutton. I have not volition enough to dot my i's; my brains are gone out, and did not say when they would come back; I acknowledge life only by an occasional cough. Yet do I try everything I can to cure this obstinate cold, but they only seem to make me worse, instead of better."

THE mahogany tree, which grows in the tropical parts of America, is said to be 200 years in attaining its growth. Its trunk sometimes measures four feet in diameter, and the timber of a single tree is sometimes worth 4 or 5000 dollars, when brought to market.

THE following verse in the book of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet but one: "And I, even I, Artaxerxes, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of Heaven shall require of you, it be done speedily."

AN Irish post-boy, having driven a gentleman a great many miles, during torrents of rain, the gentleman said to Patrick, "Are you not very wet, my lad?" "Arrah, I don't care about being very wet, but, please your honor, I'm very dry!"

THE almond tree resembles the peach both in leaves and blossoms; it grows spontaneously only in warm countries, as Spain and Barbary. It flowers early in the spring, and produces fruit in August. Almonds are of two sorts, sweet and bitter. The fruit of both is contained in a hard shell, that is enclosed in a tough sort of cotton skin.

A gentleman, nearly a century old, on hearing that a neighbor of his had died at 85 years of age, remarked that all his family were *short-lived*!

IN Kentucky, a traveller on the other side of the table at a hotel, will address you with, "I say, stranger, give us a leetle sprinkle of that bread, if you please."

A MAN seeing an oyster seller pass by, called out, "Hallo! give me a pound of oysters." "We sell oysters by measure, not by weight," replied the other. "Well, then give me a yard of them!"

A lady passing through New Hampshire observed the following notice on a board: "Horses taken in to grass; long tails three shillings and sixpence; short tails two shillings." She asked the owner of the land the difference of the price. He answered, "Why, you see, marm, the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short ones are so tormented by them that they can hardly eat at all."

THOMAS WILSON, who was Bishop of the Isle of Man about a century since, was a particularly benevolent man. To supply the poor with clothing, he kept in constant employment at his own house several tailors and shoemakers. On one occasion, in giving orders to one of his tailors to make him a cloak, he directed that it should be very plain, having simply a button and a loop to keep it together.

"But, my lord," said the tailor, "what would become of the poor button-makers, if every one thought in that way? they would be starved outright." "Do you say so, John?" replied the bishop; "why then button it all over, John."

TEMPERANCE.—Temperance puts wood on the fire, flour in the barrel, meat in the tub, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and *spirit* in the whole composition of man.

THE following anecdote was told by Lord Mansfield, a celebrated English judge. He had turned away his coachman for certain small thefts, and the man begged his lordship to give him a character that he might obtain another place.

"What kind of a character can I give you?" said his lordship.

"Oh, my lord, any character your lordship pleases to give me, I shall most thankfully receive."

His lordship accordingly sat down and wrote as follows:

"The bearer, John —, has served me three years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver and a sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me. Mansfield."

John thanked his lordship and went off. A few mornings afterwards, when his lordship was stepping into his coach, a man in a handsome livery made him a low bow. To his surprise, he recognised his late coachman.

"Why, John," said his lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place; how could you manage this with the character I gave you?"

"Oh! my lord," said John, "it was an exceedingly good character; my new master, on reading it, said he observed your lordship recommended me for a good driver and a sober man. 'These,' said he, 'are just the qualities I want in a coachman. I observe his lordship

adds that he discharged you for cheating him. Hark you, sirrah, I'm a Yorkshire man; I defy you to cheat me.'"

WHEN Capt. Clapperton, the African traveller, breakfasted with the Sultan Bautsa, he was treated with a large broiled water rat, and alligators' eggs both fried and stewed.

GOOD MEASURE.—"I don't know how it is," said a person who was fond of writing poetry for the public journals, but whose productions had always met with a rejection—"I have written a great deal, but my pieces have never been published."

"Perhaps," replied his friend, "there were faults in your effusions that you were not aware of, but which were easily detected by the hawk-eyed editors. The measure might not have been correct."

"There it is now," rejoined the disappointed poet; "I can always write the first line well enough; but I am often perplexed about the second. Now, this is poetry, but it don't seem to jingle to my satisfaction."

"Tread lightly, stranger, o'er this hallowed dust,
For if you don't mend your ways—lay like me
you must."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the critic, "that's bad measure."

"Bad measure! why, man, you're mistaken, it's very good measure—it's more than enough!"

"Boy," said a gentleman to a lad in the West, "boy, is there any game where you live?" "Yes," said the lad, "there's a *power* of turkies, a *heap* of squirrels, and a *right smart sprinkle* of deer."

A RETORT.—An old miser, owning a farm, found it impossible one day to do

his work without assistance and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half-starved pauper hearing of the terms, accepted them. Before going into the fields in the morning, the farmer invited his help to breakfast; after finishing the meal, the old skin-flint thought it would be saving time if they should place the dinner upon the breakfast-table. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and dinner was soon despatched. 'Suppose now,' said the frugal farmer, 'we take supper; it will save time and trouble, you know.' 'Just as you like,' said the eager eater, and at it they went. 'Now we will go to work,' said the satisfied and delighted employer. 'Thank you,' replied the delighted laborer, 'I never work after supper!'

AN ILLUSTRATION.—There was once a converted Indian, who, being asked if he believed in the Trinity, said he did. He was then asked his reason. He said he would answer in his Indian way. 'We go down to the river in winter, and we see it covered with snow; we dig through the snow and we come to ice; we chop through the ice and we come to water;—snow is water, ice is water, and water is water,' said he; 'therefore the three are one.'

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.—The origin of this national badge is thus handed down by tradition:—When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwelcome to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day; but on one occasion the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and, in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched bare-footed. They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped with his naked foot upon a superbly prickled

thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assailants to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with a terrible slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland.

OSCEOLA.—It is stated that the name of Osceola was given to that famous chief by an old lady in a frontier village, who had newly arrived in the country, and had never seen an Indian. On his approach, she broke forth in utter astonishment—"Oh see! oh la! what a funny looking man!"

To Correspondents.

College Hill Poughkeepsie, July 30th, 1842.

MR. MERRY:—

I have made out the following answers to some of your puzzles in the August No. of the Museum, which it will be gratifying to me to know are correct. Yours respectfully.

WILLIAM —.

To the first, of 6 letters,—*Stable*.

To the second, of 16 letters,—*Washington Irving*.

To the third, of 13 letters,—*North Carolina*.

To the fourth, of 15 letters,—*Marie Antoinette*.

Our friend William is a good Yankee, and has, therefore, guessed right.

MR. MERRY:—

SIR,—If you think the following puzzle worthy a place in your excellent magazine, by inserting it you will confer a great favor on

A SUBSCRIBER.

I am a word of 16 letters.

My 4, 5, 13, 15, 8, 13, is a city in Spain.

My 13, 14, 12, is a river in Russia.

My 1, 2, 16, 3, 5, 1, is a part of the body.

My 4, 11, 1, 2, is a very troublesome insect.

My 7, 8, 9, 9, 8, 5, 4, is a boy's name.

My 10, 8, 13, is what all are guilty of.

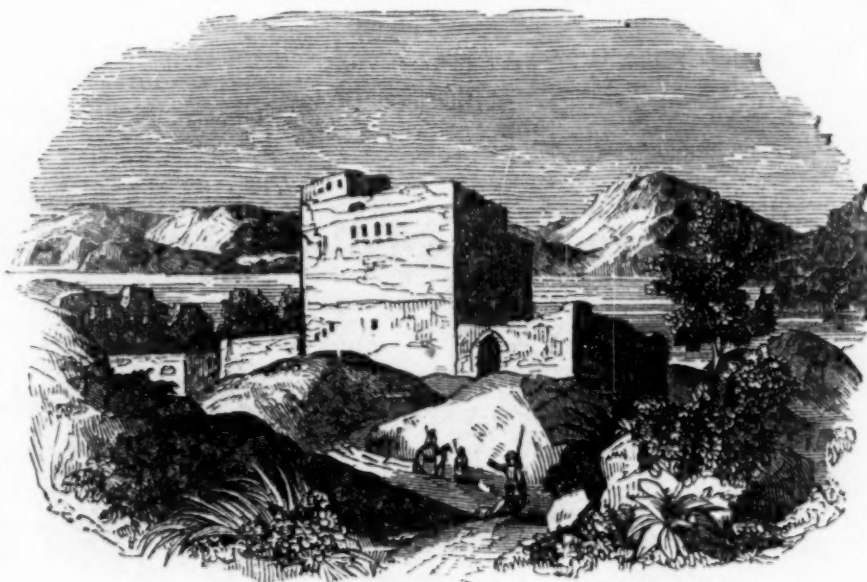
My 6, 12, 3, 7, is something very common in cold weather.

My whole is a person who has created some excitement of late.

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME IV.—No. 5.

SKETCHES OF BIBLE SCENES.



Ruins of Jericho as they now appear.

JERICHO was situated twenty miles northeast of Jerusalem. It was taken by Joshua, who received orders from God to besiege it soon after his passage over Jordan. There was a most remarkable fulfilment of Joshua's denunciation against any who should rebuild it: "Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho; he shall lay the foundations thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gate of it." This

warning prevented the Jews from building on the spot where the ancient city had stood; but about five hundred years after, Hiel of Bethel undertook to rebuild it, and lost his eldest son in laying the foundations, and his youngest when he hung up the gates.

The modern village, called Eicha, is situated in the midst of a plain, and is very miserable and filthy, being composed of hovels made of four stone walls, covered with cornstalks and gravel. The

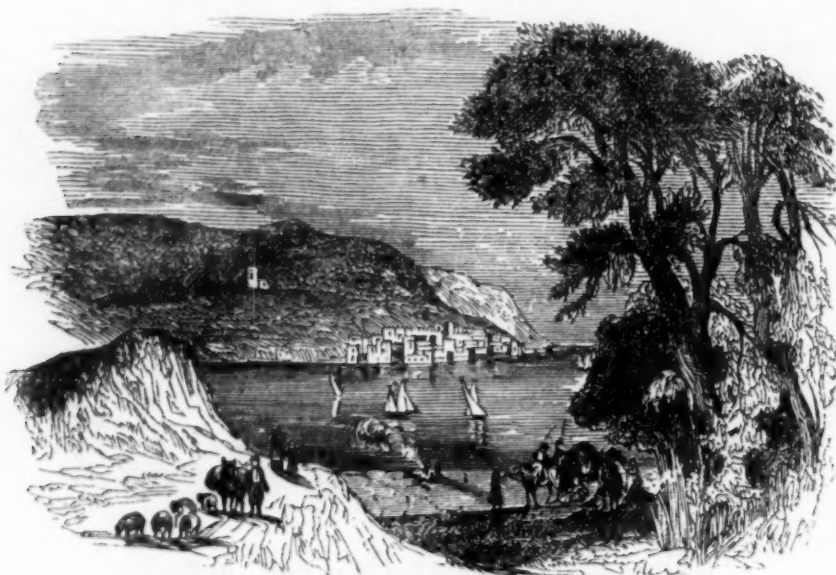
few gardens around seem to contain nothing but tobacco and cucumbers. About two miles from the village may be seen foundations of hewn stones and portions of walls, which render it probable that it was the site of the ancient city.

The Scriptures speak of Jericho as the city of palm trees, and Josephus everywhere describes them as being very abundant and large. The region also produced honey, the cypress tree, and the common fruits of the earth in great

abundance. The sycamore tree likewise flourished there.

Of all these productions, which so distinguished the plains of Jericho, few now remain. The groves of palms have all disappeared, and only one solitary palm tree lingers in all the plain. The sycamore too is nowhere seen, and honey, if found at all, is very rare.

In the time of the crusades the sugarcane was cultivated at Jericho, but is now unknown there.

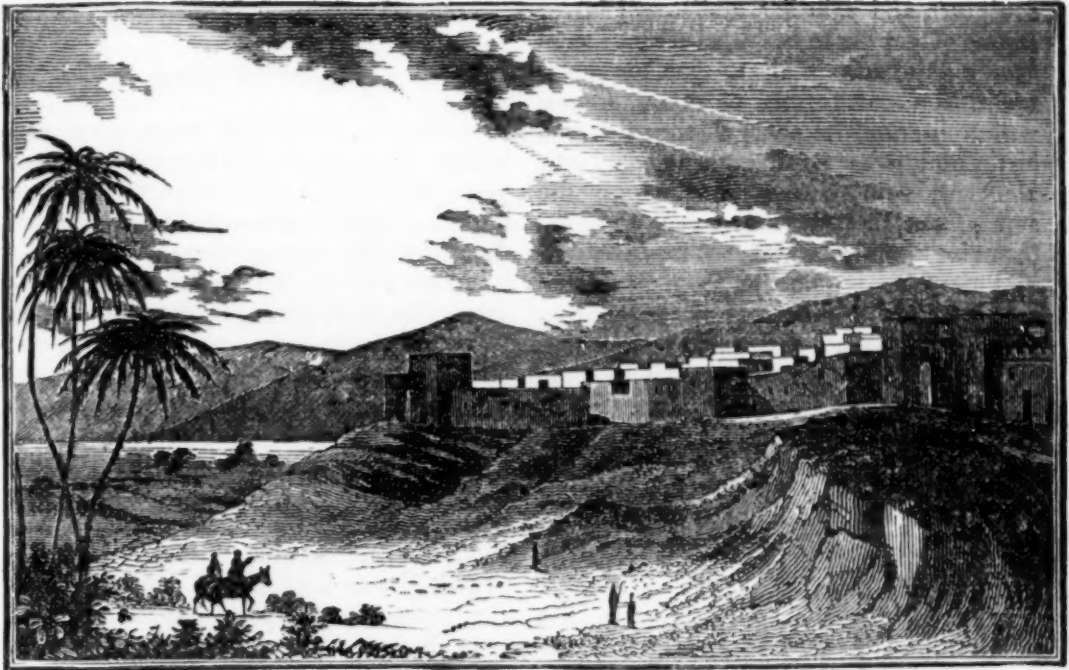


Askelon.

THIS is a city in the land of the Philistines, on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. It was once a place of great importance and note among the Philistines, and was one of their seats of government. It is also famous for a temple dedicated to Apollo, at which Herod, the grand-father of Herod the Great, officiated as priest. After the death of Joshua,

the tribe of Judah took the city of Askelon.

The wine that is made in this city was very much esteemed, and the cypress tree was also common. This was very much admired by the ancients for its grace and beauty. The modern town is called Scalona, and is a small and uninteresting place.



Bethlehem.

THIS town is situated about five miles and a half southeast of Jerusalem. There is no doubt that the village called by the Arabs Beit Lahen, which means "House of Flesh," is the same as the ancient Bethlehem, which the Jews called "House of Bread."

The present inhabitants of Bethlehem are all Christians, and they amount to three thousand souls. The town has gates at some of the principal streets; the houses are solidly built, but are not large. There are many olive gardens, fig orchards and vineyards round about, and the adjacent fields, though stony and rough, produce, nevertheless, good crops of grain. Here was the scene of the beautiful narrative of Ruth gleaning in the field of Boaz, after his reapers. The inhabitants, besides their agriculture, employ themselves in carving beads, crucifixes, and models of the holy sepulchre and other similar arti-

cles in olive wood and mother-of-pearls. Indeed, the neatest and most skilfully wrought specimens of these articles come from Bethlehem.

About thirty rods from the village stands a large convent, occupied by Greeks, Latins, and Armenians. It encloses the church built by the empress Helena, over the spot where, according to tradition, our Savior was born. Vast numbers of pilgrims come to view the place, especially at Easter, when such multitudes assemble, that the church is often crowded to suffocation, and contests frequently ensue between the different sects. On one occasion, the privilege of saying mass at the altar on Easter day was fought for at the door of the sanctuary itself, with drawn swords.

The pretended place of the nativity is a grotto or cave beneath the church, very splendidly ornamented with a marble pavement, recesses decorated with

sculpture and painting, and massy silver lamps of exquisite workmanship. Just beneath the marble altar, upon the pavement, is a star, formed of inlaid stones, which marks the spot of the Savior's birth, and is said to be placed immediately underneath the point where the star of the East became fixed, to direct the wise men in the object of their search.

This cave is not the only celebrated spot within the precincts of the church. One grotto is pointed out as the tomb of the Innocents; another possesses some interest as having been the abode of St. Jerome for many years. Another is shown as the spot where Joseph sat during the birth of Christ, and another is said to be the place where the Virgin Mary hid herself and her son from the fury of Herod.

The most remarkable spot in the neighborhood of Bethlehem is the reservoir called Solomon's pools. There are three of them, of great magnitude, the waters of which are discharged from one to another, and conveyed by an aqueduct to Jerusalem.

Bethlehem is celebrated in the Old Testament as the birthplace and city of David; and in the New as that of David's greater Son, Christ, the Savior of the world. For 1800 years the earth has renewed her carpet of verdure, and seen it again decay; yet the skies and the fields, the rocks and the hills, and the valleys around remain unchanged, and are still the same as when the glory of the Lord shone about the shepherds, and the song of a multitude of the heavenly host resounded among the hills, proclaiming, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good-will toward men!"

To preserve a friend, three things are required—to honor him, present; to praise him, absent; and assist him in his necessity.

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALTHOUGH I did not know what was before me, and had no scheme even for providing myself with bread for a single day, I felt an indescribable degree of delight at my release from prison. To be shut up by our fellow-men, as if unworthy of enjoying light and liberty, is very hard to bear: to know that one is innocent of crime—and yet to be cast into a dungeon, and made the companion of the wicked and the degraded—is calculated to beget a deep sense of injustice. Such, indeed, was my feeling while in prison; and even when I was free, it still mingled with my joy, impressing me with a sad consciousness that even in society, and surrounded by laws designed to protect us from wrong, we are not wholly secure, and may be called upon, through the weakness or wickedness of our fellow-men, to suffer the most bitter pangs.

I, however, resisted these feelings and poured out my gratitude to Bill Keeler—my deliverer. On inquiry, I learned of him, that while at Salem, he had accidentally heard of my imprisonment; and though he supposed me guilty of some misdemeanor, he still gathered all the money he could, and pushed off on foot to New York, to obtain my release. The success of his endeavors has already been detailed.

Having talked over the events already laid before the reader, Bill asked me what I intended to do. I told him that I had formed no plan. He then urged me to go back with him to Salem; but as I seemed very reluctant to do so, his mind appeared to be turned to some other project. We walked along the street for a considerable distance in silence, and with an uncertain and sauntering gait—my companion evidently

in great perplexity. At last his countenance brightened, and turning round on his heel, he led me on, with a decided step, in a direction opposite to that which we had pursued.

"Well, well," said Bill, cheerfully, "when one door shuts, another opens: if the mountain does n't come to you, you must go to the mountain. How would you like to become a traveller, Bob?"

"I should like it of all things."

"So I thought—and I'll get it all fixed."

"But how am I to pay the expenses?"

"I brought a couple of friends with me, who'll do that for you: they'r queer chaps, but you'll learn to like 'em. You remember old Sarah's cave? well, as I was climbing among the rocks just below it, a few days ago, in search of a woodchuk that had just dived into his burrow, a large stone gave way under my feet, and down the ledge I went, for more than three rods. A great mass of rubbish came down with me, and it's a kind of miracle I wasn't smashed. I was a little stunned, but by-and-by I came to myself. There I lay, half covered with stones, leaves and gravel. Thinks I, what's this all about? Just then I put out my hand to get up, and I felt something mighty cold. Well, what do you think it was? Why, 'twas a rattle-snake, and just by his side lay seven others! It was cold weather, and they were as straight and stiff as bean poles. Well, says I, there's nothin made in vain—so I took 'em on 'em, and doubled 'em up and put 'em into one of my stockings, and carried 'em home.

"When I got there, I took 'em out and laid 'em on the harth, and when they got warm they began to squirm. Well—my wife—Hepsey—(you remember Hepsey?—by the way—she sent her love to you, Bob—though I'd forgot that)—she made a dreadful screechin about it, and little Bob, he set up his pipes, and

the cat stuck up her back, and Jehu barked as if there'd been an attack of the Indians!

"Well, pretty soon the two critters began to stick out their tongues and their eyes grew as bright as a couple of lightnin-bugs in a foggy night. They then put their tails this way and that, and finally rolled themselves into a heap, and set up such a rattlein as I never heard afore. It was as much as to say—let every man look out for his own shins! Everybody cleared—wife, baby, cat and dog—except myself. Takin' the varmin in the tongs, one by one, I threw 'em out the winder, into a snow-bank, just to keep 'em cool and civil. I then made a box, and put 'em in, and fitted a pane of glass in the top, so you could look in and see 'em. Well, I brought the box and the two sarpints along with me, thinkin that when you got out of prison, they might be of sarvice."

"What do you mean?" said I, in the greatest wonder.

"Mean? why, that you should take this box under your arm, and travel over the world, as independent as a lord. The sarpints will be meat and drink and clothin and lodgin, and a welcome to boot. I thought it likely, when I set out, from what I heerd, that you'd got into some scrape, and that it might be necessary for you to be scarce in these parts; so I thought the snakes would suit your case exactly. You need n't look so sour, fir I don't expect you to eat 'em. But hear my story. I was three days in going from Salem to York, and when I got there, I had tew dollars more in my pocket than when I set out, and I lived like a prince all the time! And how do you think 'twas done? Why, by the sarpints, to besure! When I put up at the tavern at night, I set the box down by my side in the bar-room, and took my fife, and began to play Yankee Doodle.

"Pretty soon everybody got round

me, and then I told 'em about the sar-pints, and how they might see 'em for sixpence apiece. Well, I got sixpences as thick as nuts in November. Now, Bob, you've had a good eddication, and can tell all about sar-pints, and make up a good story, and you can travel all over the world, and come home as rich as a Jew. So you may have 'em, and I shall be happy to think that you're travelling like a gentleman, while I go home to pound my lapstone and take care of my family."

"I thank you a thousand times, my dear Bill," said I; "but I fear this will not do for me. You can turn your hand to anything, but I am a helpless creature, compared with yourself!"

"No, no," said my friend earnestly. "You'll do well enough when you get your hand in. You must try, at least. Here, take my penknife, if you haint got one. A penknife's a mighty good thing—no man need to feel low-sperited with a penknife in his pocket. When I'm away and feel kind o' humsick, I take out my penknife, and get a stick and go to cuttin on't, and it turns out a whistle, or a walkin-stick, or somethin else, and all the time I am as contented as a cow a stealin corn-stalks. A penknife's a friend in need, and no man should ever be without one. You must take my fife, too, Bob, for you can play it well. It will make you welcome everywhere—as we catch flies with molasses, you can catch customers with music."

To all this, I still replied that I doubted my success, and feared to undertake the scheme. "Faint heart never won fair lady," said Bill. "Nothing venture, nothing have. You won't succeed if you don't try: a man never fails, when success is matter o' life and death. If you set out, you won't starve. You'll be like Seth Follet's eel—you must go ahead."

"Well, tell me the story of the eel."

"Why, didn't you never hear of Seth Follet's eel? Seth had a long aqueduct, made of logs, with an auger-hole bored thro' 'em, to carry the water from a spring on a hill, to his house. After a while the water would n't run, because the hole in the logs had got filled up with mud. Well, Seth was a queer genius; so he got an eel and put into the hole in the logs at one end. The critter went along pretty well for a time, but by-and-by he came to the mud. He then thought he'd turn about, but he couldn't do that, for he just fitted the hole, you know! Then he thought he'd back out, but he could 'nt do that nother, for an eel's a thing that can't work both ways. Well now, what should he do? Why, there was only one thing to be done—to go ahead; and ahead he went—and cleared out the aqueduct!"

I could not help laughing heartily at this anecdote, and I confess that the reasoning of Bill seemed to be fraught with good sense. We spent the night together at the little tavern where he had left his box, and in the morning I concluded to adopt his scheme. Bill departed, the tears standing in his eyes—and taking the serpents, strapped across my shoulders, I set out on my adventures.

I am not going to give a detail of my travels, at present. I am afraid my readers are weary of my long story; and beside, I have promised to bring my narrative to a close in my next number. I must, therefore, pass lightly over my adventures as a showman; I must say little of my experiences as a travelling merchant, and come down to a period several years subsequent to my parting with Bill Keeler, as just related. The war with England, declared by the United States in 1812, was then raging, and circumstances led me to take a part in it. The events to which I allude, will be given in the next chapter.

Rivers.

RIVERS have their rise in little rills, which gush from the sides of mountains. Several of these unite, and form a stream; and these again meeting, form a rivulet; and several rivulets form a river, which sometimes runs for many thousand miles, and makes all the country fertile through which it passes.

When a river descends from high land to that which is lower, it often falls over rocks and precipices,—it is then called a cascade; or, if very large, a cataract. Some of these are so large, that the water breaks into spray before it reaches the ground, and the sound of it may be heard for several miles.

Some rivers overflow their banks at certain seasons, owing to the melting of the snow on the mountain tops, or the fall of heavy rains. The river Nile overflows its banks; and, when the waters subside, very great crops of rice and corn immediately spring up, as food for man. There are very few parts of the earth in which rivers are not found; and great, indeed, is their use to mankind.

Shall I tell you what a river is like? It is like the life of man—small at first; the little stream is like a little child, and plays among the flowers of a meadow; it waters a garden, or turns a puny mill.

As it flows on it gathers strength; and, like a child in youth, it becomes turbulent and impatient as it swells along. Now, like a roaring cataract, it shoots headlong down many a rock; then it becomes a sullen and gloomy pool, buried in the bottom of a glen.

Recovering breath by repose, it again dashes on, till, tired of uproar and mischief, it quits all that it has swept along, and leaves the valley, through which it has passed, strewed with its rejected waste.

Now, again, it travels more slowly. It passes through the busy haunts of men, lending its serene on every side, and, advancing in its course, becomes stately and grand. Now, instead of breaking over obstacles, it twines round them, and it thus passes along a more quiet course.*

At last it leaves the busier world, and slowly and silently travels on; till, at the end, it enters the vast abyss of ocean, which seems spread out, like eternity, to receive it.

Boy and Bird.

"LITTLE bird, upon that tree,
Sing, I pray, a song to me;
Are you happy all day long,
Tell me, tell me, in your song?"

"I am happy, little boy,
To be free is all my joy;
In the shade, or in the sun,
I am still a happy one.

"In the gay and merry spring,
I am free to play and sing;
In the summer free to fly,
Where I will, beneath the sky."

"But in winter, sad and drear,
What, my bird, will give you cheer?
What will warm you in the frost?
What will save when tempest-tost?"

"Being free, my little boy,
Freedom is my winter's joy;
This will ever cheer my heart,
Though all other joys depart:

"This will keep me blithe and warm,
Through the frost and through the storm;
Little boy, oh! love, like me,
Ever, ever to be free!

"Free to do, and free to dare,
The very worst, for freedom's air;
Free and fearless of the strong,
Free to all—BUT DOING WRONG!"

* Pliny.

The Voyages, Travels, and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XXV.

Journey toward Venice.—Water-scenery.—The vettura.—Slow travelling.—Fig-trees.—Ascent of the Apennines.—Night on the mountains.—Blazing earth.—Farewell to Tuscany.—Bologna.—Leaning towers.—Arcades.—Paintings.—Lack of education in the people.—Bologna sausages.—Ferrara.—A deserted city.—Empty palaces.—Whims of travellers.—Cause of decay in these countries.

So agreeable did I find the residence at Florence, that my stay there, which I designed should be only a fortnight, became prolonged to four months. It was the middle of September when I left that city for Venice, by way of Bologna. The road crosses the Apennines, and is more or less hilly for the whole distance to the latter city. The heat of the summer had somewhat embrowned the landscape, yet the aspect of the country was everywhere inviting. The vineyards and olive-trees were abundant. Groves of oak, and hills picturesquely tufted with cypresses, clumps of chestnuts and conical firs, poplars, walnuts, and other trees which I did not know by name, gave a perpetual variety to the beautiful scenery along the road. There were no large streams of water, but little rivulets here and there murmured along among the broken hills. In water-scenery, Italy, except in the north, is very deficient: it has nothing to be compared with the little lakes or ponds of New England, which form so beautiful and striking a characteristic of our landscapes. The streams, moreover, have hardly ever the clear waters and well-wooded banks of the American rivers. The Arno, the Tiber, the Nar and the Garigliano, which I had already seen, were turbid and muddy; the Po, which I saw afterward, was still more so. The Clitumnus appeared to be the only clear stream in the country, and this little

brook has been famed from all antiquity for the transparency of its waters.

Finding it impracticable to perform the journey on foot, on account of the quantity of baggage which I had by this time collected, I was forced to take passage in a *vettura*, or common travelling coach. This vehicle much resembles an American stage-coach in shape, but it is commonly in a shabby and crazy condition. The driver never changes his horses on the journey, in consequence of which the rate of travelling in these conveyances is none of the most expeditious. They start with the first peep of dawn, and travel till eleven in the forenoon, then lie by three or four hours to avoid the heat of the day, start again in the middle of the afternoon, and continue till sunset. This is the common mode of travelling all over Italy, and has been so, time out of mind. They never run their horses down a steep hill, like our Yankee stage-drivers, but lock the wheels. On a hilly route, therefore, which is the greater part of the time, the speed does not average more than a brisk walk. I often got out of the carriage and walked ahead, strolled into the fields, or climbed a fig-tree which hung over the road, and helped myself to a ripe fig. The figs appeared to be abundant this season, and as they are a fruit which are not preserved in this part of the country, but must be consumed fresh, they are not valued higher in the villages than the crab-apples of our farms. A ripe fresh fig is a delicious fruit, but too sweet and luxurious to be relished alone. It is common to eat bread and figs together: this is as good as bread and honey, and not so cloying. On the journey I commonly made my dinner in this way.

The road became steeper and steeper, and at length brought us to the top of the Apennines. On this wild and lofty spot, I found a lonely post-house, where

we were to pass the night. There were no other houses near, and the spot looked not at all inviting. I was told, moreover, that it had been a famous place for robbers in its day, having long served as a rendezvous for a gang of banditti that were the terror of the whole country. These troublesome gentry, however, were all extirpated, and the driver assured me we should be just as safe here as in the midst of Florence. I comforted myself with this assurance, and saw that my pistols were in order. A little prudent precaution is never superfluous in a place that has a bad reputation, especially on a lonely mountain-top, where you have no good neighbors to call in. However, we passed the night without any molestation, and in the cool air of this elevated region I had a sound night's sleep.

The morning dawned beautifully, showing the blue ridges of the mountains at a distance, the shaggy woods of the neighboring steeps, the rocky cliffs, dark dells and green swelling hills that stretched away in the distance as we looked down from the lofty Apennine. I could not behold this prospect without some pangs of regret: it was my last view of ever-beautiful Tuscany. We were now about to descend the northern slope of the Apennines, into the Roman territory. Just before reaching the frontier, we came to the village of Pietra Mala, where we were stopped at the custom-house: during this delay, I went to visit a singular spot about half a mile off, known here by the name of the *wood-fire*. It is at the foot of a steep mountain, and surrounded by cornfields. The first view I obtained of it, was that of a body of flickering flames rising about a foot above the ground. On approaching nearer, these flames were found to issue from ten or twelve spiracles, and rose without the least sparkling or noise. In stormy weather, however, I was told they made a great crackling and rose six or

eight feet. The whole space they occupy is not more than fifteen feet in diameter. There is no smell of sulphur, but sometimes an odor of nitre arises from them, particularly when the ground is stirred. When the flame is extinguished by choking up one of the spiracles, it breaks out again in a few seconds. It is probably caused by subterranean gases. There is a phenomena somewhat similar on the shore of lake Erie, where a lighthouse is maintained from a source of this nature.

Still descending the slope of the Apennines, we came in sight of the great plain of northern Italy, extending towards Milan, and bounded by the distant Alps. This wide extent of level country is considered the garden of Italy, in regard to fertility, though for picturesque and variegated scenery, it will not compare with Tuscany or Naples. The region through which we were travelling, however, continued broken and hilly: the soil was stony and poor, and the hills so steep, that we had frequent occasion to lock our wheels. Chestnut trees were abundant, and none of these are ever cut down, as the inhabitants of the hill-country subsist chiefly on the fruit. They have no bread except what is made of chestnut meal: the soil is too thin and poor to raise grain. As we descended into the more level tracts, the cultivation improved, and we passed some fields where wheat had been harvested. On approaching Bologna, the land became a level plain, and ere long, we came in sight of the leaning towers and curious antique spires of that ancient city.

A lofty wall of brick runs round the whole city, above which the spires, domes, and towers, rise loftily into the air, with an imposing effect. Passing through the gate, we were struck with the antique and venerable appearance of the place, which, though not ruinous, but

on the contrary very well preserved, has an air of old age that contrasts strongly with the modern freshness of Florence. The streets are furnished with arcades, supported by handsome columns. There is one arcade, or covered portico, of stupendous dimensions, being no less than three miles long, extending from the city wall to a church in the neighborhood. It was erected for the purpose of affording a comfortable walk to the church-goers in winter, at which time, the weather here is cold and rainy. The whims of the Italians are singular and extravagant. They pass their lives in the want of many comforts and conveniences without which we should think existence hardly supportable, yet will bestow enormous sums of money upon an object which we cannot help regarding as most frivolous and unimportant. Here is an incredible amount of treasure lavished upon a structure, the only use of which is to save people occasionally the use of a cloak and umbrella.

The churches and palaces of the city I need not describe; but there are two singular leaning towers, which attract every traveller's curiosity. One of them is nearly four hundred feet high, and leans over its base a little more than three feet. This small inclination, however, in a building of such enormous height, gives it a most threatening aspect. I went to the top, from which I had a pleasant view of the neighboring country, bounded by the Apennines in the south, with the city of Modena in the west, and Ferrara in the north. This tower was originally of the incredible and dangerous height of four hundred and seventy-six feet; but after an earthquake in 1416, the inhabitants began to be frightened, as well they might, and took down about a quarter part of it. There is enough of it remaining, I should think, to be dangerous still, especially in a country subject to earthquakes. The Italians

are not considered a courageous people, yet it is surprising what hazards they will encounter sometimes, and that, too, without necessity. After seeing a powder-mill on Mount Vesuvius, it did not much surprise me to find leaning towers nodding their lofty heads over a populous city. The other tower is only one hundred and forty feet high, and inclines six feet and a half. The same erroneous belief, as in the case of the tower of Pisa, prevails with regard to these structures, namely, that they were built upright, and leaned afterwards by the sinking of the foundations. They were all erected in the twelfth century, the commencement of the era of modern architecture, when the ingenuity and taste of artists ran into strange caprices.

The reader perhaps will be surprised that I have given no description of the splendid paintings for which this country is so celebrated. Every large city abounds with them, and there is not even a small town or village without some considerable objects of the kind. Pictures, however, must be seen; they cannot be described. I can only say, that their number is infinite, and caused me to wonder where these people found heads to design, or hands to execute, so many beautiful works of art. The quick and keen perception of beauty seems to be an inherent and natural quality of the Italians, by which they are distinguished from other nations as much as the Greeks of antiquity.

Bologna has a famous university; yet the population are, in the mass, as ignorant as if the college were the other side of the Alps. Education has never been extended to the middling or lower classes, and, in a country like this, there might be a dozen seminaries of learning in every town, while the bulk of the population could not write their names. Popular education is not promoted by the government at present, although

during Napoleon's reign, the foundation of a general system of popular instruction was laid, and a strong desire to possess the accomplishments of writing and reading was manifested by all classes. The restoration of the papal government, however, put a stop to this undertaking, and the peasants and mechanics plod on in their old, ignorant, and hopeless way.

It would be unpardonable in me to leave this place without saying a word of *sausages*, for which Bologna is as famous all over the civilized world as our own Taunton is for alewives, Hingham for buckets, or Boston for notions. It is a good thing for a place to have something to boast of, as it keeps up character and ambition. The Italian cities are remarkable for their characteristics, not only in manner and language, but in productions. Naples bears the palm for soap and macaroni, Florence for oil, Parma for cheese, Padua for learning, and Bologna for sausages. It seemed to me, however, that most of the Italians care more for sausages than for science. Under a better government, their taste in this matter might be altered for the better.

Leaving Bologna, the appearance of the country improved. The cottages of the peasantry were neat and comfortable; the soil was under good cultivation, and its fertility reminded me of the rich borders of the Connecticut. I saw large fields of Indian corn, which ripens well here, but does not grow so tall as in America. The kernel too is smaller, but the meal is equal in sweetness to any I ever tasted. Fields of hemp were abundant, growing very tall and luxuriant. At Malalbergo, we came to a canal, being the second I had seen in Italy: the first one connecting Pisa with Leghorn. Both are only a few miles in length: this one unites the Po with the little stream which runs from this place into the

Adriatic. It appears to have no great amount of navigation. A few miles farther brought us to Ferrara, a fine large city, but almost deserted. It is regularly built, with spacious streets and sumptuous palaces, but the streets are grass-grown, and the palaces are lonely, without doors, windows, or furniture. Nothing gave me more impressive sensations than to wander through the silent solitudes of this beautiful city, where nothing is ruinous but all is deserted. In the quarter bounding on the river were some houses inhabited by a few mechanics, laborers and boatmen; but in all those streets which were lined with lordly palaces and stately piles of architecture, no living beings were to be seen except cows, quietly feeding upon the grass which had overgrown the pavement.

I went into many of these empty palaces, which, of course, any one may do without invitation. The appearance corresponded with what I saw without. Colonnades, sculptured staircases, galleries and ornamented walls were overgrown with ivy, and other trailing plants. Moss and green foliage decked the terraces and roofs. Great marble vases, containing jasmines and pomegranates, stood on the terraces, abandoned, nobody knows how long, and left to flourish in luxuriant neglect. They had spread themselves on every side, and hung down full of flowers over the marble cornices and balustrades. What a spectacle!—and this not in one place or two, but all over the better part of the city. What is the cause of this melancholy desolation? Not pestilence, famine, war, earthquakes, storms, inundations, nor any hostility of nature or the elements. The soil of the neighborhood is rich, the air is pure, the sky is mild, the elements tranquil, and the country has been long at peace. The inhabitants do not lack genius, and require only the application of the proper means to become intelli-

gent and industrious. What then is the cause that this fine city is desolate and falling to ruin? I answer, bad rulers—a government that neglects two great things—education and industry in the people.

Mr. Stephens, the ingenious traveller, on visiting one of the volcanoes of Guatemala, wished he could transport it to the United States, as he could have bought it for ten dollars, and, the fire having gone out, he could have made his fortune by showing it for a sight. Had I the power of removing mountains and other great tracts of country, I should choose to bring home something better than a dead volcano, which might come to life some day, and make my house too hot for me. I would rather select

some of the magnificent cities of the old world, that lack inhabitants as much as we lack fine buildings. How I longed to transport the city of Ferrara, with its empty palaces and grass-grown streets, to the state of Massachusetts! I would soon turn the cows out and put the inhabitants in. There is many a man in the United States who could buy it, and the owners would willingly sell out. Unfortunately, this cannot be done, and this fair city, which might accommodate, most nobly, all the inhabitants of Boston, will remain deserted, with cattle pasturing in her streets and ivy mantling her walls, for many a year to come. Nothing but a political renovation of the country will save it from crumbling to ruin.



Gall Insects.

THESE are bred in an excrescence of a species of oak which grows in Africa, and are formed by a kind of fly, which bores into the bark of the tree, for a place in which to deposit its eggs. The sap of the tree hardens round the egg, grows with the growth of the tree, and

becomes what we call the gall-nut, and which is used for dyeing. The worm that is hatched within this spacious vault, lives upon the substance of the ball, till after its change into a chrysalis and then a fly, when it eats its way through into the air, and gains its freedom.

Sketches of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians of America.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ESQUIMAUX.* *Personal appearance.—Houses.—Food.—Fishing.—Females.—Dress.—Children.—Marriage and Character.*

THE Esquimaux are a race of savages scattered over the bleak, icy regions in the north of America, and the large, dreary peninsula of Greenland. They are a diminutive people, not more than five feet high, with broad, flat faces, and noses so small, and sunk so deep that a ruler might be laid across, from one blubber cheek to the other, without touching it. Their hair is long and black, and their complexion of a tawny brown. They cannot be called handsome, but their broad faces and little twinkling eyes give them a good-humored, jolly appearance, which is not far from bespeaking their real character.

Their dress consists of a double coat of deer-skin, with the hair both inside and out, to which is joined a large hood which covers the head. The breeches, also of deer-skin, reach to the knee and overlap the boots, which are made of seal-skin. The females have their boots very wide and deep, for the purpose of carrying their children in them; they also serve, at times, to hide stolen goods, as the English under Captain Parry one day discovered. An old woman, who saw their eagerness to obtain furs, very readily sold them one of her boots, but nothing could induce her to part with the other; suspicion was at last excited, and the boot was taken off by force, when they found in it two pewter spoons and a plate, which she had secretly appropriated. The following account is taken from Parry's Voyages.

* Pronounced *Es-ke-mo*.

Their winter houses are built of snow, and sometimes have several apartments, in each of which lives a whole family. The roof is round like a dome; a thin piece of ice serves as a window, and admits the light like ground glass. In the middle of the room is hung a large lamp, with which they cook all their victuals; they dare not, of course, have a large fire, for fear of melting their roof down about their ears. These snow huts answer very well during the long northern winter, but when summer commences the walls and roofs melt, and sometimes fall on the heads of the inhabitants.

The food of the Esquimaux is obtained entirely by fishing and hunting; their implements are bows and arrows made of bone, and harpoons of every sort and size. For nine long winter months the native is obliged to support life by what he can obtain from the sea alone. In this element live the huge whale, the unwieldy walrus, and the seal, the most useful of all. In hunting these animals he will sit, hour after hour, under a little shed of snow, waiting for his prey to rise and take breath. Then he throws his harpoon with unerring aim, and the animal plunges into the water to escape; but in vain. To the harpoon is tied a long line with a bladder at the end, which floats on the water; and this the hunter watches, for he is always sure that the animal will rise somewhere near, to breathe. Another harpoon is then driven into his body, and so on, until he is at length exhausted by his wounds, and becomes an easy prey to his exulting enemy.

Whenever the news arrives at a village that a whale or walrus has been taken, shouts of joy are raised by all, for among this generous people such food is common to the whole. On its arrival, it is instantly cut up; every lamp is supplied with oil; the houses are all in a blaze; all the pots are filled with

flesh, and all the women are engaged in cooking the savory food. When the feast is ready, one man takes up a large piece, and bites off as much as his mouth will hold; he then passes it to the next, who does the same, and thus the process continues until the animal is entirely consumed, or until their stomachs will hold no more. It must be a large quantity, however, to surfeit an Esquimaux. The mass of food which they will eat is astonishing. One young man, named Toslooak, eat in one day enough to have served two sailors a week. Their taste seems to us rather odd; they turned away in disgust from all the sweet-meats, gingerbread, and spirits which were offered them; but tallow, fat, and oil they devoured in alarming quantities. The captain seeing one rather pretty young woman, gave her a candle, thinking she might need its light in the long nights of winter; when, to his utter astonishment, she began to eat it, and would have finished the whole, tallow and wick, had not he, fearing for her delicate health, insisted upon pulling out the last.

For travelling on the land, or rather the snow, they use sledges drawn by dogs. These animals are very useful to the natives, though not so swift as the Lapland reindeer. The Esquimaux are fond of them, and always share with them their food, whatever it may be.

The boats in which they sail are called cayaks; they are made of birch-bark or of skins stretched on a slight frame of whalebone or wood. These are entirely covered over by boards laid across, except a hole in the middle where the man sits and propels, with one oar, his little vessel so swiftly that no English sailor can compete with him.

The Esquimaux women are very fond of their children, and sometimes carry them, when very young, in their large fur hoods, carefully wrapped in furs; in

many tribes, however, they use their wide boots for this purpose. The children repay the kindness of their parents by their gentle and dutiful behavior; they never disobey their parents in their slightest commands; if ever they feel inclined to be froward or mischievous, a word or even a look is enough to bring them back to their duty.

The little Esquimaux, nevertheless, are just as fond of play as any other young people, of the same age; only that while an American boy draws a cart of wood, the little northern child has a sledge of whalebone; and for the superb baby-house of the former, the latter builds a miniature hut of snow, and begs a lighted wick from his mother to illuminate the little dwelling.

It must be confessed that the Esquimaux, when grown up, treat their aged and infirm parents by no means with that regard which we might expect from their obedient temper in childhood. They allow them to remain neglected, ill-clothed and ill-fed, even in the midst of plenty. There are many other unpleasant traits in their dispositions; they are ungrateful, and never seem to think the most valuable favor worthy even a "*thank you*." On the other hand, they are scrupulously honest with each other; they leave their property exposed around their huts, without the slightest fear that any will be taken. Some English sailors often sent presents by one to another of them, and always found that they were faithfully delivered.

When an Esquimaux falls sick, his friends do not attempt to relieve him by medicine or careful attendance; they merely bring in a juggler or conjurer, who performs a few unmeaning ceremonies. If the patient becomes worse, as is generally the case, they resort to another expedient. All his relations and friends collect together in the room, and hold a *crying* meeting around him

much like an Irish wake ; every one tries to howl and weep the most vehemently, his acquaintances as well as his nearest relations. As might be expected, the health of the sick man is not much improved by this method of treatment.

On his death the same ceremony of crying takes place ; the corpse is then buried under the snow, where it is often dug up and eaten by the wolves. In order to prevent this, the English sailors, when the wife of one of their Esquimaux friends was buried, placed several large stones upon her grave ; the husband did not seem very well pleased at this, and expressed some fear lest the weight should prove painful to his buried spouse ; but when, a short time after, one of his children died, he absolutely refused to have it buried in that way, for he said it was impossible for it to endure the weight of the stones.

The marriage ceremony among the Esquimaux is very simple ; the young man, having obtained the consent of the parents of his intended bride, goes to their house and pretends to take her away by force ; the female always affects great reluctance, but at length suffers herself to be led away, and thus the marriage is concluded.

With regard to the sciences, the Esquimaux cannot pretend to any great advancement in that respect. From their long wanderings they have a pretty good knowledge of the geography of much of the northern coast of America, and several of them were able to draw maps of those parts of the world, which the English voyagers found very useful and accurate. In arithmetic they are miserably deficient ; the most knowing of them could not count beyond ten, even with the aid of their fingers ; and when asked for any higher numbers, they were greatly distressed, and are always glad to get off by saying *oonooktoot*, which may mean any number from ten to a million.

On the whole, these inhabitants of the frozen north seem to be a kind, good-humored race, somewhat selfish, indeed, but honest and frank. They are generally intelligent and quick-witted, and have much natural talent for mimicry. With the benefits of a good education, much might be made of such a people.

Anecdote of the natives of Porto Rico.

AFTER the Spaniards had almost subdued the inhabitants of Porto Rico, they were very anxious to find out whether their new masters were immortal, as it was generally supposed they were. One of the caziques, accordingly, by many acts of kindness, induced one of the young Spaniards to visit him.

This young man at last accepted the invitation, thinking himself quite safe. He was persuaded to let himself be carried over a river. In the midst of it, those that bore him dropped him into the water and held him there so long that he was drowned.

They then brought the breathless body to the shore, but could not persuade themselves that he was dead. They called him repeatedly by name, saying, "Salcedo, get up ! it is not our fault that you fell into the river." They watched the corpse three days, till it began to decay.

This was reported to the cazique, but he was so far from giving credit to it, that he sent others to see if Salcedo did not rise when called. At last he went to view the body himself, but this did not satisfy him ; he ordered it to be watched still longer, till it was in such a state as to remove all doubt.

The natives now began to think that their masters were mere mortals like themselves ; the consequence of which, was a general insurrection a short time after.



Winter Sport.

Down, down the hill,
How swift I go!
Over the ice
And over the snow!

A horse or cart
I do not fear,
For past them both
My sled I steer!

Hurra! my boy!
I'm going down
While you toil up;
But never frown.

The far hill top
You soon will gain,
And then, with all
Your might and main,

You'll dash me by.
While, full of glee,
I'll up again
To dash by thee!

So on we glide:
Oh, life of joy!
What pleasure has
The glad school boy!

From Parley's Picture Book.

Clouds.

How beautiful are the clouds at morn!
they look like ruby gems set round with
gold; and the lark mounts towards
them, and sings as if he were at
heaven's gate.

How bright are the clouds at mid-
day, when high in the sky they hang,
and show their pearly whiteness in the
azure sky!

At sun-set they again are beautiful,
and in the far west they take all hues
and forms. Sometimes they look like
towers and castles, high thrones and
lofty palaces, of topaz and of gold.

At night, when the moon shines on

them, they look fair and white, and
pure; and when all is hushed and still,
they seem like a flock of little lambs
asleep.

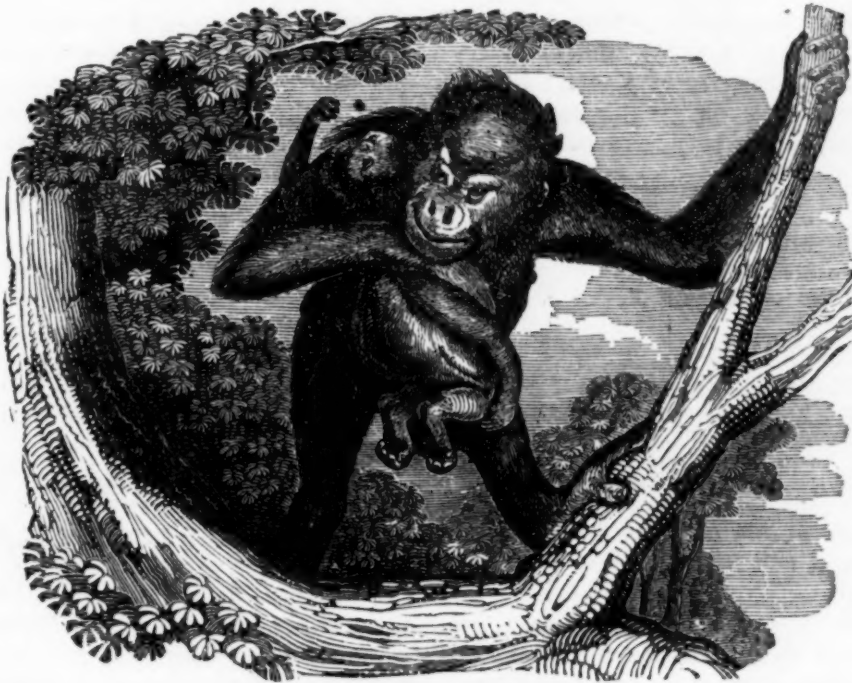
Yet what are clouds but vapors?—
soon they pass away, soon they change:
now they become dark with tempest;
now they swell in storm; but then the
bow of mercy is seen, and nature, in the
midst of showers, is cheered.

Life is like a cloud, fleeting and
changeable: to-day it is gay and bright,
to-morrow it is dark and full of gloom;
yet again the sun shines upon it, and it
sinks to its rest in peace.

What gives to the clouds their brightness and their beauty? it is the sun that lights them, gilds them with his beams, and paints them with his smiles.

What gives to life its glory? it is the smile of Him who formed the clouds to water the earth with rain, and to refresh all plants and herbs

It is He who gives to life's morning its bright joys; who in manhood's prime, exalts us and sustains; who in the storm and darkness, like the rainbow, smiles upon us; and who, at even time, when death would draw his curtains round us, brightens the soul with hope.



Orang-Outang.

THIS animal possesses a countenance more nearly allied to man than that of any other. The frame is less like the human frame than that of the chimpanzee, a large species of ape found in Africa. It is capable of walking nearly erect, but the usual gait on the ground is like a cripple who supports himself on his hands, and draws his body forward. It is probable that it seldom walks on the ground in its native state, its home seeming to be on the trees.

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A young orang-outang was brought to Boston, in 1831, from Borneo, and was exhibited in the country for nearly two years, when it died. It had very much the appearance of an unhappy little negro, who was sick of the world, and wished to have as little to do with its inhabitants as possible. Another species was brought here recently, which also died.

The orang-outang belongs to the family of apes; it has four hands, long arms,

long fingers, with a thumb on each hand; all the fingers and the thumbs of the four hands are furnished with nails. He is covered with a thin coat of reddish-brown hair. He lives upon fruits, and in a wild state is fierce and formidable, being sometimes six or seven feet tall. When tame, he appears to acquire a quiet disposition, and has a grave, melancholy air. He is easily taught to sit in a chair, to drink in a cup, and to perform many actions in imitation of those around him. In the island of Borneo he grows to the size of a man: he then appears to possess great strength, and sometimes he is very savage.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ship *Czarina* continued to pursue her southerly course, and soon came in sight of Corea, a large peninsula, separated from China by the Yellow Sea, and from the Japanese islands by the straits of Corea. It is four hundred miles long, and one hundred and fifty broad, and inhabited by a tall, brave and polite race, who appear to live much after the fashion of the Chinese. The country is finely cultivated, and though traversed by a range of mountains, many portions are very fertile. Kingkitao, an inland town, is the capital. The king of Corea pays a small tribute to the emperor of China, but he is in most respects independent. The government here appears to exclude strangers from the country with the same jealous care, as in China and Japan.

Sailing forward in a southerly direction the vessel soon came near the Loo Choo islands, the largest of which is sixty miles long. It would seem that these islands possess the most delightful climate in the world. Fanned by per-

petual sea-breezes, they are alike free from the frosts of winter and the scorching heat of summer. The soil is prolific, and the vegetation is of the most luxuriant kind.

But the people of these islands are the most interesting objects of observation. The captain of the *Czarina* went ashore upon the great Loo Choo, and Suvarrow and Alexis were permitted to accompany him. They found the people not more than five feet high, very fat, and with a smooth, oily skin, of a copper color. Their houses were low, and built in the Chinese fashion. The people seemed the most cheerful and happy creatures imaginable. They were very polite to the captain and his party, and gave them a feast of roasted dogs, monkeys and cats. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the country. Though it was now winter, still the whole extent of the landscape was nearly as verdant as spring. The high state of cultivation gave the island the appearance of a vast garden.

Alexis and Suvarrow left this lovely island and these gentle people with great regret, and proceeded, with the captain, to the ship. Their course was still southward, and they soon came in sight of the large island of Formosa, a name which signifies "fair." It belongs to China. The western portion of it is very fertile and inhabited by a civilized people. The eastern part is rugged and mountainous, and is occupied by savages, who tattoo their skins, sleep in caves on beds of leaves, and have scarcely any clothes or furniture.

While the ship was passing by the island, the Russian merchant asked Alexis if he had ever heard of Psalmazar. To this the youth replied in the negative; but expressing a desire to hear the story, the merchant related it as follows:

"The extraordinary man, who called

himself Psalmanazar, is supposed to have been a native of France, but this is not certainly known. He obtained an excellent education in some of the colleges of the Jesuits; and at an early age he stole a pilgrim's cloak from a church, where it had been dedicated, and putting it on, travelled about as a pilgrim, and lived upon the charity he thus obtained.

"After this, he put on another disguise, and pretended to be a native of Japan. Not succeeding very well in his scheme, he went to another place, and there passed himself off as a native of Formosa. In this character he went to Liege, in Belgium, and there being met with by an English clergyman, who was duped by his plausible story, he was converted to Christianity, baptized, and formally admitted into the church!

"The conversion of so able and extraordinary a man was esteemed a great thing, and accordingly, as he went to London soon after, he easily obtained the patronage of Compton, the bishop of London. Under his auspices, Psalmanazar became one of the greatest objects of interest and curiosity, especially among learned men. He lived in the house of bishop Compton, and was greatly sought after and flattered by persons of high rank and station. All this time, he pretended to be very pious, but to keep up his imposition, he affected a little of the wild man too, and fed upon raw flesh, roots and herbs.

"Things went on very well with him, and so he set to work and made up a language, which he called the Formosan! He even translated the church catechism into this fictitious lingo; and finally he wrote a history of Formosa out of his own brains!—Such was the ingenuity of his trick, and such the credulity of the public, that this quickly passed through two editions, few or none doubting that it was all a genuine relation of

real events. But at last some inconsistencies were detected in the history; suspicions were excited; the learned Formosan was charged with his imposition; and being thus detected, he confessed his guilt. He lived a number of years in London after this—and though fully exposed, he devoted himself to writing books, and greatly assisted in preparing a famous work entitled a 'Universal History.' He professed to be penitent for his imposture, and lived in an exemplary manner. He wrote a life of himself, in which he told the story of his deception, and died in 1763."

Leaving the Chinese Sea to the right, the navigators now turned to the east, and were soon upon the bosom of that mighty sea—the Pacific Ocean. In a few weeks they came to the Ladrões, a group of islands, inhabited by an interesting race of people, who appeared to have made farther advances in civilization than most of the barbarous tribes who occupy the islands of the Pacific. When first discovered, in 1512, the islands were quite populous, the whole number of inhabitants amounting to forty thousand. They are now reduced to five thousand.

Leaving the Ladrões, and passing by various other groups of islands, our voyagers at length approached the Feejee islands, which are situated nearly in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. At one of the largest of the group, called Paoo, the captain concluded to stop for a short time, for the purpose of obtaining fresh water. The vessel was accordingly brought to anchor near the land—and the captain, with two or three of the officers, the Russian merchant, and about a dozen men, went ashore.

Here they were met by some of the natives, who invited them, by signs, to visit the king, at a short distance. To this the party agreed, and were led for-

ward about a mile, where there was a considerable village, at the head of a small bay. As the strangers approached this place, their attention was drawn to a considerable vessel, built in the fashion of a canoe, coming up the bay. She had tall masts, and four ranges of spars across them, to each of which were suspended a great number of figures bearing a resemblance to the human shape.

The margin of the bay was soon crowded with the natives, all eagerly awaiting the arrival of the canoe, and seemingly excited by some event of great and animating interest. The strangers paused on the brow of a hill near the bay, for they began to be surrounded with multitudes of the savages. The Fejee vessel soon came to the shore, and now the captain and his friends could easily see that the images which decorated the spars of the savage vessel, were human bodies—the upper tier consisting of infants—the second of larger children, the third of women, and the fourth of men! It appeared that the king and his warriors had been to wage battle against a neighboring island, and these mangled bodies were the trophies of victory which they bore back with shouts of triumph and rejoicing.

No sooner was the Fejee king informed of the visit of the Russian captain, and his company, than he marched to his cabin, and there awaited the strangers. Here a short interview took place, during which the Russians observed that a crowd of warriors were gradually surrounding them. Alarmed at this, the captain begged leave of the swarthy prince, to withdraw, when a sudden signal was made, and the Fejee warriors set up a wild yell, and brandished their weapons in the air, with a fierce and threatening aspect. It was clear that an attack was about to follow, and it was to be the onset of hun-

dreds against little more than a dozen men.

It was a fearful moment—and even the Russian officers seemed to quail before the dark and lowering throng of armed men that hemmed them in on all sides. The hope of escape appeared to be utterly vain; and by degrees they were making up their minds to sell their lives as dearly as they might—when an incident occurred which suddenly changed the whole aspect of the scene. The Russian merchant had taken the precaution, before leaving the ship, to arm himself with a brace of pistols, which were stuck in his belt, and a dagger, which he had swung at his side. Seeing the imminent danger which now threatened his party—he sprang forward like a tiger, seized the king, hurled him to the ground, and holding his pistol to his face, threatened him with instant death. At the same time, he required him, by signs, to command his men to depart. The king, utterly confounded at the whole manœuvre, did as he was required; the warriors drew back, and the Russians made a hasty retreat—leaving their savage foes to recover at leisure from their panic. Scarcely had the party reached their boat, when the throng of savages came roaring after them, like a foaming tide fretted by a rocky beach.

The Russians soon gained their vessel in safety—and were glad to take leave of the island of the Fejee king. Nor did the captain fail to express his gratitude to the fur merchant, who had saved his life and the lives of his companions by his prompt skill and manly daring. The event indeed was noticed by all on board, and from that time the fur merchant became an object of notice, and all seemed to see something extraordinary about him.

I cannot undertake to tell all the details of the voyage of the Czarina, in

ner passage homeward. My readers must be content to hear that, after touching at various islands in the Pacific Ocean; after doubling Cape Horn, crossing the Atlantic, and stretching far to the north, she at length passed through the British channel, entered the North Sea, traversed the gulf of Finland, and approached the city of Cronstadt, a port about twenty miles from St. Petersburg, where vessels of war always stop, it being impossible for them to reach the city on account of the shoals.

It was now about a year since the vessel had left Okotsk, and at least eighteen months since Alexis had parted with his father and sister at Tobolsk. He expected to find letters from them at St. Petersburg; but what mingled emotions agitated his heart as he approached the mighty city that was now before him! What hopes and fears—what ardent desire—and yet what apprehension lest it should all end in learning that some fearful calamity had befallen those he loved—alternately took possession of his heart.

In this agitation, Suvarrow participated to a considerable degree. Although he always spoke cheerfully to Alexis, in respect to his father and sister, he could not deny to himself, that there were causes of uneasiness. He feared that the misfortunes which had befallen the noble-hearted Pultova—misfortunes which alike extended to his country and himself—had broken his heart, and, added to the weight of years, had borne him down to the grave. This apprehension was founded partly upon his own observation before he left Tobolsk, and partly upon the last letters which Alexis had received from his father and sister.

Nor was this his only source of uneasiness. A shadowy fear—a dim suspicion of Krusenstern, the commandant of the castle at Tobolsk, on account

of his attentions to Kathinka, had sprung up in his bosom, before he left that place, and by degrees it had grown into an active feeling of distrust and jealousy. He knew the man to be profligate and base, capable of carrying into execution any wickedness his heart might suggest. Suvarrow's mind had dwelt much upon this subject during his long voyage; and in the absence of other occupations, he had woven a variety of little circumstances which he had noticed in the conduct of Krusenstern, into a consistent web of proof, sufficient to satisfy himself that the Russian officer harbored some evil design against the daughter of the Polish exile—and who now seemed dearer to him than any other earthly object.

While thus Alexis and his young friend had these common sources of uneasiness, there was still another, which affected them in no small degree. Alexis knew the secret of the mysterious merchant, and as he had become deeply interested in his behalf, he trembled when he thought of the probable fate that awaited him on his arrival at St. Petersburg. He knew the stern and relentless character of the emperor Nicholas in dealing with matters of state policy; and he could not doubt that the unauthorized return from exile of so important a personage as the Polish count Zinski, and that too in disguise and on board a Russian ship of war, would be punished according to the bloody code of the Czars. Impelled by his fears for the safety of one whom he now loved as a friend, he urged the count, and almost with tears, not to take the rash step he meditated, which was immediately to report himself to the emperor; but, rather to seek concealment for a time; to make his situation known to the princess Lodoiska, and trust to her mediation in his behalf. These suggestions, though kindly received, seemed

to have little effect upon the determined purpose of the count.

While such were the feelings of Alexis, in respect to the count, those of Suvarrow, though of a lively nature, were somewhat different. He had not been told the real name and character of the merchant—for Alexis had kept his friend's counsel in good faith; but still, the bearing of the stranger, though in general harmonizing with the part he was playing, in a multitude of instances, and especially in the affair of the Fejee islands, betrayed the fact that he was not what he would seem to be. Suvarrow was not alone in remarking this—for the captain of the ship, and the other officers had come to the same conclusion. Suvarrow had often heard them expressing their suspicions, and more than once he had listened to the suggestion that the seeming Russian merchant was the Polish count Zinski.

Under these circumstances, Suvarrow had a severe struggle between his feelings and his sense of duty. He was a Russian officer, and bound by every tie of honor to act with fidelity to the government. Could he let such a secret as this, in respect to the count, pass by, without communicating his knowledge to the emperor? While he was thus debating the question in his own mind, he was summoned to the apartment of the captain, where he found the officers of the ship assembled, together with Alexis and the count. The latter soon after rose, and addressed the captain as follows:

"Before we part, my dear sir, I have an apology to make to you and these gentlemen. It is to hear this apology that I have requested you to meet me here. I have practised a disguise, I may almost say, an imposition, upon you all. I am not a Russian merchant—but the disgraced and banished Count Zinski. I have taken this step, merely to

reach St. Petersburg. We are now approaching the city, and my object being accomplished, it is due to you and my own character to remove the mask under which I have sought and obtained your kindness and courtesy. Do not fear that either your character or mine shall suffer for this; my purpose is fixed: I shall forthwith surrender myself to the emperor." "Here," said he, addressing the captain, while he held a paper in his hand, "is a statement of my return: this I shall entrust to Alexis Pultova, who will bear it to the emperor. As is your duty, captain, I have to request that you will place me under a guard, that I may remain in security on board your vessel, at Cronstadt, till the will of his majesty is known. At the same time, my wish is, that my real name may not be exposed. Indeed, captain and gentlemen, if it be compatible with your sense of duty and propriety, I could wish that my whole story might for the present be held in reserve, as a matter only known to ourselves."

As the count finished, the captain rose, and grasping his hand, was about to speak—but his voice was choked, and the tears gushed down his cheeks. In a moment, however, he recovered and said—"My dear count, I will do as you request, for I know that this is as well my duty, as your interest; I would not encourage false hopes—but, sir, I am indebted to you for my life, and for the lives of many of these friends around me. But for you, our career had ended ingloriously, at the island of Pao. You shall not suffer for the want of due representation of this service rendered to us and to the country. If it can avail, we will go down on our knees, or lay down the lives which your gallantry purchased."

The vessel at last approached the frowning castle of Cronstadt, and was saluted with a discharge of cannon

which shook the sea to its bed and made even the stout ship stagger in her path. This was returned by the vessel—and soon after she entered one of the docks provided for the Russian fleet.

After taking an affectionate leave of the count, and other officers, Suvarrow and Alexis set out immediately for St. Petersburg, where they arrived late in the evening. The latter proceeded immediately to the place where he expected to obtain letters from Tobolsk; but judge of his disappointment to find that none awaited him! With a heavy heart he returned to the hotel where he had taken lodgings—but as he was about to ascend the steps, his arms were seized by a rough, strong hand, and turning suddenly round, he recognised the well-known features of old Linsk!

Story of Philip Brusque.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE little nation of Fredonia, was now in a happy and prosperous condition. It is true that they had not the means of living luxuriously, but still they possessed all that was necessary to comfort. It must be remembered that they had no such things as axes, saws, knives, nor any of those tools made of iron, which are so common with us, and which are so useful in many ways. It is with iron tools that we cut down trees for fuel, for houses, and furniture: it is with tools of iron that we make all the machines by which we cultivate the earth, and weave cloths of every kind. It is, therefore, by means of iron, that we, in-civilized society, obtain furniture, food and dwellings. So important is this metal in the affairs of life, that one of the greatest distinctions between civilized and savage nations, is that the

former possess it and know its use, while the latter are generally destitute of it. Iron is therefore much more important than gold or silver—for nations may possess the latter, while they are yet barbarous. The Indians of Mexico and Peru had abundance of gold and silver, when discovered three hundred and fifty years ago; yet they had no iron, and therefore no good cutting tools. Accordingly, they had no very fine or perfect manufactures.

Some circumstances occurred at Fredonia, which made the use of iron very apparent. In building their houses, and making their furniture, the people of the island often wished they had saws, and axes, and planes. How much time these tools would have saved! They were obliged to use sharp stones for cutting down trees and shaping them, as they desired. It, therefore, often took a man a week to do a job, which he might have performed much better in an hour, with a carpenter's axe.

Well, after a time, as Piquet was fishing one day, he saw a piece of timber floating in the sea at some distance. Being curious to know what it might be, he swam out to it, a distance of near a mile, and you may guess his surprise to find that it was a log of wood, in the end of which was stuck a carpenter's axe! It had evidently fallen from the deck of some vessel; and as the axe was exceedingly rusty, it must have been in the water for several months.

Piquet managed, with a great deal of labor, to push the log, with the axe, to the shore. He then carried the latter to the village, and it is not easy to tell what an excitement the event produced. "Piquet has found an axe!"—was shouted from house to house: "an axe! an axe!" was echoed from hill to hill. The inhabitants came running together—men women and children,—and there stood Piquet, holding up his trophy, more

proudly than did David the head of Goliath!

It was indeed an affair of national importance, and for two or three days after, Piquet was called upon, again and again, to tell the story of the axe. He grew indeed to be a hero, not only among the people, but especially in the fancies of the children and in his own conceit. His narrative, became more and more marvellous every time he told it, and in the space of a couple of years, the wonderful tale of the "Fisherman and the axe," was at least equal to our legend of old Blue Beard.

When the first excitement had a little subsided, the question arose, as to who should be the owner of the axe. Some persons insisted that it belonged to Piquet—he found it, and he was entitled to the fruits of his good luck. Beside, he swam out a mile into the sea, and by risking his life, and making great exertions, he brought it to the shore. It was, therefore, due to him as a reward for his sacrifices and exertions. On the other hand, it was maintained that it ought to belong to the state or the nation, inasmuch as it was found upon the waters near the island, which were said to belong to the people at large. This question produced a good deal of discussion; but finally it was put at rest by the governor, who decided, for the reasons suggested, that the axe belonged to its finder.

From this time Piquet became a great man. He ground up his axe, and such was the demand for it, that he could get a great deal more money, or more pieces of salt, merely for the use of it, than by fishing all day. In the space of a year he had more salt than any other man on the island, and was in fact the richest of the whole society. But it is curious and interesting to remark, that what seemed his good fortune, came near proving his ruin. Finding it unnecessary

to work for his support, he grew idle, and then discontented. Some persons suggested that as he was the richest man on the island, he ought to be the governor. This idea having entered into his head, he set about endeavoring to carry the scheme into effect. He gathered around him several partisans, whom he paid liberally in salt, and pretty soon these persons set up quite a clamor against M. Bonfils. They insisted that the latter was despotic, haughty and aristocratic. They found fault with all he had done: and even where his conduct admitted of no reproach, they impugned his motives, and said he had done good only to get honor and glory in the eyes of the people, that he might thus rivet firmly the chains of that despotism which he exercised! They also started a thousand false stories about him, and if one was proved to be untrue, another was immediately invented to take its place.

M. Bonfils did not heed all this, but pursued the even tenor of his way, devoting himself, with all the energy his great age permitted, to the promotion of the public good. But his patriotism was not sufficient to ensure tranquillity. Intoxicated by the flattery of his partisans, and deceived as to the state of opinion among the people, Piquet, at the head of his followers, took forcible possession of the Outcast's Cave, and thence issued a command for all the people to come before him, and acknowledge him as their governor. This summons was so far obeyed that in a few hours all the men of the island were gathered at the cave, and after a while Piquet appeared, and commanded them to acknowledge him as their governor.

This was followed by a general burst of laughter—and Piquet, stung with shame, to find himself thus an object of ridicule, slunk back into the cave. His partisans, finding their position to be

anything but respectable, deserted their leader, and left him alone. Piquet remained in the cave till it was night; then creeping out, he went straight to his hut, took the axe which had been the source of all his trouble, and ascending a high rock on the border of the ocean, hurled it as far as he could into the sea. The next morning he again took to his hooks and lines, and from that day he quietly pursued the life of a fisherman, declaring that the intoxication of riches was by no means so pleasant as the content attending a career of humble but useful toil.

As I am telling this story chiefly to show how necessary it is to have some established government, and how this contributes to the happiness of society, I cannot detail very minutely the history of individuals. I must not forget to say, however, that Brusque was married to Emilie, and, notwithstanding the part he had taken in the French Revolution, he became a very kind, honest and useful man. He devoted his time to the manufacture of salt, and was thus able to procure all the articles produced on the island, which he needed.

François continued to pursue the life of a huntsman, and supplied the market with goat's flesh and wild game. He had also tamed several of the goats, and some families were beginning to get milk from them. He had also tamed some wild ducks and geese, and from these eggs were now obtained.

Two years soon passed away in Fredonia, and the people were, on the whole, prosperous and happy. Every family had a house, and sufficient land—but now a difference began to appear between their several situations. Some of the houses seemed constantly to grow better; instead of looking old and shabby, they had, month by month, a more agreeable and comfortable look. The furniture also became better, the lands

around them grew more and more productive; the gardens were not only more fruitful, but they were stocked with a greater variety of fruits and vegetables.

There were other estates, where a totally opposite state of things was to be remarked. Here the houses were going to decay; they were dirty, and ill-furnished, and the lands were but poorly tilled. All around wore an aspect rather of poverty than thrift.

The causes of these differences were easily to be traced. Those people who were industrious and frugal, had good houses and good farms; every year they advanced a little, and gradually they became rich, comfortable and happy. On the other hand, those who were idle, had comfortless houses, poor furniture, poor farms and poor gardens.

About this period an event occurred which excited great interest in Fredonia, and served eventually to change the prospects of the island in no small degree. Vessels had frequently passed within sight of the place, but never had come near enough to be hailed. But now, on a fine summer morning, a vessel was seen under full sail, passing close to the shore. A signal was immediately raised, and the vessel heaving to, sent her boat ashore.

The captain, who was an Englishman, was greatly astonished at finding such a society on the island, which was generally regarded as uninhabited. He spent two or three days at the place, and supplied the people with a number of articles which they particularly wanted. Among them were a saw, hatchet, hammer, auger, several gimblets, a quantity of nails, some knives, and other similar instruments. He furnished them also with two or three books, and several newspapers, which were objects of great interest; for there was nothing of the

kind on the island. But that which gave the greatest satisfaction, was about a pint of wheat, which happened to be on board the ship, and which was taken by the islanders for the purpose of sowing, so as to obtain the means of making flour bread. After staying at the island a few days, the captain departed on his voyage to China, whither he was bound.

The iron tools were put into the hands of a man who had been brought up a carpenter, and he began to make various articles of furniture, such as chairs, bedsteads and other things, which the Fredonians had been obliged hitherto to do without—or if they had them, they were of a very rude kind. The carpenter was also called upon to make doors and windows to the houses, which before consisted only of rough openings, fastened with a frame-work thatched with palm leaves. In this way a great improvement in the comfort of the people speedily took place.

But that which now became the source of the greatest interest was the building of a little vessel, which was undertaken by Brusque and François. The latter had been brought up on the sea-shore, and was familiar with the construction of vessels of all kinds, from the keel to the top-gallant-mast. Brusque, by his industry and skill, had laid up salt enough to pay the cost of the enterprise. The vessel which they undertook to build was of about seventy tons burthen, to be rigged schooner-fashion—that is, with two masts.

You may well believe that it was no small job to build a vessel, under such circumstances. The want of iron, for making spikes and nails, was the greatest difficulty, but industry and ingenuity can conquer all obstacles. Instead of spikes, pins of hard wood were used. Tar for filling up the seams between the boards, so as to keep out the water, was

made from fir trees found on the island and paint was made of yellow and red earth found on one of the hills, mixed with grease obtained from the goats. Every obstacle was at last overcome, and in about a year from its commencement, the vessel was launched, amid the shouts and rejoicing of the whole nation—men, women and children.

In six months more, the vessel was rigged, and named the Hope. François took command of her, and lifting his broad sail, woven of the fibrous bark of the palm tree, sailed forth upon the sea, in the presence of all the people. You may have seen a more splendid ship—but never did one appear half so beautiful and so wonderful as did the Hope of Fredonia, in the eyes of the admiring spectators, as she scudded before the breeze, on the occasion we describe.

Field Teachers.

“I WILL now tell you of a little boy who determined to be idle :—

“‘I do hate my tasks,’ said little Robert,—‘I wish there never had been a school in the whole world. I think the man that first thought of a school must have been a very cruel, hard-hearted man, and could never have been a child. What is the good of sitting, and spell, spell, spell? First, learn *this* by heart, and then *that*; then say the multiplication table; and then say the pence table; and then the Latin grammar; and then the catechism; and then read; and then write; and then cypher; and then, and then, and then ——. But there is no end to it,’ said Master Robert.

“‘But there is one good thing,—we can play truant; and so I am off for a ramble, and am determined to be as idle as ever I can be. I am resolved not to

do anything to-day; I will do nothing but caper, and run, and catch butterflies, and make ducks and drakes in the water, and blow the heads off the dandelions, and kick my hat about for sport, and roll about among the daisies. 'There, you stupid old spelling-book,' continued he, giving it a toss into a corner,— 'go and take your rest there. If you were as tired of me, as I am of you, we should never see each other again.'

"So saying, little Robert ran out at the garden gate, bounded over the next meadow, leaped over hedge and ditch, up hill and down dell, till, at last, he thought no one would follow him.

"So he leaped, and capered, and rolled on the grass. He took up many a dandelion stalk, and blew off the winged seeds; at last he approached a pond, and began to make ducks and drakes in the water. At this sport he continued for some time, but at last grew tired; he then set himself down in the warm sun. The smell of the flowers and vernal grass quite overpowered him, and so, in a short time, he fell fast asleep.

"No sooner had he fallen asleep than he began to dream. He dreamed that a number of birds, and beasts, and insects, were humming and singing about him, and that they were busied in all sorts of ways. On a tall tree, just above him, he thought he saw a monkey swinging by his tail to and fro, with his arms folded, and looking as if he was half asleep. This monkey very much resembled himself.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz, went a bee, close to his ear, as he thought. 'What makes you so merry, Mr. Bee?' said the little boy. The bee never turned to look at him, but immediately dived deeply into the bell of a flower, and licked out all the honey, and scraped up the wax; then he came out, and dived into another flower, singing all the time.

'What makes you so merry, Mr. Bee?' called out Robert, a second time. 'Because I have got something to do,' said the bee. 'And pray what can you have to do?' the little boy thought he said to the bee. 'Oh! a great deal,' said the bee:—'I have to visit above a thousand flowers this afternoon; I have to go to my hive, and back, a score of times; I have honey to put in my cells, and wax to make, and a great deal to do.' And hum, hum, hum—bum, bum—m-m-m, z-z-z-z-z; and so the bee put its head into another flower.

"But you seem so merry,' said Robert: 'you seem so merry, Mr. Bee.'

"That is because I have plenty to do:—

'To work is my delight,
From morning until night.'

"So the bee flew away, and the little boy thought that he got up, and walked, and walked, till he reached a wood. He came to a sunny bank, and sat down upon it. He had not sat long, however, before he felt a smart pinch on his leg, and leaped up in great consternation,— he looked, and saw an ant; it appeared to him as if the ant spoke. 'Go away, you idle boy,' said the ant; 'see what mischief you have done,—you are breaking down our city walls, and destroying our dwellings. Why do you not work as we do?—Look at us!'

"So the little boy looked, and beheld a great number of ants, some bringing small grains and seeds up the steep bank, some scooping out the ground with their paws, some pushing, some pulling, some running hither and thither, but all busy.

"Why, how you *do* work?' said Robert.

"Yes,' said the ant. 'Winter will come, you know; besides, we are never so happy as when we are at work,—that is the greatest pleasure we have. Our fathers worked, our mothers worked,

our little ones work,—we all work here.—There is nobody idle.'

"Then, if you are so fond of work, you may work by yourselves,' said Robert; so he walked away, and set himself down upon a little hillock, at no great distance.

"Presently he felt the ground shake under him, and heard a slight noise in the earth: a little animal peeped from the turf close by.—'Ha!' said Robert, 'that is a mouse.—No; it is a —. What is your name, pray?'

"My name is mole,' said the little animal; 'I am very busy just now, and cannot stop to talk to you. You would oblige me, however, by moving a little further, for I cannot do my work properly if you do not.'

"Work again?" said Robert.

"Yes: I have my castle to build; a great many trenches to place round it; a number of galleries to construct, with various outlets, that I may not be caught napping by my enemies. I have plenty to do, I assure you; but the more I have to do, the happier I am. So, go along.'

"Robert moved off, for he began to be ashamed of himself; and, as he passed through the trees, he felt something pass over his eyes;—it was the long thread of a spider, which had just begun to form its web. The spider was suspended from the branch of a tree.

"Little boy,' said the spider; 'can you not find anything better to do than to come and spoil my work?'

"Work again?" said Robert.

"Yes,' said the spider, 'I should be sorry to live without work; and, if you will stop a minute, I will show you how I make my web.' So saying, the spider passed his threads from bough to bough; formed it in one place, and tied it in another;—now tightened it;—now made it secure in its weaker parts; and, at last, gave it a shake in every part, to see

that it was firm. 'There,' said he, 'that *task is done*, and now for a fat fly for supper.'

"Task?—do not talk of tasks, I pray you,' said Robert.

"It is no task to me, I can assure you,' said the spider; 'but, have the goodness to stand on one side, if you please, for I see you are not fond of work. If you wont do any good, do not do any harm.'

"No,' said Robert, 'I came out to play.'

"Play, play?" said the spider; 'I never heard of such a thing.'

"Robert was glad to get away from the spider, and said, 'You are an ugly looking thing,' and left him. He had not gone far, however, before he saw a beautiful bird, with a twig in his bill. 'Bird,' said he, 'I want to speak with you.' 'I have no time,' said the bird, '—I am busy,—I have my nest to build.'

"Presently a rabbit crept from the underwood, with some dried grass in its mouth. 'Bunny! Bunny!' said Robert. 'I can't stop,' said the rabbit: 'I am particularly engaged.'

"Well,' thought the little boy, 'everything seems very ill-natured;' and so he wandered to the side of a rivulet, and began to throw pebbles in the water; whereupon he thought a beautiful little boy, with flowing locks, came up out of the spring, and said,—'Why do you disturb me, little boy?'

"I am only playing,' said Robert.

"But I have a great deal to do,' said the river sprite, 'and must not be interrupted. I have a long journey to perform; and, although I am only a rivulet now, I shall some day be a river. I have to afford moisture to millions of plants; drink to thousands of animals; to bear heavy burdens; to turn mills; to grind corn; and to do a great number of things. There are few so busy as I

am;—so, go along, little boy, to some one who has time to idle away.'

"Then I will go the wind," said Robert; 'I have heard the wind called the idle wind.' 'Stop,' said the wind, with a violent gust just in his face; 'hold, if you please,—I am not so idle as you think me.'

"Not idle!—why, what do you do, I should like to know?"

"I am just going to turn a few hundred mills between this and the sea-coast, and then I have a few thousand ships to convey into port. Besides this, I have to disperse, as I go along, a great variety of seeds. I have also to carry the clouds from one part to the other, that they may discharge their showers in different places; and, then, I exercise the trees, and shrubs, and plants; I do not like to see anything idle.' Thus saying, the wind started off at a rapid rate.

"Well," said Robert, 'I am quite tired of talking to all these things, and was it not for the nice, warm, soft, sunshine, I should really think everything was busy; but that seems as if it would be as playful and careless as myself. How it dances and capers in the brook; and how softly it slumbers in the pond.'

"Not so fast," said a beam of the sun, which, glancing among the trees, stood like a spirit of light; 'not so fast, little boy, I have more to do than you think for; I have millions of plants to bring forth out of the earth, fruits to ripen, seeds to perfect. I am the least idle of anything; I go from world to world, from clime to clime: now I am melting the ice at the poles, and now bringing to maturity the vegetation of the torrid zone. I am never idle, even in playing on the waters. It is true, I laugh and sparkle on the brooks and rivulets; but this is because I am happy. You thought I was sleeping in the lake;—at

that very moment I was busily employed in bringing to perfection a number of water plants and young fish. I am never idle; and, to show you that I am not, I will just take the skin off your nose.'

"So saying, the hot and mid-day sun, which had all this time been scorching little Robert, raised a very fine blister on the bridge of his nose. Robert felt the smart,—he leaped up,—and behold it was a dream!

"Yes, all was a dream, except the last part of it. The sun had, indeed, taken the skin off the little boy's nose; but he had been taught a lesson, which he was not soon likely to forget.

"He went home, therefore; and, as he walked onwards, came to the conclusion, that everything had some task to accomplish,—some duty to perform,—*something to do*. That nothing seemed to live for itself alone; that the idle are sure to get into mischief; and that to *be idle* was to be unnatural. He went, therefore, to his tasks, made up for lost time, soon mastered the Latin grammar and the multiplication table,* and ever afterwards found *something to do*."—*Martin's Holiday Book*.

The Life and Character of Alexander the Great.

ALEXANDER, the son of Philip, succeeded at the age of twenty to the throne of Macedon, on the death of his father, which took place three hundred and thirty-six years before Christ.

On the night of his birth, the great temple of Diana, at Ephesus, one of the

* There is a corollary to this lesson, which my young readers ought not to forget, namely, that when Adam was placed in *Paradise*, he had *something given him to do*,—to dress the garden, and to keep it.—GEN. ii.

most wonderful edifices ever erected by human skill, was burnt to the ground by Eratosthratus, who madly hoped to perpetuate his memory by the incendiary deed.

The first warlike expedition of Alexander was against the barbarians to the north of his kingdom. During his engagements here, a powerful confederacy was formed against him by the Grecian states; and the Thebans, upon a false report of his death, killed all the Macedonians within the reach of their fury.

Alexander speedily came against their city, took it, and utterly destroyed it: six thousand of the inhabitants were slain, and thirty thousand were sold for slaves. This dreadful example of severity spread the terror of his arms through all Greece, and those who had been opposed to him were compelled to submit.

A general assembly of the states of Greece was now summoned at Corinth. Alexander, as heir of his father, was made generalissimo against the Persians, and he immediately commenced preparations for the momentous expedition.

Alexander set off with an army of only thirty thousand foot, and five thousand horse, and provisions for a single month. He crossed the Hellespont, and marched through Asia Minor, towards Persia. Darius Codomannus resolved to crush at once this inconsiderate youth, and met him on the banks of the Granicus, with one hundred thousand foot, and ten thousand horse. The Greeks swam the river, their king leading the van, and attacking the astonished Persians, left twenty thousand dead upon the field, and put to flight their whole army. Darius was left almost alone in his lofty chariot; he had but just time to get on horseback, and gallop away from the battle.

Alexander now sent home his fleet,

leaving to his army the sole alternative that they must subdue Asia, or perish. Prosecuting their course for some time, without resistance, the Greeks were attacked by the Persians in a narrow valley of Cilicia, near the town of Issus. The Persian host amounted to four hundred thousand, but their situation was such, that only a small part could come into action, and they were defeated with prodigious slaughter. The loss of the Persians was one hundred and ten thousand, that of the Greeks very inconsiderable.

After the battle of Issus, Alexander besieged Tyre, but the Tyrians resisted him with great bravery for seven months. At length, the city was taken by storm, and thirty thousand of its population were sold for slaves, and two thousand were crucified upon the sea-shore, for no other crime than that of defending the country from an invader. The shocking cruelty of Alexander to this city, stamps him with eternal infamy.

Incensed with the Jews for not sending supplies to his army, when besieging Tyre, Alexander marched to Jerusalem, resolved upon its ruin. Jaddus, the high priest, and all the other priests of the temple, proceeded from the city to meet him, and to implore his mercy. Alexander no sooner saw the venerable procession, than he paid the high priest all the tokens of profound respect, and left them in satisfaction and peace, without the least molesting the temple or the city.

The whole of Syria had submitted to Alexander; Gaza had followed the fate of Tyre; ten thousand of its inhabitants were sold into slavery; and its brave defender, Belis, was dragged at the wheels of his victor's chariot,—an act far more disgraceful to the conqueror than to the conquered.

The taking of Gaza opened Egypt to Alexander, and the whole country sub-

mitted without opposition. Amidst the most incredible fatigues, he led his army through the deserts of Lybia, to visit the temple of his pretended father, Jupiter of Ammon. When intoxicated with the pride of success, he listened to the base flattery of the priests; and, upon the foolish presumption of his being the son of that Lybian god, he received *adoration from his followers*.

Returning from Egypt, Alexander traversed Assyria, and was met at Arbela by Darius, at the head of seven hundred thousand men. Peace, on very advantageous terms, was offered by the Persians, but was haughtily rejected. The Persians were defeated at Arbela, with the loss of three hundred thousand men, and Darius fled from province to province. At length, betrayed by Bessus, one of his own satraps, he was cruelly murdered, and the Persian empire submitted to the conqueror, B. C. 330.

After the battle of Arbela, Alexander marched in triumph to the cities of Babylon, Susa, and Persepolis, where he found amazing treasures. Excited by intemperance, and instigated by a wicked woman, he set fire to the magnificent palaces of the Persian kings, that no one should enjoy them but himself.

Alexander, firmly persuaded that the sovereignty of the whole habitable globe had been decreed him, now projected the conquest of India. He penetrated to the Ganges, defeated Porus, and would have proceeded to the Indian Ocean, if the spirit of his army had kept pace with his ambition; but his troops, seeing no end to their toils, refused to proceed. Indignant that he had found an end to his conquests, he abandoned himself to every excess of luxury and debauchery.

Returning again to Babylon, laden with the riches and plunder of the east,

he entered that celebrated city in the greatest pomp and magnificence. His return to it, however, was foretold by his magicians as fatal, and their prediction was fulfilled.

Giving himself up still further to intoxication and vice of every kind, he at last, after a fit of drunkenness, was seized with a fever, which at intervals deprived him of his reason, and after a few days put a period to his existence; and he died at Babylon, on the 21st of April, in the thirty-second year of his age, after a reign of twelve years and eight months, of the most brilliant success.

His death was so sudden and premature, that many attributed it to poison. Antipater has been accused of administering the fatal draught, but it was never proved against him.

In the character of Alexander we shall find little to admire. In the early part of his career he had shown many excellent and noble traits of character; but he met with such great and continual success in all his undertakings, that his disposition was ruined by it. At last he began to think himself something more than mortal, and made himself a god.

Yet so far was Alexander from being a god, that some of his actions were unworthy of a man. One of his worst deeds was the murder of Clytus, an old officer, who had fought under King Philip. He had once saved Alexander's life in battle, and on this account he was allowed to speak freely to him.

One night, after having become intoxicated, Alexander began to brag of his own exploits, and he spoke more highly of them than old Clytus thought he deserved; accordingly he told Alexander that his father, Philip, had done much greater things than ever he had done.

The monarch was so enraged, that he

snatched a spear from one of his attendants, and gave Clytus a mortal wound; but, when he saw the old man's bloody corpse extended on the floor, he was seized with horror:—he had murdered the preserver of his own life!

Alexander's remorse did not, however, last long. He still insisted on being a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon; and he was highly offended with a philosopher, named Callisthenes, because he refused to worship him: for no other crime, Callisthenes was put into an iron cage, and tormented, till he killed himself in despair.

After Alexander's return from India to Persia, he met with a great misfortune,—it was the loss of his dearest friend, Hephestion, who died of a disease which he had contracted by excessive drinking. For three days afterwards Alexander lay prostrate on the ground, and would take no food.

He erected a funeral pile of spices, and other precious materials, so that it was as costly as a palace would have been. The lifeless body of Hephestion was then placed on the summit. Alexander then set fire to the pile, and stood mournfully looking on, while the corpse of his friend was consumed to ashes.

It would have been well if he had taken warning by the fate of Hephestion: but Alexander the Great was destined to owe his destruction to the wine-cup, the bane of more heroes than one.

There was once a certain pirate, who made great havoc among the shipping of the Mediterranean Sea. He was taken prisoner by the Macedonian soldiers, and brought before Alexander, who asked him by what right he committed his robberies. "I am a robber by the same right that you are a conqueror," was the reply: "the only difference between us is, that I have but a few men,

and can do but little mischief, while you have a large army, and can do a great deal."

It must be confessed, that this is the chief difference between some conquerors and robbers.—*Treas. of Knowledge.*

Varieties.

TRUTH has been thus eloquently described by a writer who lived upwards of two hundred years ago:

"Truth is the glory of time, and the daughter of eternity; she is the life of religion, the light of love, the grace of wit, and the crown of wisdom; she is the brightness of honor, the blessing of reason, and the joy of earth; she is the angel's worship, the saint's bliss, and martyr's crown; she hath a pure eye, a plain hand, a piercing wit, and a perfect heart. Her tongue never trips, her heart never faints, her hand never fails, and her faith never fears. She is honored in love, and graced in constancy; in patience admired, and in charity beloved."

HONEY MOON. Though this phrase is in common use among us for the first month after marriage, yet its derivation is not commonly known. Its origin is from a custom of the Teutones, an ancient people of Germany, who drank mead, or metheglin, a beverage made of honey, for thirty days after every wedding.

A WILD man of Oronoko, in South America, said to a priest, who was urging him to forsake his gods, "Thou keepest thy God in thy church, as if he were sick and needed thy care; our God is on the mountain top, directing the storm, and guarding us in the still watches of the night."

MERRY'S MUSEUM.

VOLUME IV.—No. 6.

Merry's Adventures.

CHAPTER XXV.—(*Conclusion.*)

LEAVING New York with my "two friends," as Bill called them, I proceeded to New Jersey, and thence I travelled to Washington. I was well received wherever I went, and though I did not get rich, still I procured money enough to pay my expenses. Having spent some time at Washington, and having seen the President, Mr. Jefferson, and several other famous men, I departed, and travelled through the southern states, and in about a year reached New Orleans.

During the expedition, I saw many new things, and acquired a good deal of information. I also met with many curious adventures; but I cannot stop to tell them here. Having spent several weeks at New Orleans, I set my face northward; and proceeding along the banks of the Mississippi, one day, as I was approaching the town of Natchez, in descending a steep bank, I stumbled and fell, and my box was thrown violently to the foot of the hill. The glass at the top of the box was entirely broken out, and my travelling companions, seeing that they could secure their liberty if they chose, gradually slid out of their confinement, and brandishing their tongues, and rattling their tails, they glided away into a neighboring thicket. In vain did I coax and threaten: neither

fear nor affection could stop their progress, and thus suddenly I took leave of them forever. It might seem that a couple of serpents were not the objects upon which the heart is likely to fix its affection—yet I felt a sort of desolation when they were gone, and calling to mind the friend who had bestowed them upon me, and my helpless condition, now that they were departed, I sat down by the road-side, and indulged myself in a hearty fit of tears.

In a short time, however, I recovered my spirits, and entered the town of Natchez. I here took passage on board a small sloop, and in five weeks reached St. Louis—a voyage which is now made, in steamboats, in four or five days. Here I found myself nearly out of money—and seeing that it was necessary to do something, I purchased a small stock of beads and other trinkets, and set off on foot to trade with the Indians, of which there were several tribes in that region. My business was to exchange the goods I carried, for furs. In the first trip, I succeeded so well as to try it again, and finally I became a regular fur dealer, and carried on a considerable trade.

In my excursions, I met with many incidents that might be worth telling

but I can only stop to relate one of them. On a certain occasion I had penetrated into the Indian territory, to a considerable distance from any white man's settlement. Having learned something of the Indian manners and customs, and a few words of their language, I almost felt myself at home among them, particularly as some of the men spoke English. It was not, therefore, a cause of any anxiety, at the time to which I refer, that I was obliged to seek lodging in one of their villages.

It was a beautiful summer night, and I slept alone beneath a hut of skins. About midnight I was waked by a slight noise, and saw the dark figure of an Indian, about to enter the hut. I started in some alarm, but he put out his hand in token of peace, and begged that I would listen to a request which he had to make.

He sat down by my side, and stated that he loved a dark-eyed girl of the tribe, but that she would not return his affection. He was the bravest of the young chiefs in battle, as he said: the swiftest of foot in the race; the strongest in wrestling; the most successful in hunting—and yet the maiden, Zary, refused to become his wife. In this condition, he begged me to give him some charm by which he could conquer the heart of the girl, and persuade her to yield to his suit. I had, among my wares, a pair of ear-rings, about three inches long, set with glass of various colors—green, red, and yellow. These I gave to the chief, and told him to present them to Zary. He thanked me after his Indian fashion, and went away. I did not know the result at the time, but I learned it at a subsequent period.

At last, the war with England broke out, and the Indians being incited to hostilities against us, there was no farther opportunity to venture among them. I therefore left St. Louis, and after a

variety of incidents, reached New York. Here I spent a few days, and then set off for Salem, where I arrived without accident.

At first, the place seemed a good deal altered. Every house was in fact precisely as I left it, three years before—but still, all seemed on a smaller scale than I had fancied. The roads and lanes were narrower than they had once seemed; the old tavern of the Cock and Bull was not more than two thirds as large, and the meeting-house seemed to me to have shrunk to one half of its former dimensions. But my friends were still the same, at least so far as to be glad to see me. In some few cases, I could see the effect of habitual attendance upon the bar-room, which flourished much the same as ever. This was manifest, by an increased slovenliness of dress; a bloating of the face; a tottling step; an uncertain and staring look, as if the mind wandered; and, in short, a general aspect of degradation both of body and soul.

Raymond was perhaps a little thinner and paler than when I left him; Matt Olmsted seemed absolutely unchanged; but as to my best friend—Bill Keeler—alas! my heart bled to look at him. I was of an afternoon that I reached the village, in the stage-coach. Without making myself known at the tavern to a single individual, I walked to Bill's house, which was at a short distance, and standing by itself. As I approached it, I remarked with pain, that it had a shabby, neglected, and desolate appearance. The garden by its side was overgrown with weeds—the fence was broken down in several places: the gate of the little door-yard was laying flat by the road-side. All had on the appearance of waste and neglect, as if the proprietor cared not for the place.

I was on the point of turning back, but seeing a child at the door, I went up and spoke to it. It looked me in the

face, and I could see, even in the soft features of infancy, the semblance of my friend. I could not help smiling to note in a child, the features which were so associated in my own mind with the boyish tricks, youthful frolics, and Yankee shrewdness of the father. In a few moments, the mother came to the door, and asked me to walk in. I did so, but she did not recognise me for some time. When I left Salem, she was the picture of ruddy health, and light-hearted happiness; she was now thin and pale, and her countenance told of sorrow. Her house was ill furnished, and had a comfortless appearance.

We went on conversing for some time; at last I enquired for her husband, and thus she recognised me. Soon after, Bill came in. He knew me instantly—but I thought the meeting gave him pain, rather than pleasure. I noticed that he looked poor and shabby, and he seemed to be oppressed with the consciousness of it. However, he soon rallied, and went on talking in his usual way, putting a great many questions, and much faster than I could answer them. "Where's the box and the two sucking doves, Bob?—Mr. Merry—I beg your pardon!—How you have altered! Why, you're grown up complete. Where have you been all this time? Let me see—it's better'n four years since you left us, aint it? I dare say you've been all over the world. Did you go to China, where they have houses made of crockery? Come, tell us all about it."

Thus Bill rattled on, for a time, and at last I left him. The next day at early dawn, I took my way to the mountain. It was autumn, and the leaves had already fallen from the trees. The chilly winds sighed through the branches of the forests that clothed the shaggy cliffs, and seemed to speak of coming winter. The birds had fled, the insects were hushed, the flowers had gone down

to their tombs. I could not but feel a sort of melancholy, which in some degree prepared me for the scene which followed.

As I approached old Sarah's cave, I saw her sitting at the door. I went nearer and spoke to her—but she answered me not. I looked again, and perceived that her head was leaning against the rock—her white hair hanging loose upon her shoulders. She seemed asleep, and I spoke again—and again. I took hold of her arm to awake her—but she awoke no more. Alone—with no friend at her side—no one to hear her parting words, no one to say a last prayer—she had departed, and doubtless her spirit had gone to a better world.

I returned to the village and told what I had seen. Some of the inhabitants went to the mountain with me, and we buried the hermitess near the cave which she had chosen as her home. If the reader should ever be passing through the little town of Salem, let him obtain a guide to the mountain, and if he cannot show him the exact site of old Sarah's grave, he will still point out the ruins of the cave, and the shelving rock, beneath which it was built.

After remaining a few months at Salem, finding it necessary to engage in some business in order to obtain the means of living, I again went to New York. But business of every kind was greatly depressed, and finding nothing to do, I turned my attention to the seat of war, along the line that divides the United States from Canada. Setting out on foot, I soon made my way to Fort Niagara, and afterwards to Cleveland, on the southern border of Lake Erie.

About this time, a company of riflemen was raised, chiefly to operate against the Indians, who were very troublesome along the borders of the lake. In this I enlisted, and we were soon marched into the quarter where

our services were needed. Here we joined a small detachment of American troops, and set out with them to march northward to join the army of General Winchester, then in the vicinity of the river Raizin.

Our route lay through a country consisting alternately of prairies and forests; and as we were passing through one of the latter, we were suddenly attacked by a party of Indians. A smart engagement followed, and several of our party were killed. I was myself wounded in the knee, by a bullet, and falling to the earth, fainted from loss of blood and the anguish of the wound. When I recovered my senses, I was alone, except that one of my dead companions was near me. I attempted to rise, but fell again to the earth.

At this moment, I saw a tall Indian peering through the woods. He saw me, and with some caution came to the spot. He lifted his scalping-knife over my head, and as my senses faded away, I supposed that my last hour had come.

It was long before I was conscious of existence. When my reason returned, I was on a straw bed in an English block-house, where I had been taken by the Indian who found me after I was wounded. It was the young chief whom I had supplied with a charm, some years before, by which, as he told me, he was able to win the heart of the beautiful Zary. As he was about to take my scalp, he recognised me, and with a heart full of gratitude, took me to the fort, and caused me to be attended with the utmost care. These things I learned by degrees, for it was several weeks before I was able to listen to the whole story. When I came fully to myself, I found what I had not before known, that the surgeon of the fort had amputated my leg, as the only means of saving my life. My recovery was slow, and when at last I was able to rise from my bed, it was with the

sad consciousness that I was a cripple for the remainder of my days.

Months passed away, and I was again at Salem. There still swung the sign of the Cock and Bull, and there still flourished the tavern. It had lost, indeed, its former character; for the greater part of the travel had been directed from this route, and instead of being the local point for numerous lines of stages, it was now the stopping place of only a tri-weekly stage. But the bar-room was as well filled as ever; and when I returned, I found nearly the same set of persons there who had been accustomed to visit it before. A few indeed were missing; and, on enquiry, I learned that they had all gone down to their graves. Their place was however occupied by others, who bore the same general aspect.

The tavern-keeper who succeeded my uncle, followed his example, and shared his fate. He drank liberally, was called a clever fellow, and died early. His successor, so far as I could judge, was walking in their footsteps. Thus flourished the Cock and Bull. My readers may call it a sad place, but no one thought so then. It was esteemed a good tavern, and there were none to remark its deadly influence. It is true that it was a place where men went to get poison, which took away their reason, brutified their souls, and destroyed their bodies. It was a school where vice and crime were taught; a place which converted many a kind husband and good father into a ruthless savage—and sent down many a noble form to a premature grave. Yet in these days such things were deemed matters of course. Let us be thankful that the deadly influence of the tavern and the grog-shop is now understood.

But poor Bill Keeler—how shall I tell his story! Alas, he too was the victim of the village tavern! He was naturally a kind-hearted, generous fellow—quick-witted, active and ingenious. If any one

had met him on the highway, and struck him to the earth, and taken his life, he would have been called a murderer. But a tavern-keeper could not only take his life, but degrade his body and soul, and it was a very respectable business! So it was once—thank Heaven it is so no more!

I have not the heart to tell the details of my poor friend's downward steps in the path of ruin. It must be sufficient to say that when I returned to Salem, I found his widow with a large family, struggling against poverty, but with cheerfulness and success. It was for some time a part of the care, as well as the pleasure of my life, to do something

for the education of these children. In this occupation I forgot my own sorrows, and I became contented, I may almost say, happy. It is a curious fact that cripples are generally cheerful, and I really believe, that, in spite of what may seem the frown of fortune, their lot is generally brighter than that of the average of mankind. I can at least say, that, though I have seen what is called hard luck in life, it has generally been the result of my own weakness or folly. At all events, I hope my story will show my young readers how many evils flow from the neglect of early advantages; and that a man with a wooden leg, may still be

MERRY.



Hualpa discovering the mine.

Discovery of the Mines of Potosi.

THERE are many silver mines in Potosi. They were first discovered by an Indian called Hualpa, who was scampering up the side of a mountain, after some wild animal. Finding that it had jumped up a steep place quicker than he could, and determining to follow it, he laid hold of a branch of a shrub, to assist him in climbing. But instead of

assisting him, it broke in his hand, or rather it was torn up, root and all, out of the earth. He was, however, repaid for his disappointment, by the sight of something bright in the hole which the plant had come from. He soon discovered this to be a lump of silver, and he found several small bits sticking about the roots. These he picked up carefully,

and home he went with great joy. Right glad was he to have found such a treasure.

He returned to the mine whenever he was in want of money; and by-and-by he became so much better in his circumstances, that his neighbors began to wonder at it. So at last he told one of his friends about his discovery, and shewed him the place where the silver was to be found. They went on for some time very peaceably, but at length a disagreement arose, because Hualpa would not tell how he purified the silver. The Indian was so angry at this, that he went and told the whole story to a Spaniard. The mine being once found out, the Spaniards soon took possession of the whole, and the poor Indians got no more of the silver. This was in the year 1545.

The Siberian Sable-Hunter.

CHAPTER XV.

IN a state of extreme agitation, Alexis hurried Linsk into his room, locked the door, then turning round upon him, said to him, almost with fierceness, "Tell me, Linsk—tell me—are they well?"

"Who do you mean?" said the old fur-hunter—scarcely knowing whether Alexis was not out of his head.

"Tell me, instantly," said Alexis, "is he alive?"

"Is who alive?" said Linsk.

"My father—my father," said Alexis, bursting into tears, from apprehensions suggested by the hesitation of Linsk.

"I hope he is," said Linsk, a good deal affected; "I hope he is alive, and well."

"And Kathinka—is she well?"

"I hope so," said Linsk.

"My dear friend—do not torment me thus; see, I am calm! Tell me the

whole truth—I will hear it all—I believe I can bear it. If they are dead, let me know it—anything is better than suspense."

"Well, now that's right, be calm and I will tell it all—but you must give me time. In telling a long story, I must manage it just as a crane does an eel—I must swallow the head first, and then go to the tail. If it gets cross-ways, it wont go down at all, you know."

"Go on—go on!"

"Well—now you must know that four months ago I left Tobolsk to come here and sell my furs. As I was coming away, your sister Kathinka —."

"O, tell me, Linsk—tell me, for heaven's sake, is my sister well?"

"Patience, boy—patience. I hope she is well—let me go on. Your sister Kathinka, as I was coming away, gave me the roll of furs you had sent her, and requested me to seek out the princess Lodoiska, and see that they were safely placed in her hands.

"All this I promised faithfully to do, and departed. When I reached this city, I sought out the princess, and gave her the parcel. There was something in it from count Zinski, whom we saw in the cave of Siberia, and the princess almost went mad about it; she told me to go right back to Siberia, and find the hermit and bring him here, and she would give me a thousand dollars! I should have taken her offer, but that I saw the count in Okotsk, in the disguise of a fur merchant, and doubted if I should be able to find him."

"But my father—my sister?"

"All in due time, master Alexis. When I left Tobolsk, your father was very poorly, and Kathinka used to shed a great many tears about it. At last, Col. Krusenstern, who had seemed to be very kind, told your father that he had got the consent of the Emperor that he and Kathinka should leave Siberia, and

return to Poland. This put new life into the old gentleman, and he set off with Kathinka for St. Petersburg. They had money enough, for the colonel provided everything.

"Well, when they got to St. Petersburg, Krusenstern was there. He immediately caused information to be lodged at one of the police offices, that your father had fled from Tobolsk and was in the city."

"The villain—the villain!" said Alexis, springing to his feet, and unable to contain himself longer.

"Be quiet—be quiet," said Linsk; "you must command yourself. Your father was arrested and hurried to prison, with poor Kathinka. There was no one to appear in their behalf, for Krusenstern kept the matter very quiet. At last I heard what was going on. With the greatest difficulty I gained admittance to the prison. I have heard about angels, master Alexis, but I never saw one till then. Your sister was pale as death, but there was a sweet sunshine upon her face, that seemed to cast a gleam of light through the dungeon. She was sitting by your father, and telling him some pleasant tale, for I saw the old man smile—though the place was very dim."

Alexis wrung his hands and groaned in an agony of impatience—but he still commanded himself so as to allow Linsk to proceed.

"Well—they were delighted to see me; and your sister, taking me apart, told me to go to the princess Lodoiska, and take to her a ring, and tell her that Pultova of Warsaw and his daughter were in prison, and to beg her immediate aid. I went to find the princess immediately, but she was gone to Poland. In the mean time, your father was tried and condemned. In this state of things, Krusenstern, who was in love with your sister, told her that if his love could be returned, he would save her father. She

spurned him as if he had been a serpent, and this turned his heart to gall. Now he seems anxious that your father should die, and the fatal day is fixed for a week from to-morrow."

Alexis seemed for a few moments in a state of mind which threatened to upset his reason: but soon recovering himself, his step became firm, and his countenance decided. "Take me," said he, "to the prison, Linsk: I want to see my father and sister without delay." They went to the place, but found that they could not be admitted. What now could be done? "I will go to the emperor," said Alexis—"I will appeal to him."

At this moment the message committed to him by count Zinski, came into his mind. Proceeding to the hotel, he made the most rapid preparations in his power, for proceeding to the palace. This, however, was a work of several hours. At last he set out. Dismounting from the carriage at the gate of the palace, he entered, and as he was crossing the court, a coach with a lady was passing by. At this moment, the horses took fright at some object, and rearing fearfully for a moment, set forward at a full run. They swept quite round the circular court with desperate fury, and were now approaching Alexis.

Springing suddenly upon them, he fortunately seized the bridle of one of the horses, and by his vigorous arm, arrested the progress of the furious animals. While he held them, the driver descended from his box, opened the door of the coach, and the lady, almost fainting from fright, sprung forth upon the ground. Alexis now approached the lady, and was about to offer to conduct her across the court to the palace, when some of the servants, who had witnessed the scene we have described, came up and gave their assistance. As the lady was moving away, she spoke to Alexis

and asked his name. "Alexis Pultova," said he.

"Pultova? Pultova?" said the lady, "Alexis Pultova, of Warsaw?"

"Once of Warsaw, madam, but now of Tobolsk."

"Come, young gentleman," said the lady, seeming at once to have recovered from her fright, "you must come with me." Accordingly, she took the arm of Alexis, and they entered the palace. After passing through several halls and galleries, they came to a small room, which the lady entered and Alexis followed.

It is unnecessary to give the details of the interview. The lady was the princess Lodoiska, who had just returned from Poland. The story of count Zinski was soon told, as well as that of the father and sister of Alexis. The princess seemed at first overwhelmed with the double calamity which seemed to fall like shocks of thunder upon her ear. She saw at once the danger to which Zinski, whom she still loved with devoted attachment, had exposed himself by his rash return: and she also felt the extreme difficulty of controverting the artful and villanous scheme of the wicked Krusenstern, in respect to Pultova and his daughter.

She begged Alexis to delay his interview with the emperor a single day, and promised her utmost efforts in behalf of all those in whom Alexis felt so deeply interested. When he was gone, she went straight to Nicholas, and told him the story of the count, as she had heard it from Alexis. She then told frankly her feelings, and stated the circumstances of their former acquaintance, which have already been detailed to the reader. She then threw herself upon her knees, and begged for the life and liberty of her lover.

We need not say that it was a touching plea—but the emperor seemed un-

moved, and positively refused to grant the request. He insisted that the count's crime was one of the highest nature, and it was indispensable that he should receive a signal punishment. "His fate is sealed," said Nicholas, firmly, "and it shall be executed to-morrow. I hope, fair lady, if you do not approve my mercy, you will at least acknowledge my justice."

Baffled and broken-hearted, the princess left the stern monarch, and sought her room. On the morrow, Zinski was taken to the castle of St. Petersburg, and preparations for his execution seemed to be immediately set on foot. In vain was the petition of Lodoiska: in vain the representations and the prayers of the captain of the Czarina. When Alexis came, and delivered the message of Zinski, Nicholas seemed to feel a touch of emotion; but it appeared to pass immediately away.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the day fixed for the count's execution, there was a heavy sound of musketry in the court of the castle, then a dead silence, and finally a gate was opened, and a coach, briskly drawn, issued forth, wending its way to the palace of the emperor. A man of a noble form, and still youthful, issued from the coach, and was conducted to the audience room of the Czar.

There stood Nicholas—a man of great height, and vast breadth of shoulder, as if he had been made as the very model of strength: at the same time, his countenance, lighted up by a full blue eye, expressed, amid a lofty and somewhat stern look, an aspect almost of gentleness. By his side was the princess Lodoiska.

The stranger entered the hall, and proceeding toward the emperor, was about to kneel. "Nay, count Zinski," said his majesty, "we will not have that ceremony to-day. You have been shot,

and that is enough. I owe you my life, count, and I am glad of being able to testify my gratitude. I sentenced you to Siberia, expecting that you would petition for reprieve; but you were too proud. I have long mourned over your stubbornness. Your return has given me pleasure, though I could have wished that it had been in some other way. I could not overlook your crime, so I ordered you to be shot—but with blank cartridges. And now, count, what can I do for you?"

"One thing, sire, and but one."

"What is it?—you shall have your wish."

"The restoration of Pultova and his family."

"It cannot be—it cannot be! The rebel has just returned from Tobolsk, like yourself."

"Then, sire, let him be like me—forgiven."

"You are ready with your wit, count—but you shall have your way. I will give immediate orders for the liberation of Pultova; and he, as well as yourself, shall be restored to your estates at Warsaw"



Shooting wild geese.

Wild Geese.

THE passage of wild geese to the north commences with the breaking up of the ice; their first appearance in Canada and on the shores of Hudson's Bay, varying with the forwardness of their spring, from the middle of April to the latter end of May. Their flight is heavy and laborious, but mod-

erately swift, in a straight line when their number is but few, but more frequently in two lines meeting in a point in front. The van is said to be always led by an old gander, in whose wake the others instinctively follow. But should his sagacity fail in discovering the land-marks by which they usually

steer, as something happens in foggy weather, the whole flock appear in the greatest distress, and fly about in an irregular manner, making a great clamor. In their flights, they cross indiscriminately over land and water, differing in this respect from several other geese, which prefer making a circuit by water to traversing the land. They also pass far inland, instead of confining their course to the neighborhood of the sea.

So important is the arrival of geese to the inhabitants of these northern regions, that the month in which they first make their appearance is termed by the Indians the *goose moon*. In fact, not only the Indians, but the English settlers also depend greatly upon these birds for their subsistence, and many thousands of them are annually killed, a large proportion of which are salted and barrelled for winter consumption. Many too that are killed on their return, after the commencement of the frost, are suffered to freeze, and are thus kept as fresh provisions for several months.

Travels, Adventures and Experiences of Thomas Trotter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The plain of Lombardy—Inundations of the Po—Padua—First prospect of Venice—Arrival at the city—Description of Venice—Character of the Venetians—Contrast of the Italians with the Americans—Journey to Milan and Turin—The plain of Marengo—Genoa—Leghorn—Return to Boston—General observations on travelling in Italy—Conclusion.

THE remainder of our journey to Venice was through a region which exhibited a remarkable contrast to that which we had recently traversed. No mountains nor even hills diversified the face of the country. The whole extent was an immense uniform horizon. We

were now in the great plain of Lombardy through which the Po rolls his waters into the Adriatic. For many miles beyond Ferrara the soil was marshy, and instead of fences, there were broad ditches covered with water lilies, which served to keep the cows and pigs from straying into the wrong meadows. These were the first swine that I had seen north of the Pontine marshes; and they were poor specimens of the piggish race, lean, scraggy and weak. Wooden barns and stables—another rarity—also struck my sight here. As we proceeded, the aspect of the country became more and more dreary and monotonous. No villages nor even farm-houses were to be seen. Sheds and fences for cattle were all the structures that relieved the universal flatness of the plain. The road became soft and spongy, so that the sound of the wheels and the horses' feet could no longer be heard. The dikes which extended as far as the eye could reach, like a long green rampart, showed that the country was subject to inundations. In fact, the Po often overflows its banks, and floods whole miles of the neighboring country. In many parts of this alluvial tract are fields of rice, but the cultivation of this article is allowed only to a limited extent, on account of the unwholesome air which the rice plantations are supposed to generate. There were no trees except poplars and willows in long lines on the borders of the ditches: and the most abundant of all living animals seemed to be the frog which kept up an incessant croaking as we passed.

The sight of the masts of vessels gliding along at a distance beyond an immense line of green wall, apprized us that we were approaching the Po, though we could nowhere discern the current of the river. When we came to that celebrated stream, we found a channel, three quarters of a mile broad, con-

fined on both sides by artificial banks which rise high over the neighboring plains. The waters of the Po are muddy and turbid like the Mississippi, and every three years a great inundation happens in spite of the dikes. On this account, every house is provided with boats, and at the first fall of the heavy rains, which precede the rising of the river, the inhabitants embark with all their goods, so that commonly little damage is caused except to their dwellings, which are of no great value. The river brings down immense quantities of mud, which are deposited at the bottom here, so that the bed of the stream is continually rising.

Crossing the Po by a bridge, we entered the Austrian territory, and submitted to the usual examination from the custom-house officers, after which we were permitted to proceed. The appearance of the country somewhat improved, but still continued equally flat and unvaried in surface. We passed through Rovigo, a decaying and unhealthy town, and travelled over a sandy district to the Adige, which we crossed by a ferry. Here were a number of floating mills moored in the stream.

Beyond the Adige, the country becomes hilly, and is diversified with pine and cypress trees. A more cheering prospect appeared in the sight of several neat little villages, full of people, which we were glad to behold, after the journey across the dreary and desolate plain behind us. Still more welcome was the sight of the city of Padua, where we arrived at sunset, and put up for the night.

The streets of Padua are lined with long arcades; it has some pleasant green gardens; the walls of the city are grass-grown, and in taking a walk on the top, I could espy the Alps with their snowy summits away in the north. The general appearance of the city is old-

fashioned and rusty, and an air of quiet repose reigns in every part. There is a queer-looking old building, which the inhabitants show to travellers, as Livy's house. I should have wondered if they had not done this, even though the whole city had been levelled to the foundation a dozen times since the day of the great historian. We made only a short stay in Padua, and hurried onward to Venice. A few hours' travel brought us within sight of the Adriatic, and I beheld the towers of that wonderful city rising out of the waves "as by the stroke of the enchanter's wand." It is hardly possible to imagine a more singular spectacle: a great city appears to be floating on the water, and you remain in doubt whether the whole is not an optical illusion.

Embarking in a steamboat, we crossed the lagoon or wide expanse of water which separates the city from the main land. No one has heard of Venice, without forming in his imagination a very distinct and vivid picture of that singular place. Many celebrated cities disappoint expectations, but the preconceptions of Venice are never contradicted or dispelled by the actual view. In a few particulars, the previous notions of the place are not realized, but the general idea is fully verified; and there is besides so much that is strange, unexpected, and magnificent, that the grand impression of the scene is stronger than anticipation. We expect to find it a strange place, and so it proves. The sensation of strangeness, too, remains a long while on the traveller: I have known persons who have lived there for more than a year without getting rid of the feeling of novelty which impressed them on their first arrival. Venice may be characterised as a dreamy place, where a man feels habitually in a sort of transition state between the world he formerly knew, and another one.

On approaching other cities, you hear sounds of life and population, the rattling of wheels, the tramp of footsteps, the cries of the streets. No such sounds here greet the ear. Venice has neither horses, carriages, nor streets. We shot into a canal between two rows of lofty houses; and though I was prepared by previous descriptions for these long lanes of water, yet the reality of sailing through a city, turning corners and passing under bridges, gave me sensations which I find it impossible to describe. After threading what appeared to me an inextricable maze of these narrow passages, we issued at length into the Grand Canal, which, to compare water with land, may be called the Broadway of Venice. It passes in a curved line through the whole city, and is fronted by splendid marble palaces for almost its whole extent. Across this canal is thrown, in a single arch, the lofty bridge of the Rialto. Black gondolas in great number were gliding up and down the canal, and some small feluccas and river craft lay moored at the quays and landing places.

Palaces, churches and other magnificent structures, the common ornaments of Italian cities, also abound in Venice: but there is no end of describing them. Some of the architecture has a sort of barbarian grandeur, strikingly distinct from that of other parts of this country. There are no monuments of classical times in Venice, for the city grew up after the decline of the Roman Empire. Yet the place is full of objects associated in our memories with historical and poetic recollections. The Place of St. Mark, the Palace of the Doge, suggest stirring remembrances of the celebrated Council of Ten and their mysterious doings. No one can cross the Rialto without thinking of Shylock. The great square of St. Mark is the only place in the city where a man feels as

if he were upon *terra firma*. It is spacious, paved with stone, surrounded with stately buildings, and overhung with lofty towers and domes. Here the crowd of Venice assemble in the evening, sauntering about in the open space, or sipping coffee and sherbet in the shops. The whole place is in a blaze of light from the multitude of coffee houses which line the arcades. The busy hum of chattering crowds, and the lively strains of music which fill the air, render it almost a scene of enchantment, the effect of which is much heightened by its contrast with the stillness and solitude of the remainder of the city. The commerce of Venice brings hither a great crowd of strangers from all parts of the Mediterranean,—Greeks, Turks, Austrians, Dalmatians, Moors, and all the trading population of Europe.

The gondolas of Venice are familiar to every reader. They are long, narrow boats, with a prow like the neck of a giraffe, and a house in the middle. In this, you may be rowed all over the city, as you would ride elsewhere shut up in a hackney coach. They are cheap conveyances. You may hire one for a dollar a day, and see all the rarities of the city. For lazy people, I do not know a greater luxury. There is no jolting, nor danger of an overturn, or of horses running away. The gondoliers are civil and obliging, and very useful as guides about the city. They used to sing verses of Tasso by moonlight, but this practice is now discontinued;—the world seems to be growing unpoetical everywhere. It was strange to my eyes, as I rowed down the Grand Canal, under the Rialto, thinking of old times and the golden days and glories of Venice, to come suddenly upon an American brig with "*Duan, Boston*," on her stern. Such an apparition amidst the marble palaces of this city of enchantment was the last thing for which I was prepared.

She had brought out a cargo of cotton, and was loading with corn for the Boston market.

Gondolas are used not only as hackney coaches, but they also serve the same purpose as handcarts, wheelbarrows, and jackasses in other cities. Country people bring their grain to market, pedlars and hucksters hawk about their commodities, in them. If you want an apple, you hail a gondola. Many of them are rowed by women, and they cry their goods in a demi-musical strain. Most of the traffic of Venice is done in a small way, for though it has some maritime commerce, it is inconsiderable for a city of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. The wealth and population of the place are evidently decaying, and the Austrian government, which prevails in this quarter, is detested by the inhabitants. Many of the palaces are falling to ruin, and the traveller who makes any considerable stay here cannot help seeing proofs that Venice is "dying daily." Yet, in spite of their misfortunes, the Venetians are cheerful and amiable, and form, what is thought by many, the pleasantest society in Europe. Strange contrast with our own country!—where the people, with every material of enjoyment and prosperity within their reach, in the possession of the most unrestrained political liberty, and amidst the benefits arising from popular education and the general diffusion of knowledge—with a free government, a free press, free commerce, and unbridled freedom of speech—are so far from being happy or contented, that we pass the greater part of our time in comfortless disquiet, engaged in the barbarous contests of political faction, in unsocial bickering and rivalries, and in the unprofitable indulgence of those sordid and malignant passions which arise from the abuse of the bounties of Providence!

There is one thing which a traveller may learn by visiting foreign lands: namely, that this western world does not enjoy a monopoly of all the wisdom of the universe;—and that, wise and intelligent and enlightened as we are accustomed to call ourselves, it would do no harm to "see ourselves as others see us," before we attempt to take the first rank among civilized nations. We have yet much to learn and much to do, before we outstrip all other communities in the acquisitions and qualities that render human beings estimable. It is perfectly true, that, as a nation, we possess great advantages, but it is no less true that we have a strong propensity to pervert and abuse them. The good and evil of this world are much more equally balanced than we are apt to suppose. Under tyranny and oppression, the Italians exhibit a cheerfulness and good humor which might put the dissatisfied grumblers of our own land of liberty, to the blush.

Being now compelled to bring my narrative to a close, I shall pass hastily over the remaining portion of my tour. Having satisfied my curiosity with the wonders of Venice, I left that city and proceeded west, along the great plain of Lombardy, to Milan. All the country is cultivated like a garden, and produces the most abundant crops. Everywhere the lofty ridge of the Alps may be seen on the right, like a gigantic wall guarding this rich and beautiful region from the hungry invaders of the North. Yet in all ages this formidable barrier has proved insufficient to preserve Italy from their hostile irruptions. From the times of Brennus and Hannibal, to the present day, army after army of enemies, and swarm after swarm of barbarians have swept over Italy; yet in spite of their ravages, such is the fertility of the soil, such the natural beauties of the territory and the genius of the inhabi-

tants, that it still remains the fairest country upon earth.

Milan is a splendid city, where every house looks like a palace. As the whole city was levelled to the ground about six hundred years ago, there are no marks of antiquity in its buildings. Its enormous cathedral is a gorgeous structure of white marble. The marble statues that cover it on the outside may be counted by thousands. It was begun between four and five hundred years ago, and finished by Napoleon when king of Italy. Milan, however, though full of splendid buildings, does not interest the traveller like most of the other Italian cities. Its level situation takes away everything picturesque from the prospect, and it compares with Florence as Philadelphia does with Boston.

From Milan I proceeded to Turin. This city stands on the Po, and, like very few other places in Italy, appears to be growing fast. The population has rapidly advanced within a few years; and every year adds to the fine structures with which it is embellished. The greater part of the city is regularly built, with straight streets and uniform architecture. There is a very spacious square fronting on the river, with arcades on the three sides. The breadth and open situation of this fine esplanade, with the beautiful prospect of the fresh green hills across the river, render it one of the noblest squares I ever saw. I remarked a handsome bridge just effected across the Dora, a branch of the Po. It is of a stone very similar to Quincy granite, and springs in one wide arch across the stream. The hills around Turin are lofty and picturesque, covered with vineyards, orchards and every kind of fresh verdure. On the top of the highest and steepest of them all, stands the most magnificent church in the whole country. Why it was built upon a spot hardly accessible by human feet, he is puzzled to guess, till he learns

that it owes its origin to a vow of the Duke of Savoy, previous to a victory obtained over the French in 1706. The church was erected on the spot where the Duke and Prince Eugene stood while they laid the plan of the battle. It is a pity the Duke had not the sense to reflect, that a vow of something useful would have been equally acceptable.

Leaving Turin, I journeyed south-east towards Genoa, crossing, in my course, the plain of Marengo, where the battle was fought which decided the fate of Italy and established the government of Napoleon over the French. The Alps are in sight at a great distance, and a soldier would say that this wide plain seemed designed for the theatre of a great battle. A steep and rugged road then led me across the Apennines, and the next day I reached Genoa.

I have no space to devote to a description of this noble city, with its hundreds of palaces. I found it necessary to hurry my departure homeward, and took passage in a Genoese felucca for Leghorn, which place I reached in twenty-four hours. Here I was fortunate enough to find a Boston brig on the point of sailing. I embarked in her, and after a long and boisterous passage, landed on Long Wharf, nine months from the day of my departure.

I will add one thing more which may give the reader a notion of the expense of travelling in this quarter of the world. I spent four hundred and fifty dollars on the whole tour, passage out and home included. I visited every considerable Italian city, and resided a reasonable length of time at all the capitals. I lived as well as I could wish, and paid as liberally for everything as any traveller is expected to do. As far as the common objects of travelling are considered, I think there is no other country in which a man can get so much for his money as in Italy.

The Two Friends.

THERE were once two little boys, who lived near each other in a very pleasant village, near the new forest in Hampshire, England. The name of one was John, and that of the other Paul.

Paul's father lived in a large house, and kept horses, and servants, and a coach; had a nice lawn and garden, and was, what is called, a gentleman. Paul had a pony to ride on; he had also a great many playthings—tops, hoops, balls, a kite, a ship, and everything he could wish for. He had also fine clothes to wear, and nothing to do but to go to school.

John's father was a poor man, for he had only a little farm to keep him; and John was forced to get up in the morning and look after the cows, feed the pigs, and do a great deal of work before he went to school.

Although John's father was a poor man, he was determined to send his son to the best school in the parish: "for," said he, "if my boy turns out a good lad he will be a comfort to me in my old age."

When John first came to the school to which Paul went, the boys, who were dressed better than he was, all shunned him. They did not like his rough cord jacket, nor his thick hands and coarse shirt. One said, "he shall not sit by me;" and another said, "he shall not sit by me:" so when he went to a form to sit down, the boy who was on it slid himself to the other end.

Poor John did not know what this meant. At last, when he looked at his coarse clothes, and rough hands, and thick shoes, and compared them with those of his school-fellows, he said to himself, "It is because I am a poor boy:" and the tears came into his eyes.

Paul saw what was going on, and he felt for him, and could have cried too; so he went to the form on which the new scholar sat, and said, "Do not cry, little boy; I will come and sit by you: here, take this nice rosy apple: do take it; I do not want it! do, there is a dear little boy."

This made John cry the more; but these were tears of joy, at having found some one to feel for him. He looked at Paul, and sobbed out, "No, no, I thank you." Then Paul put his arm round his neck, and said, "I cannot bear to see you cry;" and kissed him on the cheek.

One of the boys called out, "Paul Jones is playing with apples;" and, in a minute, the usher came up, and, without making any inquiry, took the apple away, and gave Paul a cut with his cane. The apple he gave to the boy who told, for that was the rule of the school. Paul did not mind the cut, because he knew he was doing right.

Then the other boys laughed, and seemed quite pleased; some peeped from behind their slates, which they held before their faces, as if they were doing their sums; and one called out, in a whisper, "Who likes *stick liquorice*?"

John felt as if he could have torn the usher to pieces. "Oh!" said he to himself, "if I was a man, see if I would not give it you!" for he felt it cruel that Paul should be struck for being so kind to him.—(It was, however, wrong for him to wish to take revenge.)

From that time, John felt as if he would have died to serve Paul, and he never seemed so happy as when he could play with him, or sit by him at school.

Some time after this happened, Paul, who had about half a mile to walk to his home, through the green lanes, met some gipsies. There were three of

them. One said to the other, "Bob, do you see that youngster? He has some good things about him."

So they whispered a little together. At last, one came close to the little boy, and in a moment seized him round the waist, and put his hand over his mouth and nose, to prevent his calling out. They had made up their minds to steal him for his clothes.

So they put him in a sack, and tied a handkerchief over his mouth, and told him, if he made the least noise they would kill him.

After going for some miles, they went aside into a thick wood; and, when they reached the middle of it, they stripped poor little Paul quite naked, left him under a tree, and went off with all his clothes.

It was now very dark, and Paul was very much frightened. When the gipsies were gone, he cried out for help till he was hoarse, and could cry no longer. Being naked, he was very cold, and he crept under a bush, to screen himself from the wind.

When Paul's father found he did not come home, he was very unhappy, and went to look for him; he sent servants, first one way, and then another, but no one could find him. His poor mother too was in great grief. Indeed both father and mother were nearly mad through losing him.

They dragged all the ponds in the neighborhood, went up and down the river, inquired of every one they met, but no one had seen him. John was called up, and said, the last time that he saw him was when he bade him good bye, at the corner of the lane.

The night began to close in, and it grew dark; Paul was not found, and poor John was as unhappy as any little boy could be; he went crying to bed, and when he knelt down to say his prayers, he prayed that Paul might come

safe home again. He then went to bed, but he could not sleep for thinking of his kind school-fellow.

At last he leaped out of bed, and said, "I must go and see if he is found—I must go and seek him too." So he slipped on his clothes, let himself out, and fastened the door after him.

At first he did not know what road to take, and he wandered up one lane, and down another. It was very dark at first, so that he could scarcely see where he went. At last the moon rose up, and seemed to cheer him in his search.

So on he walked, looking into every ditch and every pond, going through every little clump of bushes, but to no purpose—he could neither see nor hear anything of poor Paul.

It was about twelve o'clock at night, and he reached the church-yard. Some boys would have been afraid of going into the church-yard, for fear of ghosts. John said to himself, "If the living do not hurt me, I am sure the dead will not; besides, why should I be afraid, when I am doing what is right."

John thought he would have one look in the church porch, so he drew towards it. The old arch seemed to frown on him; and it looked so dark within, it made him shudder, although he would not be afraid. He stepped boldly in, and cried, "Paul, are you there?"

Something started with a loud noise, and bounded by him, calling out, "Halloo! halloo!" and leaped to one of the tombstones. When John looked, he found it was a poor silly boy, whom they used to call Silly Mike; and whose part John had often taken, when other boys used to tease him.

"Ah! Mike," said John, "don't you know me?" The poor idiot knew him directly, and said, "He is in the sack! he is in the sack!—buried in the wood! Dong, dong—no bell go dong, dong."

After some trouble, John made Mike understand that he was in search of Paul; who kept saying, he was in a sack in the wood: "Gipsy men,—sack in wood;—Mike frightened."

At last John prevailed upon the poor fellow to show him to the wood; for the boy thought it might be that Paul had been taken away by somebody.

So they went on till they came to the wood. Mike led the way. At last they thought they heard a moan. John listened:—he heard it again; he then pushed through the brambles, tearing his face and hands at every step.

He called out, "Paul, Paul?" "Here, here," was faintly said in reply. John rushed to the spot, and there lay the poor little boy, half dead.

John ran and helped him up; he then pulled off some of his own clothes, and put them upon him. Mike then lifted him on his back, and they soon got out of the wood.

Paul's father had been out all night after him. His poor mother had also been searching every place she could think of, and had given him up for lost. They thought he had fallen into the river, and had been drowned.

When the poor lady saw her child borne towards her she could scarcely speak; and, when he leaped into her arms, she fell down in a fainting fit.

Paul's father soon came home, and was rejoiced to see his son. He took John up also in his arms, and pressed him to his heart, for saving his son.

"I offered a hundred pounds reward to any one who would find him, dead or alive," said his father. "You shall have the hundred pounds, my little fellow; nay, more, I will give you the best pony in my stable."

"What for, sir?" said John.

"Why, for being such a brave little fellow."

"No," said John, "one good turn de-

serves another: you remember the nice rosy apple you gave me the first day I went to school, Paul."

Nothing could prevail upon John, or his father, to take the reward: "To pay my son for doing his duty," said the poor man, "would spoil all."

From this time Paul and John were firm friends, and grew up together like brothers. At last Paul became a very rich man, and John was his *steward*.—*English Periodical*.

The Selfish Boy.

THE selfish boy is one who loves himself solely, and nobody else; who does not care who he deprives of enjoyment, so that he can obtain it. Should he have anything given him, he will keep it all to himself. Should it be a cake, he will keep it in his box, and eat it alone: sometimes creeping up stairs in the day-time, to munch when nobody sees him; at others, getting out of bed at night, to cram himself in the dark.

The selfish boy likes playthings, but he does not like anybody to touch them: "You shall not bowl *my hoop*; you shall not touch *my bat*," is constantly on his tongue. He is ever on the watch, to find out if any one has been even near anything of his. He is *restless, anxious, fearful*; he knows it lies at the bottom of his heart to *rob* others, because all selfish boys are *covetous*, and he thinks that everybody will take from *him*.

When he sits down to his writing, if he happen to make a good letter he holds his hand over it, so that no one may copy it. When he has worked his sum, he hugs it up to his breast, for fear any one should be benefitted by knowing how it was done; not that it is right to

show your sums to others, but this is not his motive.

He obtains knowledge, perhaps works hard for it, but he has no desire for *communicating* it to others. If he should see a fine sight at the window, he calls for no one to share his delight, but feels a pleasure in being able to say, "*I saw it, and you did not.*"

The selfish boy cannot see the good of anything, without he is to be the gainer in some way or other. When *his* interests are concerned, you will see him quite alive, although he was ever so sluggish just before. He sees in a moment what will make to his own advantage, and is, therefore, an adept at chopping and changing, and at making bargains. He knows well enough how to *disparage* (to speak against) his school-fellow's plaything. If it be a knife, he will pretend the spring is bad, and find out a hundred faults; then, when he has made a good bargain, oh! how he chuckles over it, and rubs his hands.

The selfish boy is a great cheat: when he plays marbles he takes care, when an opportunity offers, of kicking his alley nearer to the ring; when he makes a false shot, he will pretend that he was not in earnest, on purpose to get another; when the game is going against him, he will pretend he has hurt his knee or his knuckle, and can't play any more.

The selfish boy is a great braggart; he often says, "I have got this, and I have got that. Aye, you do not know how much money I have got in my saving-box." Sometimes he hints that his father is rich, and he shall have a fortune left him when the old gentleman is dead; and he does not seem to care how soon he dies.

His whole life is a sort of *scramble*; if anything is to be given away, he is the first to cry out, for fear he should

lose his share, and the first to grumble when he obtains it. If another boy happen to receive a larger slice at meal-times than himself, he pines over it, and can scarcely contain himself for vexation. He always looks out for the best of everything, and thinks he has a right to it.

Poor boy! he thinks the world was made for him. He never thinks of others. It is no pleasure for him to see others happy; nay, he would sooner make his dearest friends miserable, than deprive himself of anything. He will make no self-sacrifice, I can assure you.

Nay, more than this, if he does not want a thing, he cannot bear that anybody else should enjoy it. This is the last stage of his disease; and thus he is like the dog in the manger, and snaps at every one who comes near him.—What a pretty *man* he will make!—*Martin's Treasury of Knowledge.*

Story of Little Dick and the Giant.

Poor little Dick; what a gay, blithe fellow he was! He used to go singing and whistling about nearly all day: he was always merry, and scarcely anything could make him sad.

One day, little Dick thought he would have a ramble in a large forest, at some distance from his home. He had often been to the sides of it before, but it looked so dark he was afraid to enter.

But Dick was more merry than usual on this day, for the sun shone so brightly, and the flowers looked so lovely, that he sang and whistled till he made the woods ring again. He delighted himself for some time among the trees and flowers; and, at last, seemed quite glad to have found out such a sweet spot.

There was a clear brook ran through the wood; and the waters looked so clean, that Dicky, being very thirsty, stooped down to drink; but, just at that moment, he was suddenly seized from behind, and found himself in the hands of a great, tall, fierce, ugly-looking giant, a hundred times as big as himself; for Dick was not much bigger than the giant's thumb. The giant looked at him with savage delight; his mouth opened wide, and he made a noise which seemed to Dick quite terrible.

Dick thought the giant would have eaten him up alive, at one mouthful: he did not, however, do this, but took and put him into a large bag, and carried him off.

The poor little captive tried all he could to get out of the bag, but to no purpose,—the giant held him fast. He screamed, he struggled, he tried to tear a passage—the giant laughed, and carried him quite away.

At last the giant came to his house—a gloomy looking place, with a high wall all round it, and no trees or flowers. When he got in he shut the door, and took Dick out of the bag.

Dick now thought his time was come. When he looked round he saw a large fire, and before it hung four victims like himself, roasting for the giant's supper.

The giant, however, did not kill Dick; he took him by the body, and gave him such a squeeze as put him to great pain; he then threw him into a prison which he had prepared for him. It was quite dark, and iron bars were all round it, to prevent his getting out.

Dick beat his head against the iron bars; he dashed backwards and forwards in his dungeon, for he was almost driven mad. The giant gave him a piece of dry bread, and a drop of water, and left him.

The next day the giant came and looked, and found that Dick had eaten none of his bread; so he took him by the head, and crammed some of it down his throat, and seemed quite vexed to think he would not eat. Poor Dick was too much frightened to eat or drink.

He was left all alone in the dark another day, and a sad day it was; the poor creature thought of his own home, his companions, the sun-light, the trees, and the many nice things he used to get to eat; and then he screamed, and tried to get between the iron bars, and beat his poor head and limbs sore, in trying to get out.

The giant came again, and wanted Dick to sing, the same as he sung when he was at home, and to be happy and merry. "Sing, sing, sing!" said he: but poor Dick was much too sad to sing—a prison is no place to sing songs in.

The giant now seemed quite in a rage, and took Dick out to make him sing, as he said. Dick gave a loud scream, a plunge, a struggle, and sank dead in the giant's hand.—Ah! my young reader, poor Dick was a *little bird*, and that giant was a *cruel little boy*.—*Holiday Book*.

The Flowers.

WHEN we walk in the *fields*, how many *flowers* we see; some spring from the *grass*, where they look like little stars; some twine in the *hedge*; some grow on each *bank*; and some hang from *trees* and *plants*.

How we love to look at them—*red* and *blue*, and *yellow* and *white*. Some are round, like cups; some stand up, with sun-like rays; some hang down their heads; but all their forms seem to please the eye.

And then, while they look so bright

and fair, how sweet they smell. The air is full of their sweets; and bees sing songs round them, and sip honey from their rosy lips.

They come in the first soft winds of spring, and shed their pure bloom on the white bosom of the snow; they seem to look at the sun with joy, and watch him through the day. At night, when the sun is gone to rest, they seem sad, hang their heads, and droop.

But at morn, they open their leaves, and the clear dew seems, like a tear of joy in their eyes, to hail the sun that lights them.

Why did God make the flowers so fair and pure, and bright, and paint them with so many hues? Because it was

his wish that they should make glad our eyes.

He might have made them dull, dark, ugly things, so that when we looked upon them they would have given us pain, and not joy; but God wished to make us happy.

As the sun shines upon flowers, so God smiles on us when we do what is right: when we, like him, try to shed light, and joy, and peace, about us.

As flowers turn toward the sun all day, and seem to follow him in his course, so should we let our hearts turn to the God who made us; for he is *our* bright *Sun*, and without him we should fade and die.



Christmas.

This famous Christian festival is held on the 25th of December, in commemoration of the birth of Christ. In all countries where the Catholic religion prevails, it is noticed with a great variety of ceremonies. In England, it is a day of cheerfulness and festivity. The festival of Christmas is continued for

twelve days, and in the Catholic and English churches, they have frequent religious services during the period. The churches are dressed with evergreens, and it is a common custom to decorate the rooms of houses with branches of evergreen trees.

Story of Philip Brusque.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Conclusion.

AFTER the little community of Fredonia had provided for their first wants,—houses, clothes, and food,—they began to think of other things. There were several children among them, and for these they required a school. Accordingly they employed a young woman, who had been well educated; and a place being provided, the children were assembled together, and she taught them as well as she could. She had few books, however; for neither the works of Peter Parley or Robert Merry had then been written. Nor were there any bookstores or printing-offices. There was one copy of a Bible, and in this the children were, one after another, taught to read.

In all that could make the people happy, M. Bonfils, the good old governor, took a lively interest. He did not confine himself merely to a routine of official acts, but he was constantly considering how he could influence the people in such a way as to make them live better, more comfortably, and more happily. Being a wise man, he thus exercised a great influence; and I beg my young readers to remember, that in this way—by the exercise of wisdom and patriotism—rulers may be great blessings to their country.

The governor had a notion, which you may think strange, but I will mention it to you. His idea was, that no person can be happy without religion. He was a Catholic himself, but he did not insist that all should think exactly as he did on this subject. What he desired, was, that every person should love and fear God with sincerity. He maintained that no nation could be honest, virtuous, industrious, or patriotic, without religion;

and that an enemy to religion was always an enemy to good government; always an enemy to the true interests of mankind, even if we only regard the affairs of human society in this world.

He therefore was desirous of sustaining the institutions of religion, and for this purpose it was his custom, every Sabbath, to get the people together, and offer up prayers, and make some kind of address. It was a beautiful thing to see the people gathered beneath a group of palm trees, and all kneeling in prayer, or listening to the exhortations of the gray-haired patriarch who addressed them. It was also a beautiful thing to hear them joining in their hymns, of which they were able to sing a few from recollection.

Thus it was that society advanced one step after another, and no doubt their improvement arose from the happy guidance of their governor. How different was the state of the people from what it would have been if Rogère had succeeded in making himself king! He was perfectly selfish, and he would have subjected all around to his own personal wishes and interests. Even if he had suppressed riot and turmoil and anarchy by a strong hand, still the people would gradually have sunk lower in the scale of civilization: a few would have been lords and the rest slaves. But now, under the government of M. Bonfils, they enjoyed equal rights and privileges; each one was secure of his house, his home, and his lands, and the produce of his labor. Justice was also duly administered; morality and religion were cherished; education encouraged; peace, industry, and good neighborhood became the established and habitual virtues of society. These are the results, in a great degree, of the conduct and character of the ruler of the little kingdom; and it ought to teach us the importance of having good, wise, and religious rulers.

Thus affairs went on, till the good old governor became very feeble, and was unable longer to attend to the affairs of government. He had drawn up a plan for a constitution, and upon resigning his office, submitted it to the people for their ratification or rejection. It was another pleasing consequence of the virtues of the good old sage, that what he recommended, came with the force of a command, and was immediately adopted by the people. Thus, without agitation or disturbance, the nation adopted a free constitution, and thenceforward, they enjoyed that greatest of blessings—the privilege of self-government.

It is not my purpose to extend this story further, nor have I indeed the means. About a year after François had completed his little vessel, he made a trip to the Isle of France, where he obtained a great variety of articles needed by the Fredonians. During his stay there, which however was brief, he related the events which we have been detailing. He soon set out on his return, from which time we have not heard from the little island which has so long occupied the attention of our readers. If we get any news from them, it shall be immediately laid before our friends of the blue and black eyes.



Winter is coming.

Yes—cold, bustling, roaring winter is coming. Soon the earth will be covered with snow: the leaves are already stript from the trees; the flowers have perished; the birds have fled; the woodchuck and chip-squirrel have gone to their burrows and laid themselves down for a long nap. The farmer has gathered his hay and

grain and potatoes; the cattle are collected from the woods and pastures, and now wait for their meals around the barn; the axe-man is in the woods gathering a supply of fuel, that he may kindle the bright fire, and keep his children warm.

Well—cold, chill, and desolate as is the world without, this is the season to

have comfort and cheerfulness in the house and the home. Let each do his part to make all happy. What a delightful place is the fireside, in winter, where the parents and children are affectionate to one another; where there is obedience, quietness, kindness, all

around! And let us not permit our thoughts to be confined to ourselves during this dreary season. Let us think whether there is not some neighbor, less fortunate than ourselves, to whom our kindness, our charity, our attentions may be a blessing.



Liberty.

LIBERTY is freedom from restraint. In its widest sense, it is the free permission to exercise our powers of body and mind as we please, without hindrance or restraint. This is *absolute liberty*. According to this, a man might take away another's property or life; or enslave another man; or make him the tool of his pleasures or caprices. According to this, a strong man might use a weak one as he pleased, or the cunning man might cheat or circumvent another, and thus take away his life or property, or make him the slave of his pleasures.

This is liberty without law. Such liberty as this could exist only in theory, for where society has enacted no law, the obligation of justice exists. A savage is as truly bound by the golden rule, "do to another as you would have an-

other do to you," as a member of civilized society; for even the savage has a sense of right and wrong. Truth and justice are intuitive perceptions and feelings in every human soul, and conscience enforces their observance. Every human being, therefore, has his absolute liberty abridged, by notions of right and wrong, anterior to the formation of civil government.

Practically, absolute liberty would be the harshest kind of tyranny, for it would immediately result in making the weak the slaves of the strong. Not only would the weak, therefore, be deprived of liberty, but of justice. In this state of things, no man is free, except the strongest man; he alone has power to act as he pleases; all the rest are his slaves: so that a community endeavoring to establish absolute liberty, imme-

diately make all the members but one, the slaves of a master whose might is the rule of right.

Absolute liberty, therefore, as said before, immediately runs into despotism. It is a thing that can only exist where one man, like Alexander Selkirk, or Robinson Crusoe, is alone upon an island, and "monarch of all he surveys." Absolute liberty, in society, is a practical absurdity—an impossibility.

Natural liberty is freedom from restraint, except so far as is imposed by the laws of nature. According to this, a man may speak, act, and think as he pleases, without control; in this sense, it is synonymous with absolute liberty. But it is often applied to a state of society, where restraints do actually exist; as, for instance; among savages, even where property is held in common, and where of course there is no theft, there are still obligations, rules, and restrictions, of some kind.

The coward is punished with death; the parricide is banished; the traitor is shot. Every member of such a society is under certain restraints, and certain abridgments of absolute liberty. If one is guilty of cowardice, he consents to lose his life; if he kills his parent, he consents to be forever cast out of his tribe; if he betrays his nation, he agrees that he shall be slain by an arrow. Thus, he is restrained from cowardice, killing a father or mother, or betraying his country; all of which are abridgments of absolute liberty.

Thus, in the simplest and rudest stages of natural liberty, as put in practice among mankind, we see certain restraints upon absolute liberty, established by the laws or customs of the nation. But, in point of fact, other restraints are put upon the largest part of the community, for in such a state of society the weak are obliged, for the most part, to bow to the strong. If, indeed, the weak

are protected from the strong, then the strong are restrained, and so far, natural or absolute liberty is abridged. If it is not thus abridged, if the weak are not protected from the strong, then they are the slaves of the strong. In this state of society, where natural liberty is said to prevail, the mass are subject to the despotism of a few; the weak are the slaves of the strong. A state of natural liberty, is, therefore, practically, a state of tyranny on the one hand and slavery on the other.

An illustration of this is found among the animal tribes. Among the fowls of the barnyard, there is no law: the males meet in conflict, and the strongest or most active becomes the master. Among a pack of wolves, or among dogs, the question who shall have the bone, is settled by fighting it out, and the strongest has it. The law of nature, then, is a law of force: where there is no other than natural law, might is the only rule of right.

Even if all men were virtuous, a state of natural and universal liberty could not exist—for virtue itself implies an observance of rules, obligations, and laws. A virtuous man will not steal; his liberty therefore, in this respect, is restrained. It is restrained by law; and the only difference between this restraint and that of civil government, is, that God enacts, and his own heart enforces, the law.

Civil government is founded in the idea that men are not all virtuous; that men will not enact and observe just laws individually and of themselves; and therefore to secure order, peace and justice, government must enact and enforce laws, and thus abridge natural or absolute liberty.

Experience, in all ages, has taught the lesson, that among men, as well as among animals, there being some strong and some weak, the former will ever seek to get the advantage

of the latter. Thus government steps in to protect the weak against the strong; to substitute justice for force, right for might.—*Young American*.

Dress and other matters in France, in the time of Henry IV.

ONE grand object of the king, Henry IV. of France, was to promote the arts and manufactures. The silk trade of Lyons owes its birth to him. Thinking to benefit trade and commerce, he encouraged his courtiers in habits of expense, quite opposite to his own frugal habits.

The expense of dress became enormously great on account of the quantity of gold, silver, and jewels with which it was decorated. It was not only costly, but dreadfully heavy. It is related of one of the ladies of the court, that, when she was in full dress, she was so encumbered by the weight of her finery as to be unable to move, or even to stand.

The dress of a gentleman of the day is thus described: "He was clothed in silver tissue; his shoes were white, and also his stockings. His cloak was black, bordered with rich embroidery and lined with cloth of silver; his bonnet was of black velvet, and he wore besides a profusion of precious stones."

The ruff had been laid aside in the last reign, because Henry III. took it into his head that the person whose business it was to pin on his ruff, had been bribed to scratch him on the neck with a poisoned pin.

Its place, so far as the ladies were concerned, was supplied by a sort of frame of wire and lace, in which the head was enclosed, and which, in compliment to the queen, was called a *Medicis*. Masks were much worn by both sexes. They were made of black velvet, and

were so necessary a part of the out-door costume of a lady, that she was thought to be in *dishabille* if seen without one.

This weight of dress led to the introduction of a new luxury. The ladies could no longer ride to court on horseback. Coaches were therefore employed to carry them. The first coach made its appearance in Paris, in the reign of Henry II.

For a long time, there were but three in the whole city. The queen had one; a great court lady had another; and the third belonged to an old nobleman, "who, being too fat to ride on horseback, was obliged to submit to the mortification of being carried in a coach like a woman."

The tapestry, carpets, and bed hangings of the houses corresponded in splendor and costliness with the dress. When the constable Montmorenci was killed, his body was brought to his own house, and lay in state, as it is called; that is, for exhibition, in a hall, the walls of which were hung with crimson velvet bordered with pearls.

But in all other respects, the houses, and even the king's palaces, were very deficient in what we should call furniture. Excepting one or two arm-chairs for the heads of the family, the rooms usually contained one coarse long table, some stools, a few benches, and several chests, which also served for seats.

Those who could not afford the expense of hangings of silk, or damask, or satin, covered the walls with gilt leather, or had them panelled with wood. I think the last was the most appropriate, from the description we have of what was perhaps the only parlor and sitting-room of a French *chateau*, or country house.

"The hall was very large. At one end was a stag's antlers, which were used for hanging up hats, coats, dogs' collars, and the chaplet of paternosters. At the opposite end of the hall were

bows and arrows, targets, swords, pikes and cross-bows.

"In the great window were three harquebusses, (a kind of gun,) with a variety of nets, and other apparatus for sporting. In the chests (called coffers) were coats of mail laid up in bran, to keep them from rusting. Under the benches was a plentiful supply of clean straw for the dogs to lie on."

Amidst all this litter, there were two shelves, on which was deposited the library. This consisted of the Bible, Ogier the Dane, the Shepherd's Calendar, the Golden Legend, the Romance of the Rose, &c.

From this selection, it would appear that romances were preferred to those memoirs and histories, so much more interesting to us, of which many had been written. The period itself produced several writers, whose works are still held in high estimation.

At the head of these is the great Duke of Sully, who has given a most interesting account of those scenes in French history, in which he and his great master bore the most conspicuous part. Next to him is De Thou, who has written a minute general history of the period between 1545 and 1607.

Another distinguished memoir-writer was Theodore d'Aubigné, half-brother to the king, and grandfather to Madame de Maintenon.

One of the first cares of Henry when he came to the throne, was to restore his capital to its former flourishing condition. He found the streets overgrown with grass, many of the shops shut up, and others, abandoned by their owners, had been converted into stables. When the Spanish ambassadors arrived, a few months after his coronation, they expressed their admiration at the great improvement which had taken place in the city, since it had been under his rule.

The king replied, "When the master is absent, all things get into disorder; but when he is returned, his presence ornaments the house, and all things profit."—*Pictorial History of France.*

The Last Leaf of Autumn.

It came with spring's soft sun and showers,
Mid bursting buds and blushing flowers;
It flourished on the same light stem,
It drank the same clear dews with them.
The crimson tints of summer morn
That gilded one, did each adorn;
The breeze that whispered light and brief
To bud or blossom, kissed the leaf;
When o'er the leaf the tempest flew,
The bud and blossom trembled too.

But its companions passed away,
And left the leaf to lone decay.
The gentle gales of spring went by,
The fruits and flowers of summer die.
The autumn winds swept o'er the hill,
And winter's breath came cold and chill.
The leaf now yielded to the blast,
And on the rushing stream was cast.
Far, far it glided to the sea,
And whirled and eddied wearily,
Till suddenly it sank to rest,
And slumbered in the ocean's breast.

Thus life begins—its morning hours
Bright as the birthday of the flowers—
Thus passes like the leaves away,
As withered and as lost as they.
Beneath the parent roof we meet
In joyous groups, and gaily greet
The golden beams of love and light,
That dawn upon the youthful sight.
But soon we part, and one by one,
Like leaves and flowers, the group is gone.
One gentle spirit seeks the tomb,
His brow yet fresh with childhood's bloom:
Another treads the paths of fame,
And barter peace to win a name.
Another still, tempts fortune's wave,
And seeking wealth, secures a grave.
The last, grasps yet the brittle thread—
Though friends are gone and joy is dead,
Still dares the dark and fretful tide,
And clutches at its power and pride—
Till suddenly the waters sever,
And like the leaf he sinks forever.

THE elevated and marshalled flight of wild geese seems dictated by geometrical instinct; shaped like a wedge, the whole body cuts the air with less exertion to separate individuals, and it is conjectured that the change of form from an inverted V, A, L, or a straight line, is occasioned by the leader of the van quitting his post at the point of the angle, through fatigue, dropping into the rear, leaving his place to be occupied by another.

THE LADY-BIRD.—The following address to the lady-bird is from the German. Part of the second verse, most of my young friends are acquainted with:

"Lady-bird! lady-bird! pretty one stay;
Come, sit on my finger, so happy and gay.
With me shall no mischief betide thee.
No harm would I do thee, no foeman is here—
I only would gaze on thy beauties so dear,
These beautiful winglets beside thee.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home;
Your house is on fire! your children will roam.
List, list to their cry and bewailing!
The pitiless spider is weaving their doom!
Then lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home,
Hark, hark to thy children's bewailing!"

WINTER. Mary Howitt has beautifully described the contrast between the rich and the poor at this season of the year:

"In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And furry robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.

Oh, poverty is disconsolate!
Its pains are many, its foes are strong.
The rich man, in his jovial cheer,
Wishes 'twas winter all the year;
The poor man, 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays God that winter be not long."

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER. An English writer, by the name of Jennet, thus describes the signs of the weather:

"The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
Her corns with shooting pains torment her,
And to her bed untimely send her—
Loud quack the ducks, the sea-fowl cry,
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low on the grass, the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how sharp she sings!
Puss, on the hearth, with velvet paws
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws;
The smoke from chimneys right ascends—
Then spreading back to earth it bends;
Through the clear stream, the fishes rise
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glow-worms num'rous, clear and bright,
Illumined the dewy hill last night!
At dusk, the squalid toad was seen
Like quadruped stalk o'er the green.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dress'd.
Behold the rooks, how odd their flight!
They imitate the gliding kite;
In fiery red, the sun doth rise,
Then wades through clouds to mount the skies.
'T will surely rain, we see with sorrow,
No working in the fields to-morrow."

THE amaranth is one of the latest flowers in autumn, and when the plant is dead, the flowers still retain their rich scarlet color. The ancients associated it with supreme honors, choosing it to adorn the brows of their gods. Poets have sometimes mingled its bright hue with the dark and gloomy cypress, wishing to express that their sorrows were combined with everlasting recollections. Homer, an ancient poet, tells us that at the funeral of a great warrior, named Achilles, the Greeks wore crowns of amaranth.



Reflections.

HERE we are then—at the end of another year—at the end of another volume of Merry's Museum! There is something in the winding up of the year that is calculated to make us look back, and think over the past: something which seems to stop us on the highway of time, and put the questions—"What have you been doing? Where have you been? Where are you going?"

And it is well for us all to answer these questions,—to answer them fairly and sincerely to that inward monitor which thus calls upon us. Have we done our duty, the past year, to our God, our neighbor and ourself? If we have, let us rejoice: if we have not, let us repent and sin thus no more.

I am not disposed to read a harsh lecture to my friends; for, to say the truth, I am much more inclined to make them laugh than to make them cry: I like a round face, far better than a long face. If I have any advice to give—any correction to bestow, I prefer doing it in a story, a fable or an allegory. If anybody wants to be scolded, they must not come to Bob Merry—I do not like to be scolded myself—and I never scold others. Still—still—my dear little friends, let me ask seriously, are we improving in

mind, in temper, in graces of all kinds? Are you growing better, more intelligent, more wise, more dutiful, more sincere, more fond of truth, of mankind, and of God? If you are, I am glad of it: if not—my dear young reader, take old Robert Merry's advice—which is this—*be careful every day, every month, every year, to do better than the day, the month, or the year before.* Although it is my design to amuse you—to please you—still, I shall almost feel that my labors are vain, if they do not result in your improvement, mental and moral.

And now, we must say good-bye to the old year, and next month bid a welcome to the new. I hope and trust that those young friends who have trudged along with me for two years, will keep me company for another year, and I promise to give them plenty of stories, lays and legends, facts and fables, songs, anecdotes, sketches and adventures. I have wound up the long tales which have run through two years of our magazine, but others shall be forthcoming. If we have dismissed Bil Keeler, Philip Brusque, Alexis Pultova, and Tom Trotter, still, somebody quite as interesting shall soon be introduced to our readers.

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